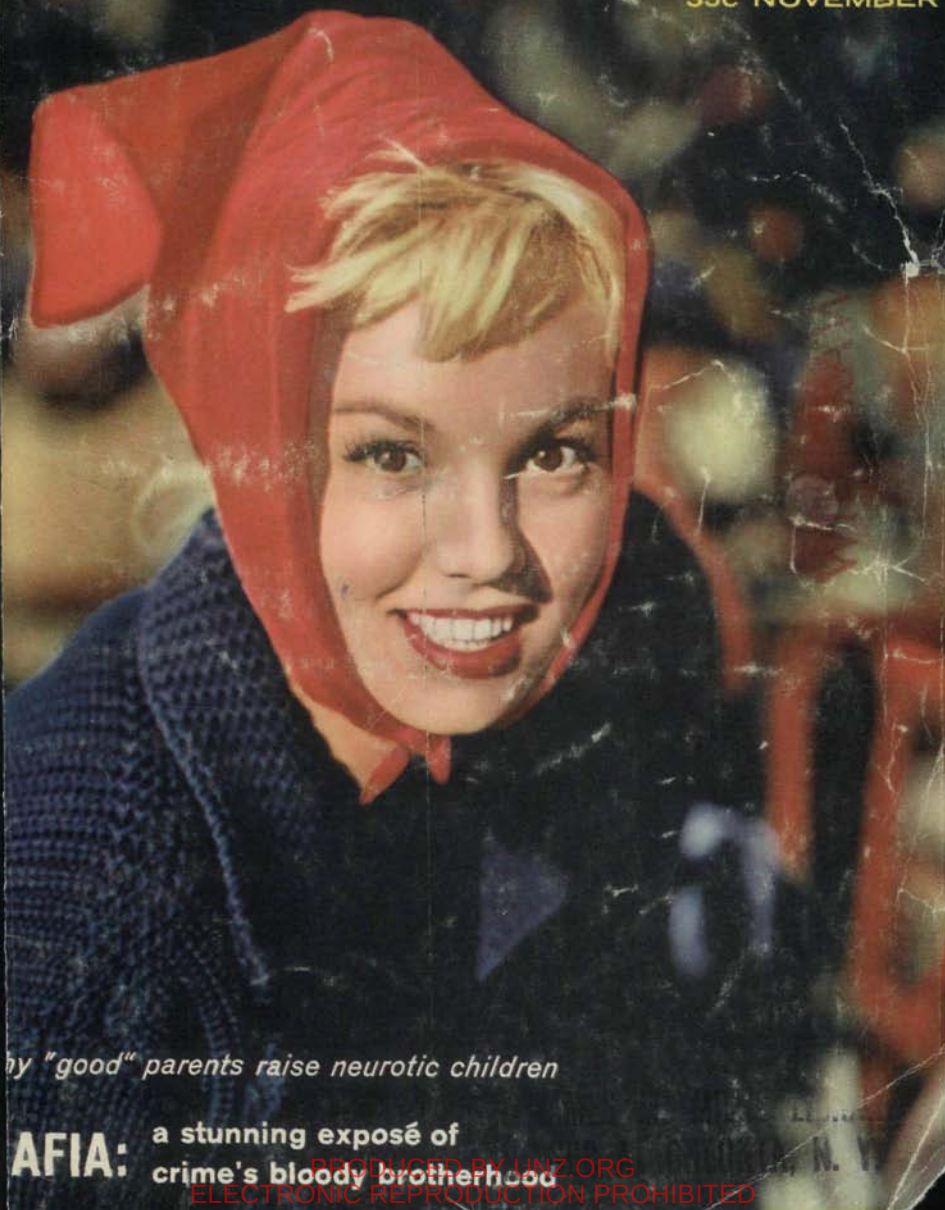


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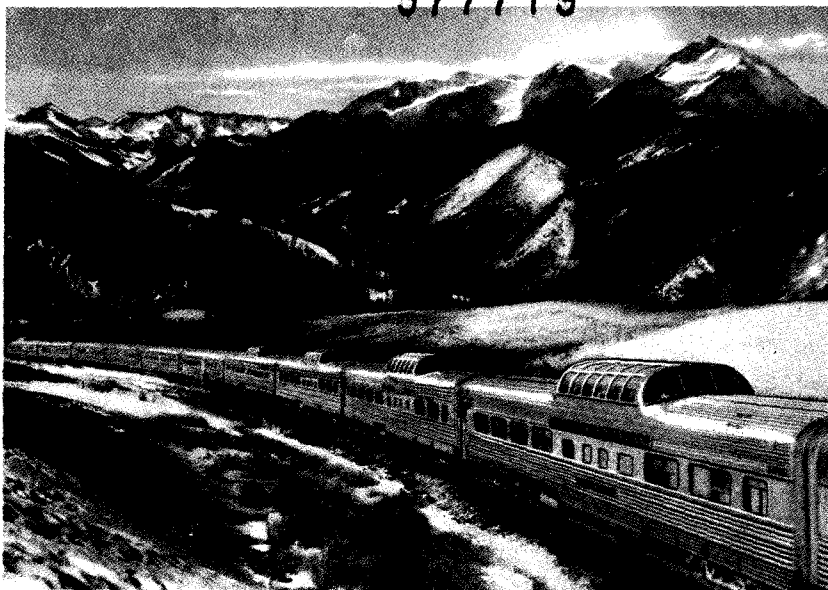


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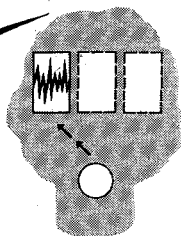
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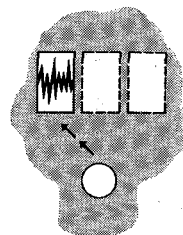
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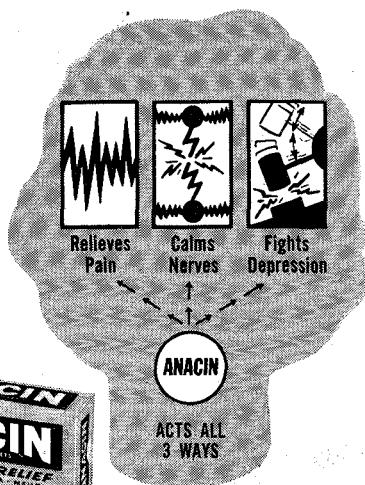
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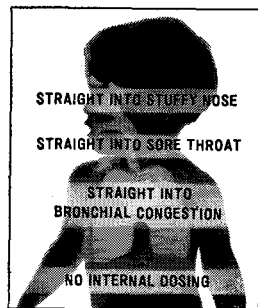
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Dear Reader:

WRITER RICHARD GEHMAN really began his profile on Oscar Levant (p. 114) 2½ years ago when, meeting Levant on another story, he was so affected that he immediately began collecting material on the sharp-tongued pianist. Accordingly, when Levant became a "hot" personality again, and CORONET called with the assignment, Gehman already had the job half done. Such foresight is typical of the 37-year-old author, among the most prolific producers and earners of America's free-lance magazine article writers. He seems able to turn everything he touches into a magazine check. Recently, for example, he decided to grow a beard, then sat down and wrote and sold an article describing the reactions of his friends. Earning well up in the five figures annually, Gehman has had as many as 13 articles published in one month. He has also turned out radio scripts, record-jacket blurbs, a musical comedy, popular songs, and seven books, including three novels and his latest, "How to Write and Sell Magazine Articles" (Harper's). To maintain this prodigious output, Gehman researches at a furious pace. His pockets are always bulging with notebooks. He works every day (his last day off was Christmas 1951), often on eight to 12 articles at once and has written as many as four full-length pieces in one day. He starts writing at about seven o'clock, pauses briefly for breakfast, then pounds away until noon, when he heads for New York City from his Carmel, N.Y. home for luncheon interviews or an afternoon of legwork gathering material for articles. Some days he puts in several hours in his garden raising what he calls "my \$48 cucumbers," or romps with his five children. Gehman wrote for a local newspaper in his native Lancaster, Pennsylvania, when he was 14 and sold his first article for \$5 when he was 17. He had to do his early writing in a closet huddled under a blanket so that his parents—who wanted him to learn a "legitimate" trade—wouldn't hear the typewriter. Later, toughened by his ordeal, Gehman emerged from the closet to work on newspapers. He served four years in the Army and eventually found his way to New York to become a top star among free lancers.



Gehman: a bundle for his beard.

The Editors

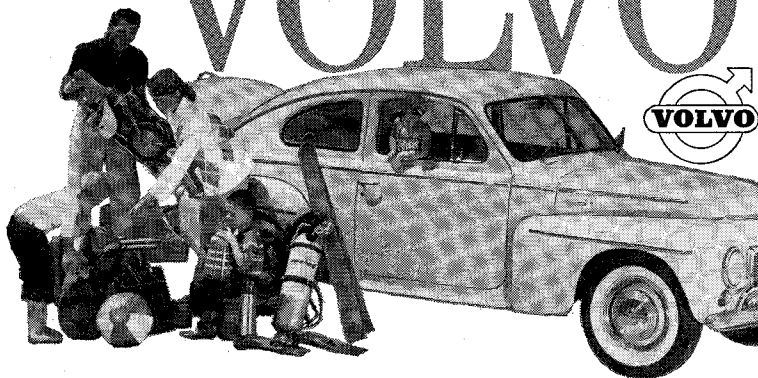
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Contents for November, 1958 Vol. 45, No. 1, Whole No. 264

Articles

The Greatest Sea Disaster in History...	BUD GREENSPAN	31
Honey: The Natural Wonder Food	NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE	52
Mafia: Secret Empire of Evil.....	LOUIS MCLAIN	56
How St. Peter Was Robbed For St. Paul	DON C. MILLER	65
The Peculiar Pelican.....	REED MILLARD	76
"Artists" of the Political Smear.....	AL TOFFLER	88
New York's "Paris-on-the-Park".....	RENEE FRANCINE	94
Kidneys: The Body's Filtering System	HERBERT S. BENJAMIN, M.D.	99
Revenge of the Ugly Prince.....	NINO LO BELLO	103
Why "Good" Parents Raise "Bad" Children	SIDNEY BLAU	106
"My Old Piano Blues".....	ROBERT FONTAINE	112
Oscar: The Despotism Neurotic.....	RICHARD GEHMAN	114
Vienna's Merry Malady: Telephone-itis..	JEANNE SAKOL	120
Lady with Muscle—And a Mission.....	REX LARDNER	122
The Chemistry of Woman.....	JOHN KORD LAGEMANN	128
The Love That Opened the Arctic	ELIZABETH S. SHERRILL	133
The Sound That Heals.....	LESTER AND IRENE DAVID	137
"Little Jesus" of Grand Bahama.....	HENRY LA COSSITT	142
Election Day.....	FRANK L. REMINGTON	147
The Weird World of Sleepwalking....	DANIEL WILKES	148
The Tongue That Unites.....	STANLEY S. JACOBS	154
They Called It Justice.....	WILL BERNARD	190

Pictorial features

Royalty's Crown of Thorns....	TEXT BY RICHARD KAPLAN	38
Autumn: Nature's Colorama.....	TEXT BY PETER FARB	66

Service features

Products on Parade.....	16
Coronet Family Shopper.....	169
Coronet Shopping Guide.....	184
Coronet School and College Directory.....	188

Departments

Dear Reader.....	5
All About You.....	8
Entertainment of the Month.....	14
Grin and Share It.....	HUMOR 37
Small Talk.....	HUMOR 55
Out of This World.....	A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 93
Human Comedy.....	HUMOR 111

Cover

French actress MYLENE DEMONGEOT, photo by BOB WILLOUGHBY

all about you

The case for part-time mothers; why children lie; the worrying sex

INTELLIGENT "NEGLECT"

Despite notions to the contrary, mothers with part-time jobs make not only good mothers, but the best.

According to a survey of 2,000 Michigan children (eighth grade through high school) by Prof. F. Ivan Nye of the State College of Washington, mothers who work from one to 32 hours a week enjoy the most harmonious adolescent-parent relationships. Teenagers who want to be alone (and that's normal in adolescence) feel their privacy is invaded by constant mothering.



That type of mother, declares sociologist Nye, is as deficient on the job as the career woman who is never home.

HEP HUSBANDS

The higher a man climbs on the educational ladder, the steadier his marriage is likely to be. For the traits that make him cherish a sheepskin—intelligence, perseverance, stability—also make him cherish his wife. A study of about 9,000 couples revealed that many of the men with only an elementary school education

had small salaries, large families and a high divorce rate. In fact, 25 percent of these men, report Paul C.



Glick of the U. S. Bureau of the Census and Hugh Carter of the National Office of Vital Statistics, had been married twice or more.

But the majority of men with at least some college to their credit were still wed to their first loves, still faithful to their ambitions and had better-paying jobs.

DILUTED TRUTH

You are being unreasonable if you expect your child—or yourself—to tell nothing but the truth at all times.

In fact, when Junior prevaricates occasionally, he may just be displaying a healthy impulse to be independent and adventurous. It's only when he overdoes the fibbing that he's probably being driven by fear and anxiety, says Dr. Melitta Schmideberg of New York.

Parents who feel guilty even at the mere *thought* of lying to their children are usually under the unconscious influence of their own

These Nations Are Catholic By **CHOICE!**

You hear it said today that the Catholic Church seeks to entrench itself as the established religion of any and all nations.

And you are warned that wherever Catholicism dominates, religious liberty is denied to others.

"Look at Spain!" the critics say, "and Italy and Colombia, too. And remember the Dark Ages and their persecutions!"

This suggests that the people of so-called Catholic countries are compelled to remain loyal to the Church against their will. Any fair-minded person who really does look at predominantly Catholic countries finds that they are Catholic as a matter of choice.

Investigation also reveals that religious persecutions—almost without exception—were actuated by political rather than religious purposes. The chief guilt for them should be laid at the door of the statesmen and ruling houses of the nations rather than the churches.

This fact was emphasized in an address to the Congress of the United States on January 8, 1826, by the then distinguished Bishop of Charleston, John England, who said: "... religion has been more frequently but a pretext with statesmen for a political purpose than the cause of persecution from zeal on its own behalf."

The Catholic Church, being universal, must exist under various flags and different political systems. In Colombia, for example, where the people are overwhelmingly Catholic, one statesman describes religion as "the fundamental pillar of our

culture." The status of the Catholic Church in such a land would obviously be different than in the United States, where there are many faiths—all with equal rights.

In 1916 Cardinal Gibbons, dean of American bishops, said: "Separation of church and state in this country seems to Catholics the natural, the inevitable, the best conceivable plan, the one that would work best among us, both for the good of religion and of the state." The late Archbishop McNicholas said U. S. Catholics would not seek union of church and state even if they constituted a majority.

In one era of religious persecution, Catholics and non-Catholics were hanged from the same gallows. This and other dramatic stories dating back to the Middle Ages are related in a pamphlet which we will be glad to send free upon request. It will be mailed in a plain wrapper—no body will call on you. Write today... ask for Pamphlet No. AC-8.

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all about

stern upbringing, which compelled them to tell the truth regardless of consequence. Conversely, adults who find it easy to embroider the truth may have relied heavily—and successfully—on lies all their lives.

Actually, what upsets a child is not the lie itself—but your attitude. For example, if you tell him “babies are bought,” he will sense your guilt and discomfort. But if you must resort to lies now and then out of kindness, or to give your child reassurance, make sure he does not find you out in the near future.

IN ONE EAR

If you want to be a good listener: let the person speaking finish his own sentences—even if you feel you can do it better; don’t be a know-it-all; and curb that urge to doodle.



After asking 60 dietitians which listening habits of their superiors drove them to distraction, Prof. A. Conrad Posz of Michigan State University found they objected most to the boss who interrupts so often that *he* really does all the talking; then the man who not only doesn’t hear what’s said but pooh-poohs all suggestions; the smug fellow who

keeps asking questions to which you can only say “yes”; and the executive who acts as though you are squandering his time—when you are giving him your vocal all.

Moreover, if you shut your mind when you open your ears, adds Prof. Posz, you may commit that most embarrassing *faux pas*—asking the fatal question that reveals you haven’t heard a word that’s been spoken.

NOT-SO-WEAKER SEX

Surprisingly, girls are plagued with more worrisome natures than boys. Yet despite this handicap, ultra-anxious girls do better at school than their opposite male numbers.



The paradox can be explained this way: many of the highly anxious boys studied by Yale University researchers Seymour B. Sarason, Kenneth Davidson, Frederick Lighthall and Richard Waite were agonized by a deep-seated feeling of “I’m no good.” The super-worried girls, on the other hand, did not suffer from this basic feeling of inadequacy. Their problem was that they had set themselves impossibly high goals.

Under the strain of their tensions, the boys were easily distracted in class, misbehaved to get attention and thus did poor work.

The girls, however, goaded by their unattainable ambitions, stuck doggedly to their studies—and proved that even though they took more psychic pounding, they were better equipped to stand up under it.



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Parkway. 72 homes have already been built—many of them occupied by former residents of Vero Beach who love the peace and seclusion of suburban life, yet want to stay near the shopping district, schools, churches, and recreational facilities of Vero Beach, one of the finest commercial and resort cities on Florida's East Coast.

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CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

TELEPHONE

MOVIES

TWO FILMS just released focus on prejudice, racial and religious. **The Defiant Ones** hammers its message with heavy-handed symbolism, in a predictable tale of a white and a Negro convict, handcuffed to each other, who escape from a Southern chain-gang. Only the sharp performances of Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis redeem it.

The other movie, **Me and the Colonel**, fares better, using gentle comedy to make its point. It tells of two Polish refugees fleeing from the Nazis across France in 1940. One is a humble, resourceful Jew (Danny Kaye). His reluctant companion is an arrogant, anti-Semitic colonel (Curt Jurgens). Dependent on his ingenious countryman for survival, the colonel eventually loses his prejudice. As a bullheaded bigot, Jurgens is first laughable, then increasingly and surprisingly likable. And the restrained and subtle acting of a Danny Kaye—almost unrecognizable behind a brush mustache and conservative clothes—in a serio-comic role is a triumphant *tour de force*.

The colonel and pal drown differences in song.



THEATER



The lady waits, and a village turns to murder.

DOES EVERYONE have a price? Is justice inescapable? These provocative questions are raised by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, a Swiss playwright, in **The Visit**, and fortunately, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt help search out the answers. After 39 years of acting together, the Lunts say this may be their last Broadway show. If so, it is a memorable farewell.

The Visit tells a grim story. An incredibly wealthy, aging woman returns to her native European town with a peculiar entourage: a pet panther, two blind men, and a coffin. She announces that she will donate one billion marks to the town and its citizens—in return for a man's life. Her reasons: Anton Schill, now a respected merchant, seduced her as a young girl, then denied paternity of her child, casting her into prostitution. Amassing a fortune through fortuitous marriages, she has returned for revenge. The poverty-plagued town rejects, then inevitably accepts, her horrible proposition, as the play builds to a shattering climax.

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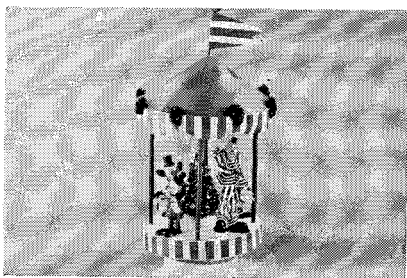
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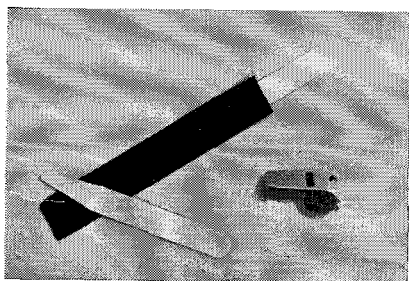
NOVEMBER, 1958

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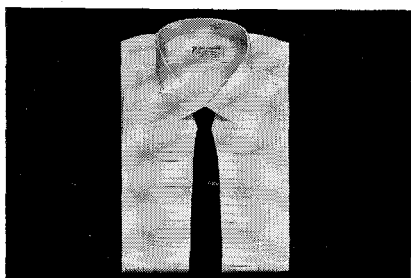
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon



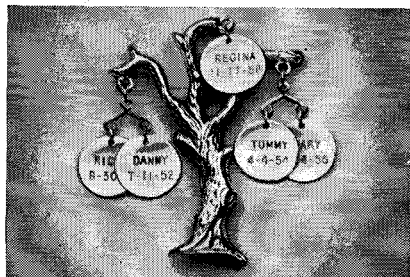
Wind the base of the carousel and it plays "Jingle Bells" while Xmas tree and circus figures go round and round. Shiny gold cardboard top and white styrofoam base are trimmed in red and white stripe. 15" high. \$10.00 pp. Dorothy Damar, 717 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



Gifts of 14 kt. gold. His: collar stays come in black leather case to keep his collar luxuriously neat. \$14.50 pp. Engraving 25c per letter. Hers: whistle charm with genuine ruby to hail a cab in style. \$22.00 pp. Merrin Jewels, Dept. CO, 530 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



Men of fashion will welcome this shirt of white imported broadcloth with two-way pleats that do not iron out. French cuffs. 14 to 18 neck; 29 to 36 sleeve. \$9.95 pp. Silk tie with 3 initials. Navy, red, or gray. \$5.00 pp. Lew Magram, TWC, 830 7th Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.



Proud mothers or grandmothers will treasure this Family Tree pin which holds up to 12 discs engraved with first name and birth date of a child. Sterling silver; tree is 2 1/4" high. Discs \$1.00 each; tree \$2.00 pp. Zenith Gifts, 810 P.O. Bldg., Brighton 35, Massachusetts.

For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 169

FREE! WINTER-START INSURANCE ON YOUR PRESENT BATTERY

regardless of make or age!



YOU START OR WE COME OUT AND START YOU!

Let an Exide dealer check your battery

Find him in the Yellow Pages. Your battery doesn't have to be an Exide. If it's okay, it's insured all winter. If your battery needs charging, you're eligible for Winter-Start Insurance as soon as he brings it to full charge.

If your battery goes dead

Phone your Exide man. He'll give you a free start. Your policy insures you against one battery breakdown. If you need a new battery, he'll show you the new Exides.

You can depend on your Exide dealer

He's backed by the first name in batteries. Exides are available dry-charged or factory-filled. Prices are as low as \$14.95. See your Exide man today.



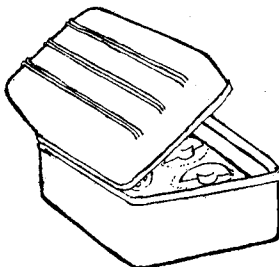
*When it's an Exide
...you start!*



Photo: Phillip March

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET.

Lois Cristy tells



Are you slender... yet bothered by bulges? Are you only slightly over your correct size... and not interested in dieting? Relax-A-cizor is your way. No diet. No weight-loss. Yet inches vanish from hips, waist, tummy, arms, thighs... almost like magic... while you rest, at HOME!

Relax-A-cizor requires NO EFFORT, never makes you feel tired... yet it is real, slimming exercise. It is not a vibrator or couch. It is the ONLY home unit that does not depend upon diet for results!

You save time and money, too. No more long trips to expensive salons. You use your Relax-A-cizor privately at home for less than 5c a day. So convenient. So quick and easy to use.

Many women lose an inch or two the first week or so... and with NO diet or weight-loss! No other home method makes such a promise... Relax-A-cizor reduces inches without diet or weight-loss!

Relax-A-cizor is a tiny, attractive machine. Looks like a small makeup case. It causes "beautifying, reducing exercise that trims away inches." Easy to use... simply place "Beauty Belts" or pads over bulges of hips, waist, abdomen, thighs, turn a dial and Relax-A-cizor does your slimming exercise while you rest, read, watch T.V. or even sleep!

(ADVERTISEMENT)

how SLENDER women can

* REDUCE their hips...

*No diet. No weight-loss, yet inches vanish almost like magic!

This is the safe, sensible, economical home method used by more than 200,000 women. Praised by such famous magazines as Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle, Charm, Glamour, Coronet ... and newspaper beauty editors coast-to-coast. (*Send Coupon for Free Beauty Articles.*)

Just a few of our famous slender users: Doris Day, Eleanor Powell, Jolie Gabor, Patrice Munsel, Lisa Farraday, Lola Albright, Helen Grayco and Helen O'Connell.

Diet may cause sagging and loss from bust, neck and face. Relax-A-cizor does NOT; instead it firms and tightens your waist, hips, thighs and abdomen. New FACIAL exercises and tightens muscles under eyes and chin. Chest muscles that help support the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Clinically tested by physicians . . . Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Husbands use Relax-A-cizor, too ... to reduce the size of their bulging waistlines ... for soothing RELAXING exercise of tired, aching back and feet muscles. Relax-A-cizor is for the WHOLE FAMILY ... teenagers to glamorous Grandma. *Everyone* uses it!

Users report results . . . Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania writes: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California says: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26". She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

Free: "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" by Ralph Bass and complete illustrated booklets about "How to Reduce Inches at Home" ... No cost. No obligation. MAIL COUPON BELOW.



---FREE mail today---

Relax-A-cizor

Dept. 95-32

Los Angeles, Calif., 980 N. La Cienega
New York City, 711 Fifth Ave.
Chicago, Ill., Suite 800, 17 No. State St.
Toronto, Ontario, Suite 316, 57 Bloor St. West

Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen. No cost.

(PLEASE PRINT)

☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Mr.

NAME

ADDRESS

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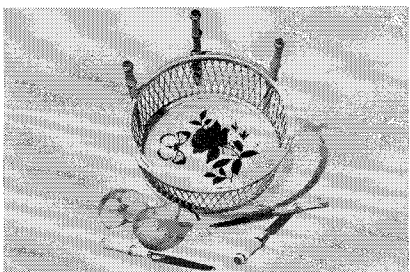
TELEPHONE.....

Use margin for more writing space 95-32

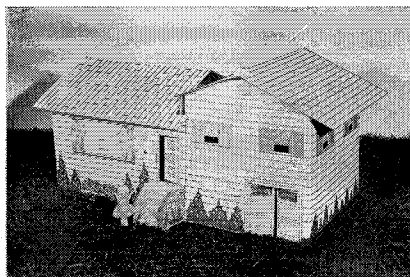
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



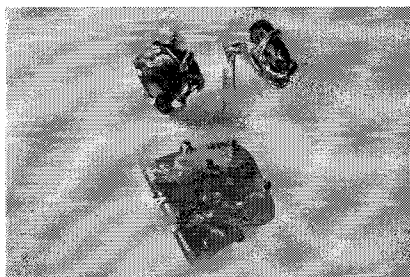
Cuff links that are exact reproductions of his calling card or signature are bound to please him. Links in silver finish \$8.95; gold finish \$9.95 pp. Matching tie bar in silver finish \$4.95; gold finish \$5.50 pp. Clarion Products, Dept. COR, Box 488, Highland Park, Ill.



Imported bamboo basket is just right for serving holiday fruit; 6 stainless-steel knives with bamboo handles fit into side slots. Center is decorated with butterfly and hand-painted rose design. \$9.95 pp. Scott-Mitchell House, COR, 415 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.



Modern split-level six-room doll house has battery operated lighting system in addition to lawn that grows from magic soil in 4 days. Easy to assemble; 24" x 12" x 12". Has living room, 2 bedrooms, garage, etc. \$2.43 pp. Honor House Prods. DH-62, Lynbrook, N. Y.



Pin and earrings of rough-cut genuine jade from our newest state, Alaska. Highly polished, the free-form, deep-green nuggets are set in gold-plated metal prongs. Gift boxed. Earrings \$5.00; pin \$5.00, pp. International Gem Corp., 15A, Maiden Lane, New York 38, N.Y.

WANTING TO PLAY IS THE ONLY TALENT YOU NEED!



Let's say you can't read a note of music, never took a lesson in your life. Will *you* be able to play the Hammond Chord Organ?

You certainly will! In less than 30 minutes you'll be playing a real tune, complete with chords. And you'll sound unbelievably good.

For this is the organ designed for people who want to enjoy all the fun of music—without the long, hard study it ordinarily requires.

Yet simplified as it is in terms of playing, the Hammond Chord Organ is rich in musical resources: it can sound like over 30 instruments.

Visit your Hammond dealer and see for yourself how easy it is to play.

P. S. What a great Christmas gift!

Here's what happens at your dealer



You'll play a complete tune with two fingers. One finger plays the melody. One

finger presses buttons to play full chords. Hammond "Picture Music" shows exactly what to do if you don't read music.

Easy terms: about \$97.50 down and \$29.50 a month at most dealers.

HAMMOND CHORD ORGAN

Hammond Organ Company
4203 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

Please send new "Happy Home" booklet and tell me how to get free LP Record of Hammond Chord Organ music.

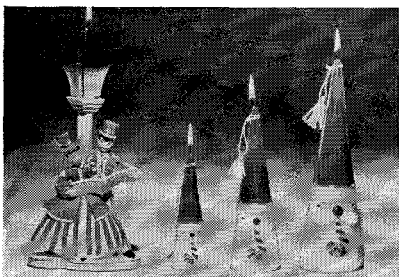
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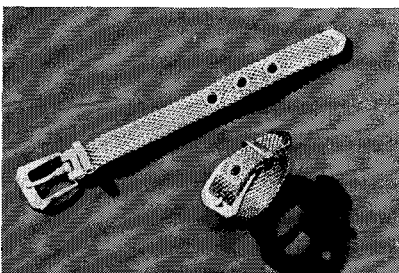
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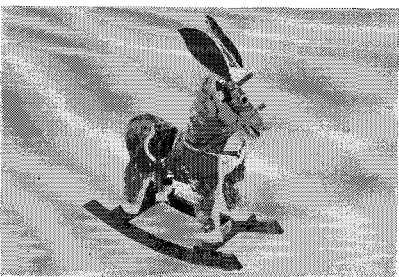
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



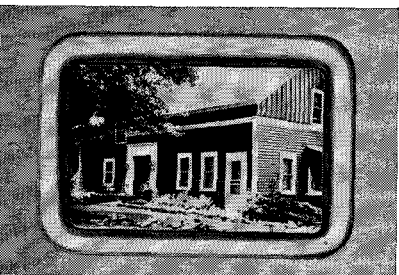
The mood of Christmas captured in cleverly designed candles. Base of Carol Singers is ceramic with lantern-shaped candle. 11" high. \$2.50 pp. All 3 Santas of dripless, odorless candle in heights of 5", 6" and 9". \$2.00 set pp. Nan Lesser, C4, 320 5th Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



She'll always remember you if you give her this Forget-Me-Not ring. Made of woven metal mesh in 18 kt. gold finish, it looks like a miniature belt. Buckles to any ring size. Wonderful buy at only \$1.00 pp. Mercury Products, C-1, 1265 Broadway, New York 1, N.Y.



A child can rock to his heart's content on this plush donkey with hardwood rockers, steel frame, colorful saddle and bridle. 27" high, 22" long and 10" wide. \$8.95; with music box, \$12.95. Express charges collect. Guaranty Sales Co., C-2, Box 205, Teaneck, N.J.



Your favorite photograph reproduced in sepia enlargement on a useful Tole tray. Black with gold trim. Lacquered for protection in use; measures 12" x 18". Send photo, negative or slide. \$5.50 pp. Holiday House, 910 Bellevue Theater Bldg., Upper Montclair, N.J.

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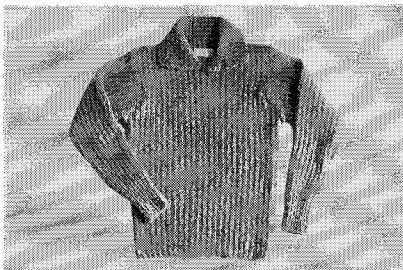
WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW



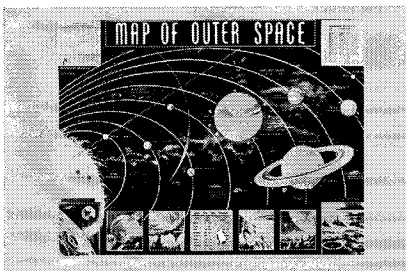
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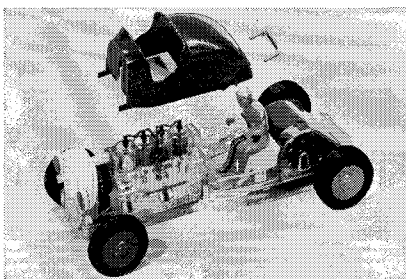
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



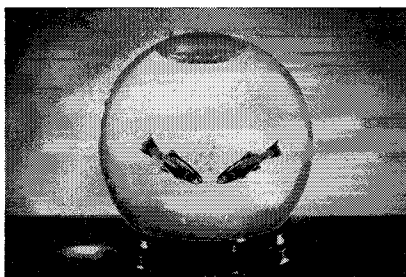
Fashionable hip-length sweater in looped mohair and nylon is perfect for college gal or winter sports enthusiast. Long sleeves, wing collar. 34 to 40. Delft blue, pumpkin, white, black, red or brown. By Select. \$15.45 pp. Knitwear Shoppe, C-1, 132 Main St., Hackensack, N.J.



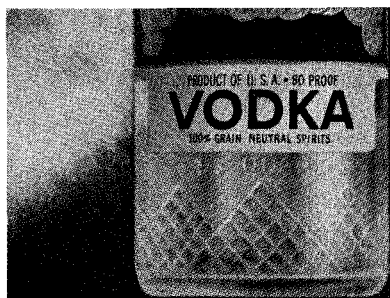
Outer space map answers many of your questions about the worlds beyond ours. Perfect for hanging on wall of den or in Jr. spaceman's room. Measures approximately 10 sq. ft. Printed in 8 brilliant colors. \$1.00 pp. Dixie Mail Order, P.O. Box 1305, Dept. C, Burlington, N.C.



Hot Rod is an educational and fun toy. Operates on friction motor. Junior mechanic can see how an automobile engine works through the clear plastic chassis. Easy to assemble; measures 10" x 5" x 3½". \$2.98 pp. Roy's Gifts, COR, 3555 Monterrey St., Corpus Christi, Tex.



Mystery Aquarium contains 2 live tropical fish that are guaranteed to raise a family before your eyes. In crystal-clear ball on tip-proof base. Educational gift. Can even be used as desk ornament or paperweight. \$2.98 pp. Greenhall, CO, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.



Wolfschmidt
has the secret
of making
real vodka!

This distinguished dog-about-town won't tell. But one sip of Wolfschmidt will. The secret is in Wolfschmidt's new, exclusive refining process which gives you the clearest, cleanest vodka ever to glorify a drink. Here's a happy companion that remains incognito in almost anything liquid. There's nothing so subtle, so satisfying as Wolfschmidt.

GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N. Y. C. MADE FROM GRAIN, 100 OR 80 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

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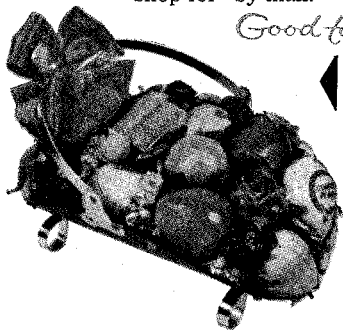
*This Christmas
give the most welcome gifts
you can select*

Pinnacles' fruit of perfection

For 20 years the favorite gifts of discriminating buyers

Always delicious... always in perfect taste for family, friends, business associates. These are the gifts that famous people and lots of other folks prefer to send, because they're absolutely the pinnacle of perfection in gifts of good eating. The thank you's will echo from this Christmas until next, for your extra-thoughtful Pinnacle gifts, and they're all so easy to shop for—by mail.

Good taste in black and brass



THE FIRESIDE SURPRISE

Picture this handsome container holding wood beside a crackling fire... or magazines near a favorite chair. We've heaped it so high with summer-sunned Pinnacle fruit and delicacies, we almost unhinged the handle!

Gift #66 (Ship. wt. about 18 lbs.)

\$15.95 del.

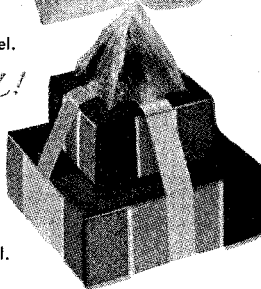


First time offered!

TRIO OF TREATS

Exquisitely gift-packaged! The bottom box is full of Comice Pears and Delicious Apples. The second holds berry preserves and fruit cakes. In the cellophane cloud-capped pyramid—plump prunes, dates, apricot halves, golden raisins and figs.

Gift #55 (Ship. wt. about 10 lbs.) **\$7.95 del.**



Treasure of good eating

WONDERLAND FRUIT CHEST

Sure to please! This handsome, long-remembered gift holds a rich assortment of Comice Pears, Delicious Apples, selected nuts and candies and other toothsome delights. A real discovery!

Gift #7 (Ship. wt. about 14 lbs.) **\$7.40 del.**

a gift of luscious goodness

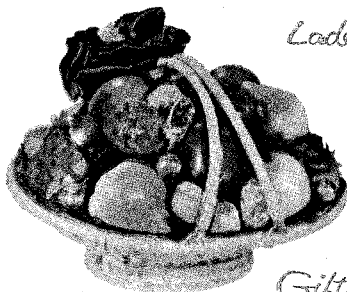
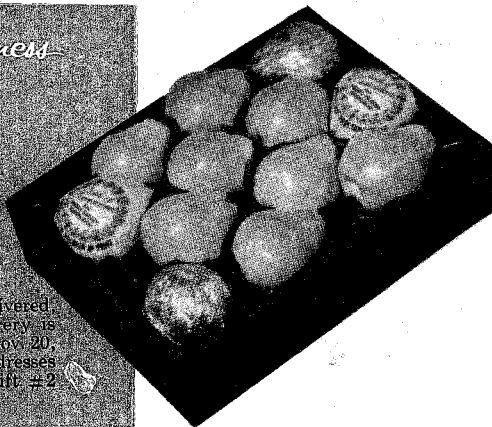
**COMICE PEARS
CHRISTMAS PACK**

Famous "Fruit o' Kings", favorite family and business gift. Each large, luscious pear is a feast in itself, dripping with ambrosial delight, individually wrapped.

Gift #1 (8 - 16 pears) \$3.95 del.

Gift #2 (16 - 20 pears) \$4.75 del.

Early Bird price. Gift #1 is only \$3.70 delivered if your order for Christmas gift delivery is airmailed and postmarked on or before Nov. 20, 1958 and is complete with names and addresses of all recipients. Early Bird price for Gift #2 is only \$4.50 delivered.



Laden with tempting treats

FRUIT AND FLOWER BASKET

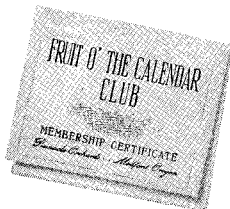
This lovely, hand-woven basket is heaped high with the choicest of Comice Pears, giant Delicious Apples and other wonderfully good things to eat. Festive as Christmas itself!

Gift #11A (Ship. wt. about 15 lbs.) \$11.45 del.

Gifts that keep on giving

"FRUIT O' THE CALENDAR" CLUB MEMBERSHIPS

Pinnacle Fruit Club gifts are prized by business friends, customers, clients... enjoyed the year 'round. A handsome certificate announces membership. Write for details.



Mail the coupon..... we'll do the rest!

Pinnacle Orchards 474 Fir St., Medford, Oregon

- ☐ Send gifts as specified to names and addresses on attached gift list.
(Enclose check or money order.)
- ☐ Mail color catalog showing complete Pinnacle gift selection and
"Fruit o' the Calendar" Club Plans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Fresh to you from Pinnacle Orchards, Medford, Oregon



YOU'LL TREASURE your new Ultra-Matic Compact for years.
You'll thrill to its luxurious high-fashion "golden look". So will he!

New! HAZEL BISHOP.

"Ultra-matic."
COMPACT MAKE-UP

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

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*Have YOU noticed your compact lately?
If it's the new Hazel Bishop "golden" Ultra-Matic
—you can be sure EVERYBODY will—admiringly!*

Now Yours—The First Golden Metal Compact With Make-Up Refills That Click-In, Click-Out...Instantly!

Now—say “goodbye” to unattractive plastic compacts. At last, enjoy the luxurious feel of Hazel Bishop’s breath-taking new Ultra-Matic Metal Compact that looks exactly like its solid gold original—that compliments your appearance and reflects your good taste!

Hazel Bishop Ultra-Matic Make-up Refills are so simple to change. They click-in and out with push-button ease! You not only enjoy new beauty—but new economy, too! For Hazel Bishop Ultra-Matic Make-up Refills are only 79¢.

You’ll love Hazel Bishop’s new All-in-One Make-up, for nothing equals its lightness, cling, covering power. And Hazel Bishop Make-up never streaks, cakes, or turns orangey.



*In your choice
of 3 brilliant, scratch-proof
jeweler's designs.*

*The most exciting new
gift to give or get!*

\$2.50
plus tax

**INCLUDING EXCLUSIVE
CLICK-IN, CLICK-OUT
MAKE-UP REFILL**

PAT. PENDING

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"Before you hang up
let me talk, too!"

**Out-of-town telephone calls
give you so much pleasure and
peace of mind**

You can get all the family news,
talk over plans, find out if every-
one is well.

A telephone visit really brightens
up the whole day. So, go ahead—
pick up the telephone and make
your call now!



• THE GREATEST SEA DISASTER IN HISTORY •

Fleeing the Red army juggernaut, the 8,000 refugees huddled aboard the Nazi liner. Suddenly, the Soviet U-boat struck . . .

by BUD GREENSPAN

DANZIG SHIVERED UNDER a blanket of snow. Thousands of ragged German refugees who had made the trek from the East ahead of the advancing Russian armies huddled in the ruins of the once great Polish city. It was January 30, 1945.

In the harbor of Gdynia lay four German barrack ships built by Adolph Hitler in the middle 1930s as part of the "Strength Through Joy" movement that highlighted the early days of the Nazi resurgence to power. The ships were the *Hansa*, the *Hamburg*, the *Deutschland* and the *Wilhelm Gustloff*.

The heavy guns of the Russian artillery made slight rumbles of thunder as they pounded Königsberg less than 100 miles away and sliced the remnants of the German forces into a demoralized frenzy. The soldiers ran, leaving behind their armor and equipment as the Polish had six years before.

In Danzig, refugees from the East prowled the streets begging anyone who looked like an official for a chance to board one of the barrack ships. Thousands of helpless people carrying meager belongings lined the roadways. They had to wait while members of the city's high society bribed their way aboard. Jewels and clothing were priority items. When they failed, aristocratic ladies were not reluctant to perform

personal favors in return for tickets and evacuation papers.

The human cargo had begun boarding on the 25th and continued until the *Wilhelm Gustloff* was packed with more than 8,000 passengers. She was built to hold 1,800.

Fights broke out at once as ticket-holders encountered trouble getting aboard. Many were carried screaming hysterically back down the gangplank. They had learned too late that they had sold their jewels, possessions and honor needlessly. There was no room for them aboard the teeming vessel.

For as early as nine days before, Admiral Doenitz had sent orders from Berlin giving four Submarine Cadet divisions top priority aboard the ships. Other naval and maritime personnel and women marines had next priority. Then finally came the ticket-holders.

Aboard the *Wilhelm Gustloff* a woman screamed uncontrollably as deckmen seized her trunk and threw it overboard to make space for another passenger. Her plan to smuggle her husband aboard had failed. For now he lay in 60 feet of water frantically clawing to escape from the trunk that had become his tomb. Other passengers were too busy trying to maintain their places aboard to console the screaming woman.

Police roamed the docks looking for able-bodied men trying to steal aboard disguised in women's clothing. At the last moment some 200 wounded German soldiers were taken on the *Wilhelm Gustloff*.

The captains of the *Hansa*, *Ham-burg*, *Deutschland* and *Wilhelm Gustloff* met and decided that all

four ships should weigh anchor at noon, rendezvous off the town of Hela, then proceed as a convoy down the Pomeranian Coast. They would be protected by minesweepers, the only available vessels in the area.

This situation was comparable to a fighter pilot able to protect himself against anti-aircraft fire but with no means to ward off enemy fighter planes. For the barrack ships were not concerned with mines. The danger lay in Russian submarines reported patrolling the Pomeranian Coast.

The four ships weighed anchor, the passengers lining the railings of the freezing, snow-swept decks, and rendezvoused off Hela as planned. But there the *Hansa* signaled she had mechanical trouble, and the convoy hove to.

The *Wilhelm Gustloff*, because of the estimated 8,000 human beings crowded aboard, lay lower in the water than the others and the rising sea was playing havoc with the wretched passengers jammed into every available space in cabins and passageways. Sanitary conditions were abominable. The odors resulting from the mass seasickness and lack of toilet facilities combined with the cold to make the passengers forget their thankful prayers of a few hours before.

As the ships waited for the *Hansa*, the captain of the *Wilhelm Gustloff* made a momentous decision. His ship was drawing too much water in its shallow surroundings. He would have to go further out into the open sea. He signaled his decision to the other captains who unanimously urged him to wait for an escort. But

the situation was too pressing, and the captain gave orders to proceed at full speed.

The *Wilhelm Gustloff* got under way, her only escort a minesweeper. The sea was heavy and the snow still falling. Those refugees fortunate enough to have spaces in heated cabins undressed and made themselves comfortable on mats and mattresses; the others bedded down as best they could in whatever quarters they could improvise. Many used their life preservers as pillows instead of wearing them. An occasional baby's cry mixed with the angry cursing of a man whose face was stepped on in the dark.

At 9:16 a torpedo struck the *Wilhelm Gustloff*. The torpedo hit a little forward of amidships with a muffled explosion. The ship staggered but lost no forward speed.

Ten seconds later a second struck. It stopped the *Wilhelm Gustloff* dead in the water. The panic below decks was unbelievable. Then a third torpedo hit and knocked out the ship's electrical system. In the darkness, the miserable people turned animal. They had to get on deck. The feeling was compulsive. Men forgot their families and rushed topside, trampling those unable to immediately gain their footing. Women and children tried hysterically to follow.

Regardless of the fact that rescue ships would be sitting ducks for the concealed enemy, the captain ordered red distress rockets sent up, and the ship's wireless crackled out the news.

The *Gustloff* lay immobile 25 miles off the town of Stolp. She was

alone. The escorting minesweeper had presumably moved away into the night to avoid meeting up with the same fate.

On the main deck, members of the *Gustloff's* crew stood with pistols drawn trying to stop the onrushing tide of refugees fighting their way to the lifeboats. Warning shots were fired at first, but to no avail; then the men took point-blank aim. Several passengers dropped wounded to the deck, but the crew was quickly overrun.

The fates continued to intervene, however. The ship had taken a 25-degree list and the lifeboats on the starboard side could not be used. But this did not stop the hysterical mob that slipped and trampled each other on the ice-coated deck.

At the boats, the horror continued. The guide lines were frozen tight and the davits were immovable. Nevertheless, the refugees crowded into the useless boats. When single lines were chopped loose, whole boatloads of screaming people were thrown into the freezing sea while the boats hung empty above them.

Two of the boats jammed half-way between the deck and the sea, and a tragic and pitiful ceremony took place. Members of families that were still together embraced for the last time; then, fearing the ship would topple on them, they leaped into the sea.

A half hour after being hit, the *Wilhelm Gustloff* was still afloat, though listing at a 40-degree angle. The hysteria of the passengers subsided, mainly through exhaustion. The captain was further able to

soothe them with news that rescue ships were on the way. Many of the passengers were calm enough now to go below decks and search for their lost families. About ten o'clock, a great shout went up from the main deck as lookouts spotted a rescue ship—a navy barge. Almost at the same moment, a terrible explosion amidships rocked the *Gustloff*.

Bulkheads already weakened by

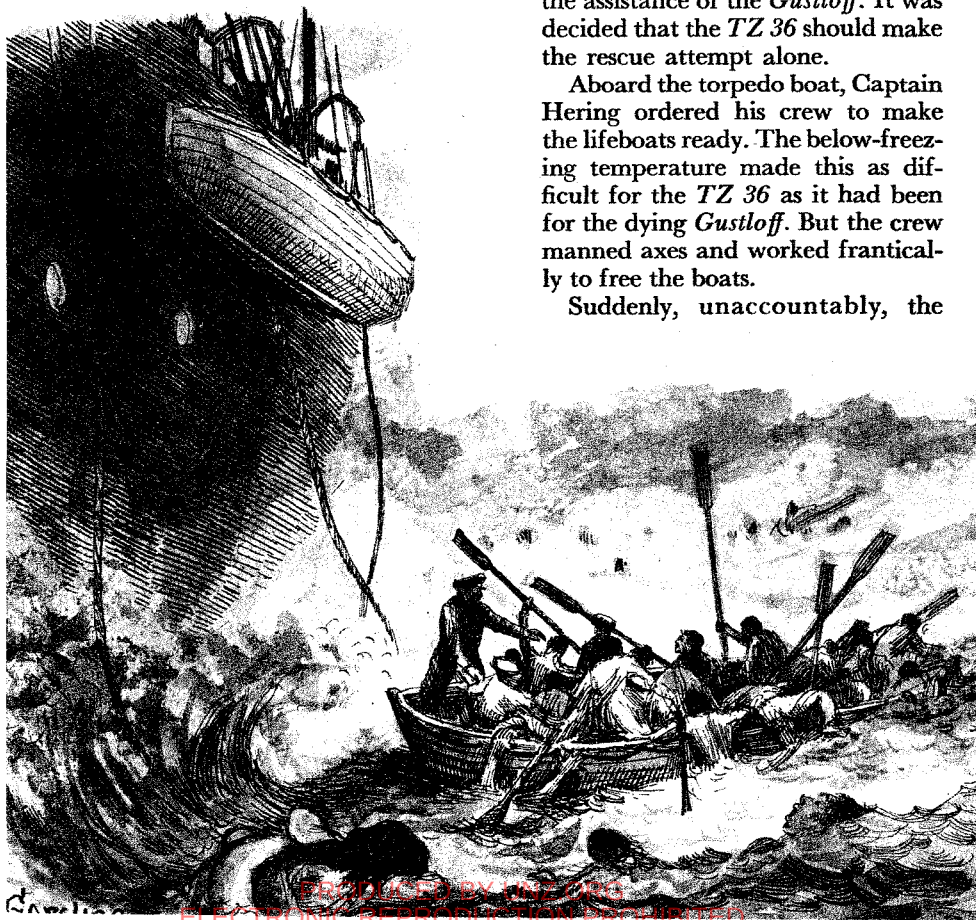
Powerful waves rolled the two ships together, crushing the half-frozen survivors in an icy vise.

the torpedo hits gave way. Tons of water rushed into the holds, trapping emergency crews working there. Slowly the *Gustloff* turned on its side and more than 2,000 people below decks were drowned in unbelievable horror.

Fortunately, other rescue ships were moving into the area. But as a torpedo boat, the *TZ 36*, and the ten-thousand-ton cruiser *Admiral Hipper* approached the stricken ship, their below-water warning devices told them a submarine was also in the vicinity. Both could not go to the assistance of the *Gustloff*. It was decided that the *TZ 36* should make the rescue attempt alone.

Aboard the torpedo boat, Captain Hering ordered his crew to make the lifeboats ready. The below-freezing temperature made this as difficult for the *TZ 36* as it had been for the dying *Gustloff*. But the crew manned axes and worked frantically to free the boats.

Suddenly, unaccountably, the



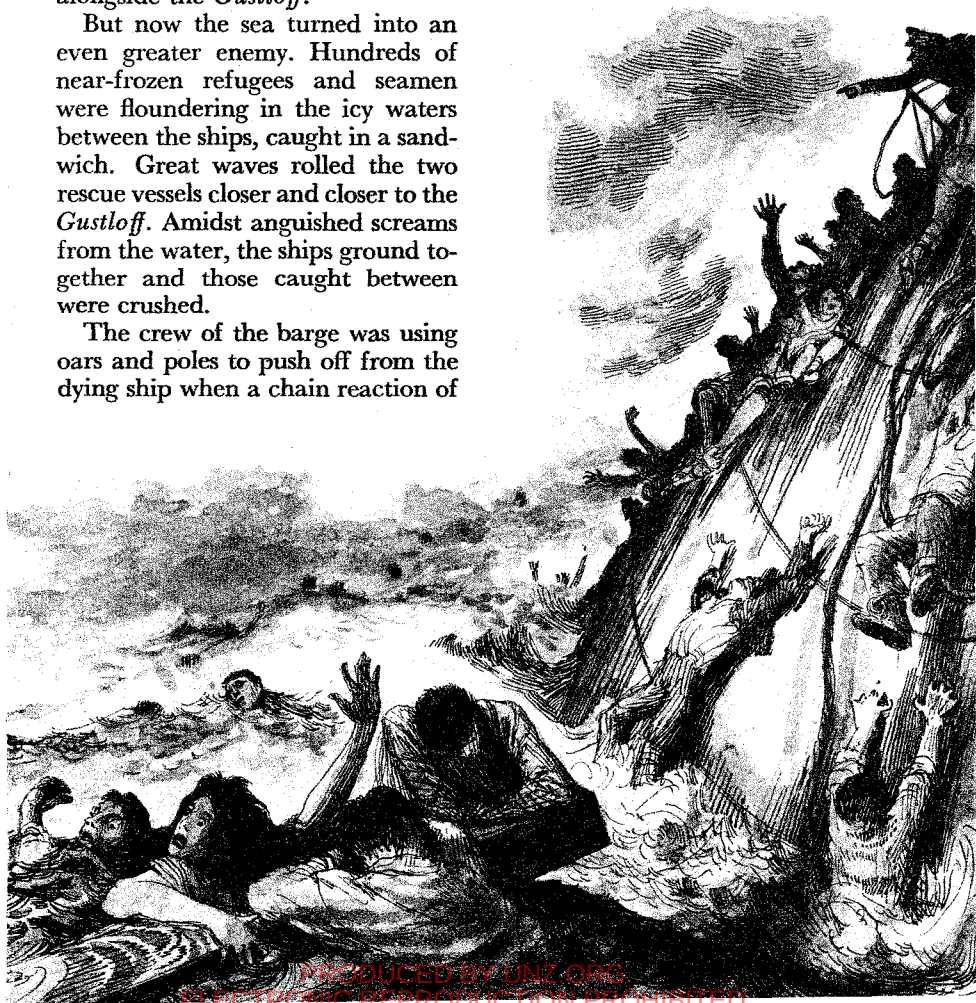
lights went on all over the *Gustloff*. She now lay on her side with men and women clinging desperately to the exposed hull. Ice quickly formed and many slid grotesquely into the sea. The navy barge had worked its way in parallel to the *Gustloff*. Only 100 feet of open water separated the two ships. The *TZ 36* was also moving into position with its bow directly behind the stern of the barge. This placed both rescue ships almost alongside the *Gustloff*.

But now the sea turned into an even greater enemy. Hundreds of near-frozen refugees and seamen were floundering in the icy waters between the ships, caught in a sandwich. Great waves rolled the two rescue vessels closer and closer to the *Gustloff*. Amidst anguished screams from the water, the ships ground together and those caught between were crushed.

The crew of the barge was using oars and poles to push off from the dying ship when a chain reaction of

below-decks rumbles began. It was the *Gustloff's* death rattle. She went down quickly, lights blazing.

The rescue work began. The navy barge picked up as many as possible, but the sea was heavy and there were more dead than alive dotting the water. The *TZ 36* moved back into position, Captain Hering ignoring his own danger from submarines. Landing nets were strung over the



sides of the torpedo boat and the crew worked feverishly hauling in anybody that looked alive.

Captain Hering stayed until warned that a Russian submarine was moving in quickly. He could no longer risk the lives of his crew and the more than 500 survivors he had picked up.

As the TZ 36 moved out, the foaming wake of two torpedoes was spotted. Captain Hering maneuvered his ship expertly and they missed by inches.

The torpedo boat steamed away at full speed leaving a macabre scene behind. Still on the water floated

hundreds upon hundreds of dead, some frozen stiff to oars, bits of wreckage, anything that could be clung to in a last desperate grasp at life. The rescue ships proceeded to the island of Rügen in the Baltic Sea, where more than 900 survivors were transferred to a hospital ship. Many of these died later from exposure. There is no exact figure of the dead. There were too many stowaways aboard the *Gustloff*, and no official records remain.

But from all accounts, it is known that about 7,000 perished in the sinking of the *Wilhelm Gustloff*, the greatest sea disaster in history.

Psychologically Speaking

WHEN BALZAC, THE FRENCH NOVELIST, first visited Vienna, he was unfamiliar with the language and the currency. Whenever he took a cab he did not know how much fare to pay, nor could he understand the driver.

Experience had taught Balzac, however, that money speaks a universal language. Upon arriving at his destination, he would hand the taxi driver a single coin. If the man kept his hand outstretched, he would add another coin. Slowly adding one coin after another, Balzac would carefully watch the driver's face.

The moment a smile appeared there, Balzac knew he had given one coin too many. He would take back the last coin and leave the cab.

—E. E. EDGAR

LAST YEAR I PURCHASED CHRISTMAS greeting cards, with my name imprinted, from a local printer. Several envelopes were spoiled while being addressed, and I had to throw them away, along with a like number of cards.

Then I had an idea: the printer should include extra envelopes with each box of cards. The spare envelopes would create good will.

Full of enthusiasm, I passed the idea on to the print-shop proprietor. "Oh yes, I thought of that a few years back," he replied wearily. "I packed two extra envelopes with each box of 50 cards, but I soon stopped that."

"Why?" I asked. "Didn't the customers appreciate the extra envelopes?"

"Well, no," he answered. "A lot of people just complained that their boxes were short two cards."

—C. M. BRICE

DURING THE DAYS when dueling was a popular French pastime, a successful French statesman was due to fight a duel on a country estate some distance from Paris.

He and his opponent arrived at the railway station at the same time. The latter purchased a round-trip ticket but the statesman bought only a one-way ticket.

"Have you so little confidence in yourself, Monsieur?" sneered his adversary.

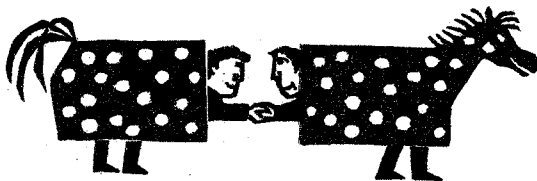
"Not at all," replied the statesman. "I always use my opponent's return ticket after a duel." —*Quote*

AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE bought an old estate in Scotland and, to preserve the historic flavor of the place, he preserved its old name—Seldoon—and had it embroidered on all his new table linen.

Then a neighbor told him the real origin of the name, "Seldoon." A spaghetti manufacturer who had owned the place from 1953 to 1955 had dreamed it up; it was "Noodles" spelled backward. —*Good Morning (Quote)*

I RECENTLY SPENT a week visiting a friend who is an obstetrician in a small Midwestern city. One afternoon, I helped him make out and mail bills. Delivery fees for babies born as long as five years ago were still unpaid. I noticed that the chief delinquents in this respect had rural addresses. I remarked upon this to my friend, and he said, with a wry smile:

"Yes, I know. They'll probably



GRIN AND SHARE IT

never pay. They think that's what we mean by *Rural Free Delivery!*"

—AL BROOKS

A SATURDAY NIGHT backslider suddenly began attending church faithfully on Sunday mornings. The pastor was highly gratified and told him, "How wonderful it makes me feel to see you at services with your good wife!"

"Well, Parson," said the prodigal, "it's a matter of choice—I'd rather hear your sermon than hers."

—*Wall Street Journal*

WHEN A HOTEL CLERK discovered that a guest had left without paying his bill, he sent the following reminder:

"Dear Mr. Jones: We would greatly appreciate your sending us the amount of your bill."

Very promptly came Jones' friendly reply, which read: "In answer to your courteous request, the amount of my bill is \$98.75. Yours truly, A. L. Jones."

—*Kurpaeoan*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

ROYALTY'S CROWN

Text by RICHARD KAPLAN

The tormented woman on the opposite page is an Arabian Nights princess whose story has missed the usual happy ending. She is the comely Soraya, former Queen of Iran, cast out in the prime of life by her powerful husband. And her sad fate is one often shared by royalty the world over. Some must marry the wrong man—and others may never marry the right one. Born to the purple, raised amid scenes of pomp and ceremony, they now find their lives shattered by heartache and disillusionment. As pictures on the following pages show, a noble crown can be a crown of thorns.

OF THORNS



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Soraya of Iran

THE TORMENT OF Soraya Esfandiari is poignant proof that even Prince Charmings can be fickle lovers. At 25, this loveliest of modern-day queens is a discarded woman, divorced by her husband, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Shah of Iran. His reason: she failed, in seven years of storybook marriage, to give the Middle East kingdom a male heir. Deeply in love with Soraya—and she with him—the Shah struggled to save their marriage. Vacations and state visits masked countless consultations with specialists. The Shah vainly tried to have his nephew raised as Crown Prince, then pleaded that Soraya herself be allowed to succeed him. As a last resort, he urged his Queen to let him take a second wife—legal under Moslem law. But proud Soraya refused. Reluctantly, the Shah announced that “I have separated from my beloved wife, loyal friend and sweetheart.” It was the Shah’s second marital fiasco; in 1948 he ended a sonless marriage to Egypt’s Princess Fawzia.



With husband and robed Arabian King Saud, glamorous Soraya enters banquet hall (left). She and Shah loved entertaining, skiing (above) and horseback riding.

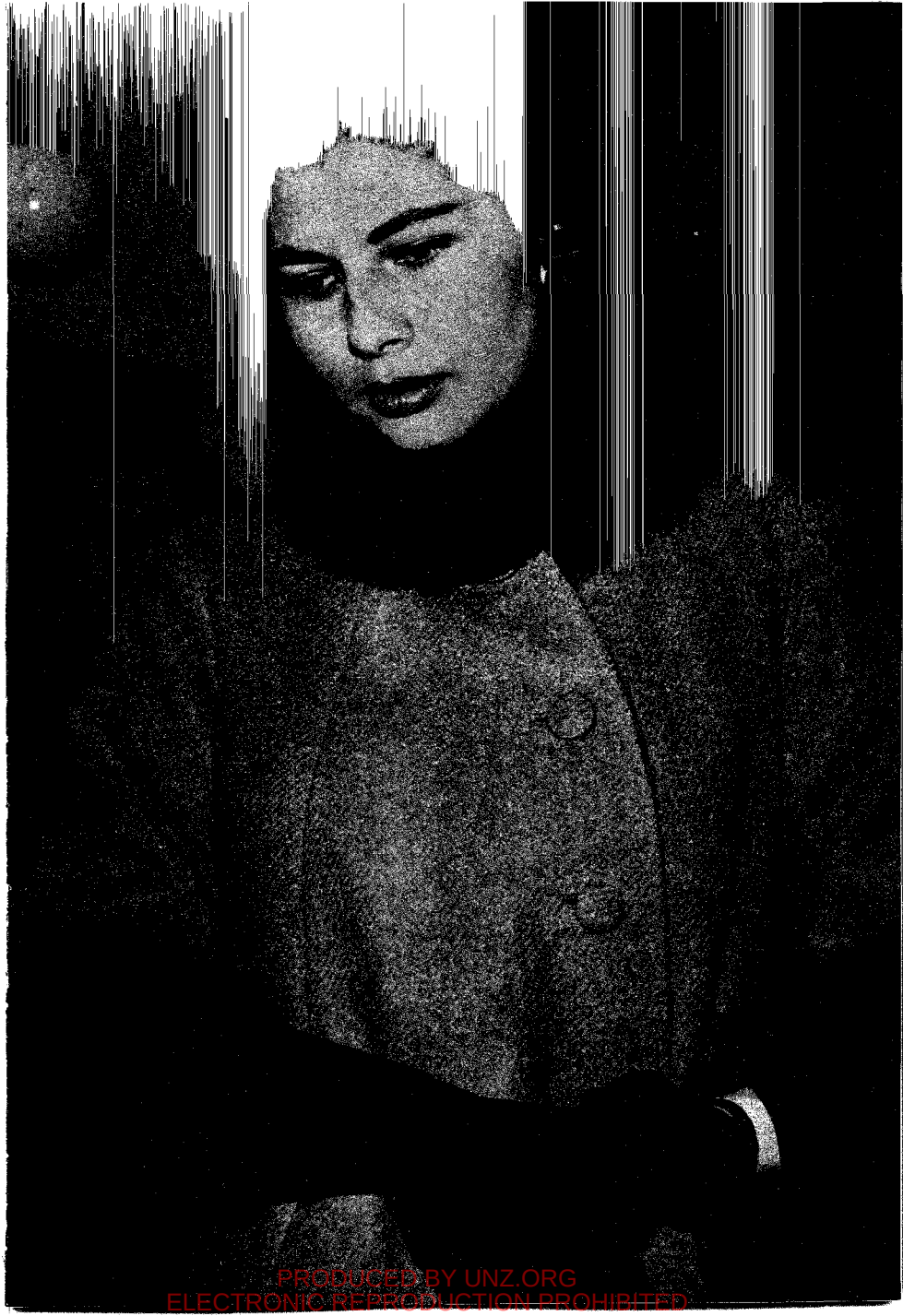


In 1955 the Shah took his Queen elephant hunting in India. Since divorce, Soraya's title is Princess.



"I've cried enough," Soraya says today. "Now I've got to remake my future. It will be quite a task." Financially, she has no worries. The Shah gave her a \$67,000 divorce settlement and will pay her \$48,000 a year until she remarries. As a farewell gesture, the oil-rich monarch also told her to keep several million dollars worth of jewels he had lavished on her. There also are reports that the divorce agreement specifically prohibits Soraya, who bears a striking resemblance to Ava Gardner, from embarking on a stage or movie career. While the Shah seeks a new wife who perhaps will bear him a son, Soraya lives in Cologne with her father, Khalil Esfandiari, a former tribal chief who now serves as Iran's Ambassador to West Germany (Soraya's mother is German). When she appears in public, loyal Iranians weep openly and kiss the hand of "their Queen." Keenly aware that the Shah may wed another woman, Soraya confesses she'd marry him again in an instant — if he asked her. "I still love him," she says.

Childless Queen glances tenderly at native boy (left). When court politicians forced Shah to divorce her last March, she said, weeping: "As God wills it."



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Narriman of Egypt

IN 1949, NARRIMAN SADEK, a plump, 16-year-old Egyptian girl, visited a Cairo store to buy an engagement ring. Watching avidly was Egypt's keg-shaped King Farouk. In a matter of days, Narriman's wedding was off and her fiancé banished. Two years later,

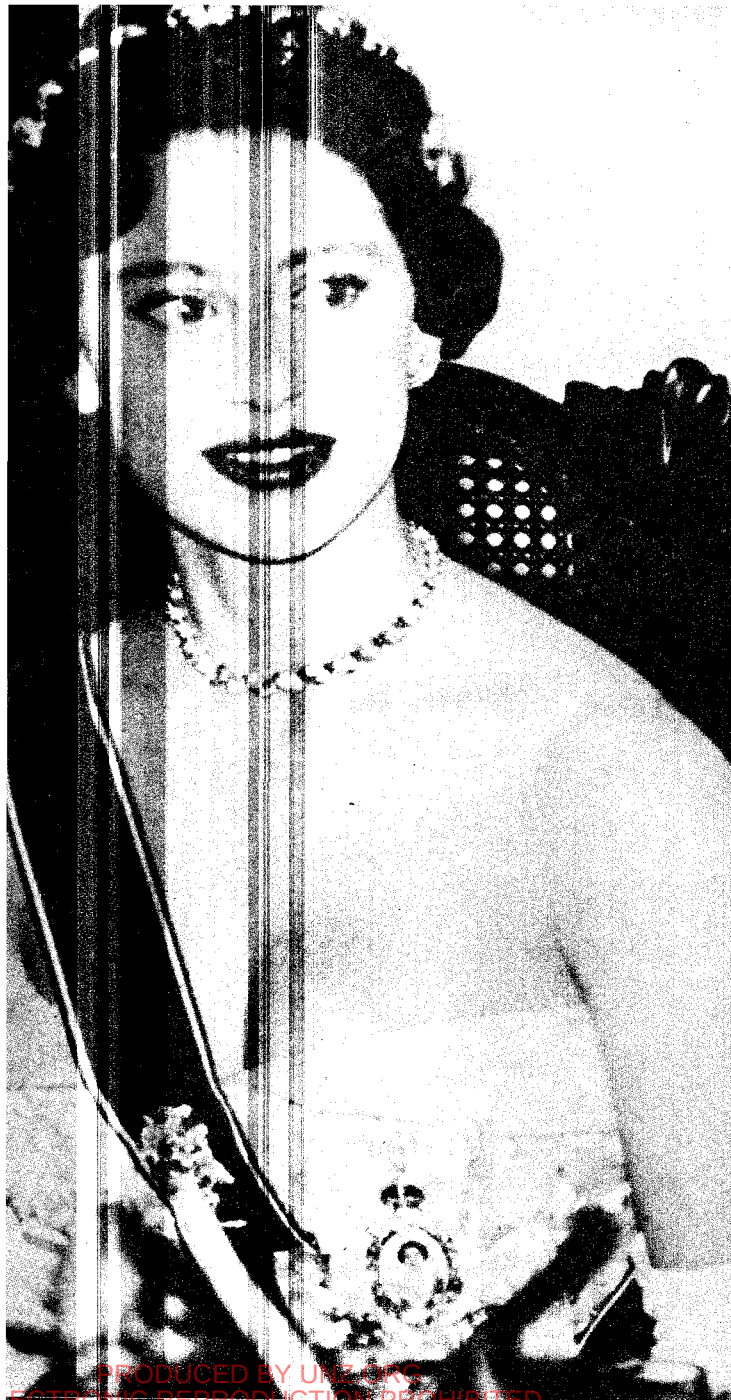


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Farouk married her himself. "His shoulders — and his powerful wrists, covered with dark, virile hair—fascinated me," Queen Narriman confided. But after Narri-man had given him an heir, the King's eye wandered. Left alone while Farouk philandered, the Queen finally divorced him in 1953. Later, she married an Egyptian physician, Dr. Ahmed Elnakib, from whom she soon became es-tranged. Today, "unwanted, fat and forgotten," Narriman lives quietly in Beirut, Lebanon. "I want to be alone," she says morosely.



Virtually shanghaied into marriage by Farouk (left), Narriman, 25, is now lonely and impoverished (above). She is currently suing her second husband for \$150-a-month alimony.





Margaret of Great Britain

THE BLIGHTED ROMANCE of beautiful Princess Margaret and Captain Peter Townsend still vexes Britain's royal family. Townsend, 44, is a divorced man whose wife is living. This makes him unacceptable to the Church of England as 28-year-old Margaret's suitor. And since Queen Elizabeth is titular head of the Church, the Princess would alienate her own sister by marrying the handsome air ace. In 1955, Margaret sadly and publicly renounced Townsend, who was packed off to Brussels.

But last spring, the Princess (with her mother's backing) asked him to tea without notifying the Queen—whose press aide called this action “sheer perversity.” And when Margaret toured Canada recently, Townsend reportedly telephoned her from Belgium. With Elizabeth and Prince Philip firmly against Townsend, Margaret's cause seems hopeless. But court observers insist that the headstrong Princess may yet emulate her uncle, Edward VIII, who gave up his throne in 1936 to wed “the woman I love.”

Margaretha of Sweden

Pianist Douglas-Home met Princess while playing in London nightclub.



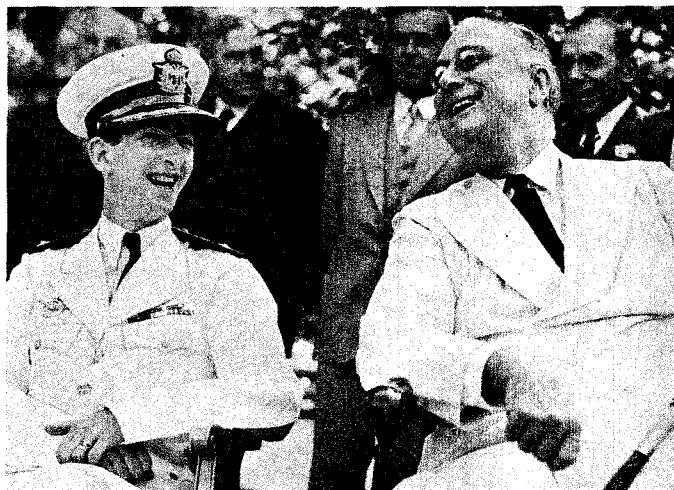
SWEDEN'S 24-YEAR-OLD Princess Margaretha has a frustrating penchant for falling in love with unattainable men. A few years ago, the blonde, six-foot Princess was sent to a convent school to break up her romance with racing-car driver Hans von der Esch. Now, Margaretha has her heart set on marrying British jazz pianist Robin Douglas-Home, 25, whom she met on a 1956 visit to London (where she was sent to forget a Swedish Guards officer). The proposed match does not please Margaretha's mother, Princess Sibylla. She objects not to Douglas-Home's blood (which is blue, dating back to 1473), but to his anemic bankroll (he only earns \$125 a week). When Douglas-Home wrote Princess Sibylla asking for Margaretha's hand, a Swedish spokesman said haughtily: "We cannot imagine her living in a tiny flat while her husband goes out to play the piano. It might be different if Mr. Douglas-Home were a Schubert or a Beethoven." But early this year, Douglas-Home flew to Stockholm to meet King Gustav, who proposed a two-year "cooling-off" period. Then, if the couple still want to marry, they can.

Margaretha at reception with Swedish Prince Wilhelm. Her British sweetheart calls her three times a week.



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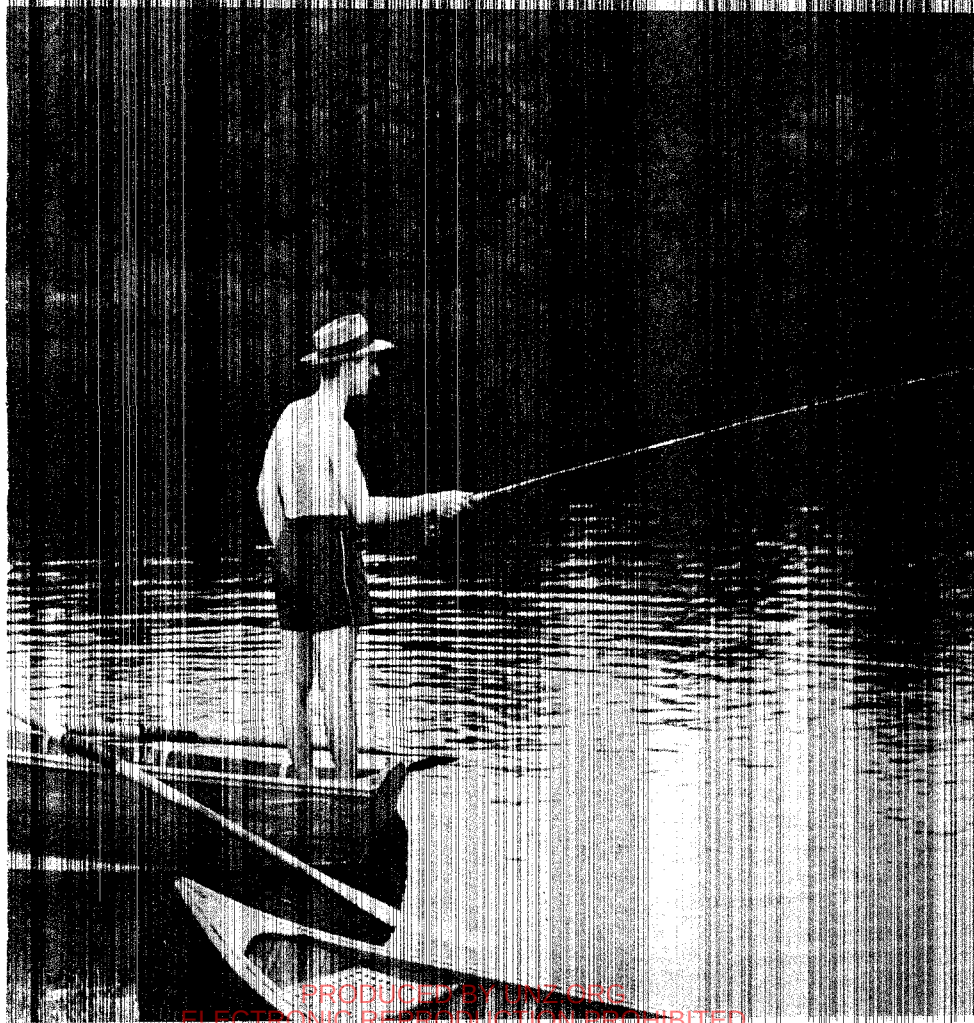
Peter of Yugoslavia



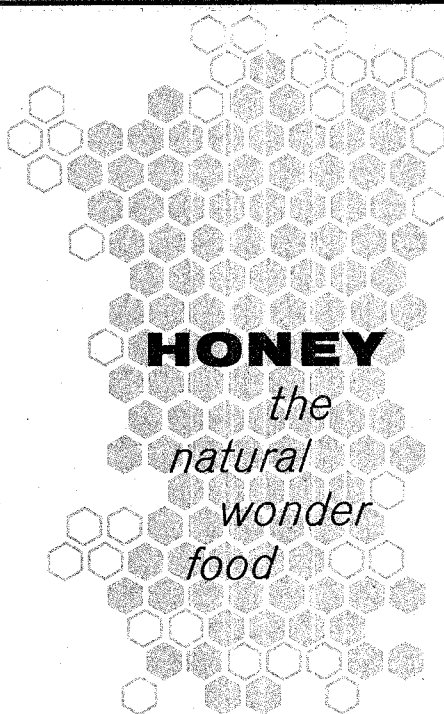
As King Peter, he visited Washington as guest of FDR. Before war, he fought to keep Nazis out of Yugoslavia.

POOREST OF EUROPE'S dethroned rulers is 35-year-old Peter II, of Yugoslavia. A king at 17, his four-year reign was ended in 1945 by Marshal Tito's Communist regime, and he went into exile with a \$265,000 legacy. But by 1948, the money had been eaten up by two unsuccessful U. S. business ventures and costly schemes to unseat Tito. Bankrupt, Peter peddled his crown jewels and those of Queen Alexandra. Even so, they were often evicted from hotels for nonpayment of bills and their belongings confiscated. Singularly obsessed by ambition to regain his lost throne, Peter tried to divorce Alexandra in 1953. They were reunited after the distraught Queen attempted suicide. Today, they live frugally on the French Riviera, supported by donations from wealthy Yugoslav émigrés. Unable to stick to any job, Peter says with forlorn majesty: "I want to be King. I am good for nothing but that."

His ship of state capsized by stormy Balkan politics, Peter now fishes in calmer waters. But he clings to the belief that he will somehow regain his throne.



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by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

HONEY, THAT FLAVORSOME sweet we have been stealing from the bees since the days of the caveman, has always been known as one of nature's most wondrous foods. Now modern scientists are carrying out investigations indicating the ancients were right when they held that honey contained mysterious ingredients which give it unique powers.

"There is a growth element in honey that we haven't yet located," says Dr. A. R. Kemmerer, of the University of Arizona, who is conducting a federally financed project to solve honey mysteries.

Meanwhile, without knowing just what is in it, medicine is putting the golden liquid to work in at least two important medical fields. Pediatricians have discovered that it builds the strength of babies who do not readily tolerate other sugars. Other physicians, tackling the problem of alcoholism, have found that honey has a significant "sobering-up" effect on the human system.

If for no other reason, honey would rank as a natural marvel because of the amazing way in which it is made. The fantastic process begins when the busy, buzzing insect sips little drops of nectar, a sugary secretion of plants. Right there is where honey gets its dizzying variety of flavors.

The plant from which the bee gathers the nectar will give it its own particular flavor and color. Let it be an orange blossom and the honey will be white and reminiscent of that flower in flavor. If it is milkweed, the honey will be lemon yellow with a fruity taste. Some honeys now available in food stores acquire some remarkable tastes, like the pungent kind made from fireweed nectar.

By the time the bee arrives at the hive, the nectar in his "honey stomach" has been processed by a special enzyme added by the bee which breaks the substance down into two sugars, levulose and dextrose.

At the hive, after the bee has deposited the now changed substance, a new process begins. It is one of the most astounding in honeymaking—the bee's own method of air conditioning. A group of bees gathers at one entrance of the hive, another

at the entrance on the opposite side. They buzz back and forth, beating their wings.

What they are doing is creating a current of air that whips through the hive, the bees on one side whipping in fresh air and those on the other forcing the moist, heated air out. The flame of a match held near one entrance will be drawn inward with a force strong enough to blow it out; near the other, it will lean away from the hive.

After the day's work of gathering nectar is done, the bees operate this amazing ventilation system until all of it is properly dehydrated, often working all night. In this way they reduce the nectar down to one-third or one-fourth of its original weight. Amazingly, the number of bees assigned to the fanning operation at both hive entrances is always exactly proportionate to the need.

A single bee can carry a quarter to a half its own weight in nectar. And since a bee weighs less than 1/5000th of a pound, that means that 10,000 bees would have each to make one trip to the gathering place to bring back one pound of nectar.

The average colony of 50,000 to 75,000 bees manages to collect five pounds of nectar a day, though cases have been recorded in which a single colony collected 40 pounds during "honeyflowing" time. On one trip away from the hive a bee may visit over 600 plants. A single colony of bees will consume as much as 450 pounds of honey a year.

The comb used to house the honey is made of wax secreted by eight glands on the underside of the bee's

abdomen. A comb consists of tiny hexagonal cells, about 27 to the square inch. Its walls are so thin that 3,000 to 4,000 laid on top of each other would be only one inch thick.

As a veritable powerhouse of energy, probably no other natural food equals the sheer rapidity with which honey raises a lowered blood sugar count. The ancient Greeks well knew this and their athletes gorged themselves on honey for weeks prior to the Olympic Games.

Working with children at the New York Foundling Hospital, Drs. Alfred Vignec and Juan Julia tried out a diet in which honey and milk were substituted for other formulas. They found that "most infants responded avidly to the honey formulas."

In the case of premature infants, they reported that nearly 38 percent of those tested showed an "immediate and sharp increase in the rate of weight gain." Their conclusion: "It would seem from the observations of this study that honey has a definite place in infant feeding."

To the medical profession, the most intriguing aspect of honey is its special, and still little understood, nutritional power. Along with its sugars, levulose and dextrose, honey contains vitamins B₁, C and K—not in large quantities, to be sure, but nevertheless surprising in an essentially sugary substance.

It also contains an astonishing range of minerals—including copper, calcium, phosphate, iron, phosphorus, sulfur, and manganese—plus certain enzymes.

Nobody knows just what ingredi-

ent in honey gives it its special digestibility and growth-producing powers. Dr. Kemmerer is speeding up his investigations of these points. In feeding his laboratory rats, he found that on a honey-supplemented diet the rats grew faster than with any other ingredients.

Why? Dr. Kemmerer doesn't know, but he is sure there is a powerful growth factor in honey, and vows that he and his associates "will keep on trying until we find it."

Meanwhile, another scientist has discovered a remarkable ingredient in honey. It is deuterium, the "heavy hydrogen" of atomic science. Just what it adds to honey's food value, Dr. T. C. Helvey, a prominent researcher in the field, doesn't know. But he does know that deuterium definitely interferes with metabolism.

Science needs no mystery ingredients to explain the actions of a new discovery about honey—the fact that it will sober up an intoxicated person. At the New England Hospital in Boston, working with the Massachusetts Department of Pub-

lic Health, Dr. Martha Brunner-Orne carried out a pilot study in treating alcoholics.

Alcoholic patients were given large quantities of honey at half-hour intervals. The doctors noted a definite "sobering-up and sedative effect on the patient." The reaction is explained by the fact that the fruit sugar in honey speeds up alcohol metabolism, thereby reducing the alcohol content in the blood stream.

Honey may be a nutritional and a medicinal marvel, but to most people it is just something delicious to eat. And all you have to do for a new taste adventure in honey eating is to try a different kind. Like mesquite honey from Arizona, raspberry honey from Michigan, goldenrod honey from New York, blueberry honey from Maine.

And there's the one imported from Guatemala. The bees make it from a plant that grows thereabouts, and you'll smack your lips as you realize it subtly echoes the flavor of your favorite breakfast beverage. Sure enough, it's coffee honey.

Think It Over

AN OFFICE WORKER went to his boss one day to complain that, although he had been employed there for 25 years, a position which he felt he was entitled to had been awarded to a man with fewer years of service.

"My friend," said the office manager, "although you've been here 25 years, you haven't had 25 years of experience. You've had only one year's experience 25 times."

—Who's Who

A JUDGE who had a great number of cases involving families and homes once said: "We adults spend far too much time preparing the path for our youth and far too little time preparing our youth for the path."

—Quote

SMALL Talk



THE LITTLE GIRL was watching her mother put the finishing touches on a newly baked cake.

"Mother," she said, "your cake would look like the pictures in the magazines if you would cut a piece out of it."

—Troy Record

A CERTAIN FIVE-YEAR-OLD loved raw carrots. Given cooked carrots for the first time, his reaction was: "Mama, how did you get the noise out?"

—Delta Digest

ONE NIGHT RECENTLY, I was awakened by my four-year-old daughter who very seriously said, "Mommy, there aren't any good dreams in my room. May I sleep in here?"

—MRS. PAULA MACKENZIE

WHILE HIS MOTHER waited in the car, a little boy ambled up to the box office of the movie theater.

"What time," he inquired, "is the picture over three times?"

—Capper's Weekly

ON AN UNUSUALLY warm day early last spring, I reluctantly gave my nine-year-old Jackie permission to "take a look" at the old swimming hole. But I admonished him to stay out of the water.

When he returned a half-hour later, his red hair saturated, I demanded an explanation.

"I fell in," Jackie explained.

"Then why are your clothes dry?" I asked.

"That's easy," he promptly replied, "I had a feeling I was going to fall in."

—ISABELLE H. REDDICK

NOT WANTING to spoil his dinner, I gave my son only a small piece of freshly baked cake. He eyed it and said, "Mother I wish you would give me more cake."

"Don't ask me for more cake now," I told him.

"I wasn't asking," he replied, "I was only wishing."

—New York Sunday News

THE JUNIOR CHOIR in a Minnesota church sang at a regular service not long ago, and walked out after their main selection, just before the sermon. Commented the pastor, later, "I guess they're used to leaving the room during the commercials."

—CEDRIC ADAMS (Minneapolis Tribune)



SECRET EMPIRE OF EVIL

With big business precision, the Black Hand rakes in \$3,000,000,000 annually from gambling, dope, extortion and prostitution in the U.S. Here's the inside story of the dreaded crime cartel—and its rulers

by LOUIS McLAIN

FIRST WE HAD the attempted shooting of the notorious racketeer Frank Costello. As he crossed the lobby of his New York apartment house on the night of May 2, 1957, a man in a dark suit pushed past the doorman and took a pot shot at him.

The bullet creased Costello's scalp and ricocheted off the wall. The gunman ran out to the curb, leaped into a waiting black Cadillac and drove off, with lights out.

Next came a successful shooting. On the morning of October 25, 1957, two men strolled into the barber shop of New York's Park

Sheraton Hotel and pumped ten slugs into Albert Anastasia, former Lord High Executioner of Murder, Incorporated.

And on the following November 14th there occurred the widely publicized apprehension of 65 underworld chieftains surprised in a secret meeting at the \$100,000 home of Joseph Barbara on the outskirts of Apalachin, New York.

These three incidents, all of major importance in the world of crime, gave 1957 the look of something left over from the '20s. And now, months later, their reverberations are still echoing in the newspapers, impres-

sive legislative committees continue to investigate them, police are knocking themselves out running down clues—and the whys, wherefores and whodunits remain a mystery. About all the public has been told is:

That Costello and Anastasia both were targets of characters whom somehow they had run afoul of in the murky recesses of the underworld; that the Apalachin meeting was convened in the interests of restoring gangland peace and order; that it probably was a meeting of the Mafia, a world-wide criminal organization; and that other matters on the agenda were: the growing restiveness of younger Mafia members (average age of those present was over 50) and a review of the organization's far-flung activities in such fields as gambling, extortion, dope, prostitution, industrial racketeering, and so forth.

These speculations have simply compounded confusion. Why, for instance, if the Mafia is known to be criminally inclined, isn't it stamped out? What is it supposed to be—how does it operate? Were Costello and Anastasia members of it, and, if so, was the Mafia responsible for their shootings? In either case, why, and what next?

To begin with, the Mafia has a history of long and successful cultivation of anonymity. This becomes the more remarkable since the Mafia, in the U.S. alone, is estimated to gross about \$3,000,000,000 a year from criminal enterprises. This is no ordinary gang, held together loosely by greed and terror. The greed and terror are there all right, but are rigidly controlled and,

most important, hidden under a fraternal cloak.

"In its present form," District Superior John L. Cusack of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics told the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Government Operations, "the Mafia is generally considered to have been organized in Sicily during the late 18th century as a resistance to the Bourbon-French conquest of the island, but to have rapidly degenerated into a society of criminals."

Legend puts its origins still farther back, deep in the Middle Ages, when supposedly it was the Sicilian counterpart of Robin Hood's outlaws. Its name is said to be derived from the first letters of the words: "*Morte alla Francia Italia anela!*" ("Death to the French is the cry of Italy!")

Although the Mafia may not have invented the exaction of tribute in return for "protection," it certainly perfected the practice. Drives were launched against it, and as a result of those—and of desperate economic and political conditions at home—many of its members emigrated during the 19th and early 20th centuries. They took their evil skills with them.

One of the first signs of their presence in the U.S. was the murder of Police Chief David Hennessy in New Orleans in 1890. The society was known in those days by various names, the most popular being The Black Hand, in honor of the trademark it stamped on its written threats. Until the 1920s, however, the American branch of the society seems to have done a comparatively small-scale business—mostly prey-

ing on fellow Italian immigrants.

Bootlegging during Prohibition founded the Mafia's fortune, and, judiciously invested in everything from dope to juke boxes, it grew. By day, the Mafiosi (to give members their proper Italian name) made money out of every legitimate field they could wheedle or invest their way into; by night, they made more money, illegitimately. Behind them was the strength of belonging to something, special, bigger than themselves and, best of all, secret.

Mafiosi are initiated in time-honored ceremonies complete with oaths, the use of religious symbols and even primitive blood-lettings, which transform a man into a "brother." "One becomes a member," District Supervisor Cusack explains, "only through family sponsorship. Also, the Mafia fraternal ties are strengthened through inter-marriage." (Twenty-five of the 65 at Apalachin were so related.)

The cardinal Mafia virtues are humility and obedience. Braggadocio, garrulity and truculence are frowned upon. Members are exhorted to extend aid to brothers in distress, to view an offense to one as

an offense to all, and never to have recourse to governmental authorities or to reveal members' names or any secrets of the society.

Albert Anastasia's case is an example not only of Mafia behavior and misbehavior but also of the organization's place in the underworld.

About 25 years ago, Charles "Lucky" Luciano, then Mafia consul in the U.S., deplored the chaotic state in which crime had emerged from Prohibition. He convinced three other top Mafiosi, Frank Costello, Joe Adonis and Willie Moretti—as well as their, and his, gangland allies, Meyer Lansky, Bugsy Siegel and Longie Zwillman—that a little organization would do no harm. What Luciano and his colleagues actually did was to divide the underworld into separate businesses, each a syndicate in its own right. Thus, there was the gambling and bookmaking syndicate, the narcotics syndicate, etc.

The Mafia, sacrificing none of its old identity, operated among them all, in the style of a banking house among individual companies. *Its* men, looking out for *its* interests, sat

Lucky Luciano: from exile in Italy, he directs Mafia's narcotics traffic.



Joe Adonis: organizer of "Murder, Inc.," the Mafia's secret police, who fled to Italy in 1956.



Albert Anastasia: slain last year, he engineered 63 murders as Mafia "Lord High Executioner."



on the various boards of directors. Other powerful gangs, such as the one presided over at the time by Lansky and Siegel, did the same.

Once the partitioning was done, there remained the matter of making it stick. Adonis (currently in voluntary exile in Italy) was asked to create a private police force. He passed the order along to Big Al Anastasia, who, as his executive, recruited and became Lord High Executioner of Murder, Inc. (This unholy syndicate of gunmen was eventually credited with 63 homicides.) William O'Dwyer, then District Attorney of Brooklyn and later Mayor of New York, claims to have smashed Murder, Inc. In point of fact, after his key witness, a racketeer named Abe Reles, fell to his death from a hotel window, O'Dwyer captured only one quarry of any size. Notorious gunman Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, it is suspected, was deliberately thrown to him, as a diversion, a sop. Adonis and Anastasia, the really big shots of Murder, Inc., both got away.

Anastasia began throwing his weight around to such an extent that in January, 1952, a Mafia kangaroo

court, presided over by Vito Genovese (of whom more later), heard Big Al accused of trying to muscle in on Costello's gambling preserves.

Anastasia and his bodyguard, Benedict Macri, were motoring to Florida when they heard that Genovese wanted to see them. They submissively turned back. Genovese talked to the redoubtable Lord High Executioner the way a schoolteacher talks to a delinquent fifth grader—which, as it happens, is as far as Anastasia ever got in school.

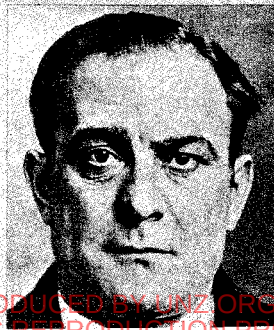
On the night of May 2nd, 1957, Costello was shot at, after which it was obvious to assume that it would be just a question of time until Anastasia also was shot at. But Big Al, apparently unworried, announced that he was going to operate the gambling casino in the new \$44,000,000 Habana Hilton Hotel in Cuba. He said he'd made a contract with the real owners of the place, not the Hilton interests, but the Catering Workers Union of Cuba.

This was a slap at Meyer Lansky, who had thought he had Cuban gambling all tied up and who is about as close to Costello as anyone can be. Lansky also is close to the

Frank Costello: suave head of Mafia gambling network was nearly assassinated in 1957.



Vito Genovese: now Mafia boss in U.S., he once beat a murder charge when witnesses "died."



Joe Barbara, Jr.: he and father hosted 1957 crime convention in Apalachin.



exiled Luciano and, in fact, is believed by narcotics sleuths to have had a recent rendezvous with him in South America. So, having already alienated Costello, Al now was cutting himself off from Lansky and Luciano.

On October 15th, according to secret police information, the Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista, Lansky's silent gambling partner, sent word along to the American underworld that he did not want Anastasia in Cuba. According to the same information, Big Al replied: "Tell Batista that he should be satisfied with the million dollars he gets out of the slots. Lucky Luciano is my partner—tell him that! I will go to Cuba—tell him that!"

But he never went. Ten days later, he was exterminated in the barber shop of the Hotel Park Sheraton.

Lansky, who had been visiting New York, left for Florida two days before the tragedy occurred.

Lansky is not a member of the Sicilian Mafia. However, the Mafia always has been keen for alliances with "responsible" outside parties.

Cusack gave the New York Legislative Committee some interesting examples of this.

"We have seen," he said, "an unusual phenomenon during the past seven years in that at certain times the French underworld, controlled by Corsican gangsters, has frequently had almost a monopoly on illicit heroin manufactured in Europe. Although wishing to ship and distribute their heroin to the U.S. independently, they could never do so, as the Mafia mobsters in Italy and the U.S. so controlled distribution

in this country that the French absolutely needed them to distribute their products.

"Today," Cusack declared, "the sale and transfer of almost all French heroin to the U.S. is controlled through Mafia groups, who negotiate with the French violators in Paris and Marseilles for the transfer of the narcotic to Mafia groups in the U.S., Canada and Mexico for distribution. In addition . . . Mafia groups distribute heroin manufactured in Communist China and smuggle it to the west coast of the U.S. by seamen operators."

Heading the Mafia is a ruling "Don," who is chosen in Palermo, Sicily, by a Grand Council made up of delegates from various countries. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics is pretty sure that a certain Don Calogero Vizzini was international head of the society until 1954. After his death in that year, the Grand Council elected one Don Giuseppe Genco Russo, 69, who never had been off the island of Sicily. There are rumors that Russo now is dead, too, and that the organization is being run, pro tem, by the Grand Council.

It can be said, however, that Luciano, in exile, represents the U.S. in the international Grand Council. He may be slated to succeed Russo. Meanwhile, his top deputy in the U.S. is Vito Genovese, aged 61, who attended the Apalachin rally.

Wanted as a participant in the murder of one of his gambling confreres, Ferdinand "the Shadow" Boccia, Genovese skipped to Fascist Italy in 1937. There, with Mafia aid, he took command of the black market. When the Allies came

marching in, Vito got a job with the Allied Military Government as an interpreter. Richly equipped with credentials from high-ranking officers, he resumed his black-market operations.

As a consequence, he came to the attention of one of the Army's Criminal Investigation Division agents, O. C. Dickey, whose job it was to stamp out the black market. Dickey finally caught up with Genovese and clapped him in jail. Then he learned that his prisoner was wanted for murder back home, and, at this point, began to run into mysterious trouble.

Nobody of importance, it seemed, wanted to risk tampering with the well-connected Vito. After ten months of run-around, loyal Agent Dickey took matters into his own hands, escorted Genovese to Brooklyn and turned him over to the D.A.'s office. William O'Dwyer at the time was District Attorney, but he was on leave as a brigadier general in the Army—in Italy. His assistant, Edward A. Heffernan, was in charge.

A witness, Ernest Rupolo, was prepared to testify that Genovese

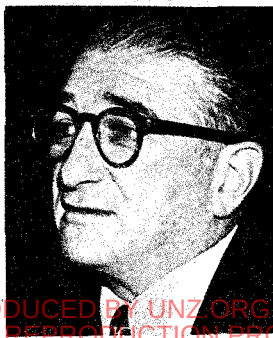
had helped plan the murder of Boccia. Rupolo said he knew, because he had been in on it himself. Another witness, Peter LaTempa, also professed knowledge of the crime but *had not* been involved personally. Thus the New York State law, which holds that convictions in criminal cases cannot be obtained without corroborative testimony of guilt from a non-accomplice, was satisfied.

LaTempa, the non-accomplice, was tenderly cared for in jail. On the eve of the trial, he died, and Judge Samuel Liebowitz had no alternative but to turn Genovese loose.

Genovese is now the fourth in line of U.S. Mafia chieftains. The first, of record, was Ignazio (Lupo, the Wolf) Saietta, who owned a stable in east Harlem, New York, in which 39 men of Italian birth were slaughtered and their bodies, with tongues significantly slit, shipped in trunks to fictitious addresses all over the country. Lupo finally got too hot even for his own kind and was retired on a pension. Guisepppe (Joe the Boss) Masserio was elected to succeed him.

Joe lasted until April 15, 1931. That day he joined his friends Lu-

Although not members, many U. S. gangsters are linked to Mafia. Bugsy Siegel (left) was West Coast contact until slain in 1947; "Longie" Zwillman's (center) longshore and bootlegging activities were exposed by Kefauver committee; Meyer Lansky (right) runs Cuban gambling.



ciano, Joe Adonis and Albert Anastasia for a quiet afternoon of cards in the Coney Island restaurant of Gerardo Scarpato. They were the only customers in the place. Scarpato, in the kitchen, heard gunfire and ran out to find The Boss had been shot five times. There was no one in sight.

Scarpato was so shaken that he went to Italy for a rest. A year later he returned, and on September 11, 1932, his body was discovered sewn up in a burlap bag.

No one was ever tried for either murder.

At a U.S. Mafia Grand Council meeting in a New York hotel, delegates voted Luciano the spot vacated by Joe the Boss. He remained there until Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey sent him to Sing Sing on 62 counts of compulsory prostitution.

Luciano's parole, at the hands of the same Mr. Dewey, as Governor of New York, is still to be satisfactorily explained. The story is that, through his underworld connections, the Mafia head was considered in a position to help the U.S. war effort. In any case, he *was* paroled and later,

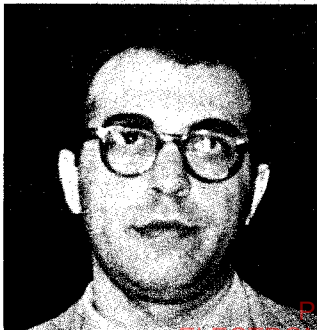
in February, 1946, deported to Italy. From there he still runs the show, through Vito Genovese.

Below the top Mafia chieftain come area chiefs and under them group chiefs, who head up separate units of ten men. Each man is acquainted with his group and its chief—and those are presumed to be the only Mafiosi he is acquainted with. Group chiefs know each other and their area chief; area chiefs, their group chiefs and other area chiefs. The latter make up the Grand Council of a country, and, in the opinion of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, it was the Grand Council of the U.S. that was meeting at Apalachin.

Here is what police believe to have been the real agenda:

- 1) Selection of Anastasia's successor, together with a reassignment of the deceased's rackets.
- 2) Guarantees that the absent Luciano and Adonis will continue to receive their cuts of all U.S. Mafia enterprises.
- 3) Settlement of the Cuban gambling situation, a matter involving whether to go on supporting Batista, to switch to his opponents, or to try

A Rogue's Gallery of Mafia gunmen: Benedict Macri (left), Anastasia's aide, has been missing since 1954; Abe Reles (center), about to testify against Mafia, died mysteriously in 1941; murderer Louis Buchalter (right) died in electric chair, refusing to squeal on Black Hand.



playing both sides. Normally, Costello would have been on hand to monitor this discussion and relay the outcome to Lansky; but the police were watching him too closely.

4) A review of the narcotics and bookmaking syndicates. And finally (this never has been hinted at and comes from the highest possible source) —

5) An investment of “possibly \$3,000,000” for the purchase, or erection, of new billiard and bowling academies. A survey of this promising field had been decided on at a Mafia Grand Council meeting held in Rhode Island in the summer of 1957. Some of the advantages discussed were the likelihood of converting bowling and billiard academies into outlets for slot and vending machines, food, wine and liquor, not to mention into drops for policy, Italian lottery, bookmaking and narcotics.

Those in the know are convinced that the delegates had decided on a few of the points when police and U.S. Treasury Department agents led by State Trooper Sergeant Edgar Crosswell converged on Joseph Barbara's estate. His 65 jittery guests were frisked, interrogated, fingerprinted. Gangland guns were missing from their pockets. They yielded, instead, a total of over \$300,000 in cash. Without exception, they explained their presence as purely coincidental—concern for Joe Barbara's health (he had suffered a heart attack eight months ago). Then this Who's Who of American Crime climbed into Cadillacs, Lincolns and Imperials and drove off.

Who is who is pretty well known

by now, but convicting them is another matter. For our system of law enforcement is at a disadvantage in dealing with an organization as devious as the Mafia.

To cite a single example: about half the convictions secured annually in U.S. criminal courts are the result, it has been reckoned, of the cooperation of informers. The Mafia provides few informers. The penalty is too great.

At the same time, it is ideally constituted to prey on a society such as ours. Its formula, a classic one, was employed by the robber barons of the 1800s with sensational effect. In one indelicate way or another they got together “grubstakes” and then, turning decent, invested in legitimate enterprises, pyramided, built up great fortunes. The Mafia is doing the same thing today.

Senator Estes Kefauver's famous Crime Investigating Committee described the process as follows:

“Many of the individuals suspected of connection with the Mafia operate behind legitimate fronts. The olive oil, cheese and the export and import businesses are some of the favorite fronts for Mafia operations. They offer a cover, particularly, for narcotics operations. They also help explain interstate and international contacts between persons suspected of Mafia connections.”

Cusack goes into more detail. His bureau's investigations of Mafiosi showed, he says, “a pattern of either infiltration or complete dominance of several legitimate fields, including organized labor with the follow-up management ventures, the distribution of beer, liquor and soft drinks,

the control of wholesale fruit and produce markets, the baking and distribution of Italian bread and pastry, the vending machine business of all types, including cigarette machines and juke boxes, and the operation of nightclubs, restaurants and bars.

"Their nightclub operations are frequently complemented through their interests in model and theatrical booking agencies and in musical recording companies."

And how is the infiltration and dominance accomplished? By means of money, deadly violence and the use of "fronts."

"Mafia members," Cusack explains, "use 'front people,' who are completely trusted, as the means to own and operate these legitimate interests. By doing this they overcome licensing and income tax problems. Although legally in our courts of law, a 'front man,' or the ostensible owner of record, could eliminate the

actual owner from these businesses, one would never do so, as this would bring certain death.

"To establish themselves in the community in order to further their legitimate enterprises and cloak their illicit operations, Mafia members conduct a well planned program of ingratiating themselves with people of all walks of life. Their modus operandi calls for interest and activity in community and church affairs. They contribute outwardly and generously to charities and lead ostensibly quiet family lives. They are ever ready to entertain and do favors for the right people. . . ."

And so, to answer the first and most important question about it: The Mafia's growing wealth, combined with an almost impenetrable organization, accounts for the seemingly strange immunity which it has enjoyed so far—and probably will continue to enjoy for quite a while to come.

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by Don C. Miller



How St. Peter was robbed for St. Paul

A CENTURY AGO, legislators of the Territory of Minnesota heatedly debated for weeks whether the capital should remain at St. Paul or be moved to St. Peter. And when St. Peter had finally won out and Governor Willis Gorman was ready to sign the bill, the documents pertaining to the matter suddenly vanished.

Everyone knew that Delegate Joseph Rolette, who had loudly declared his preference for St. Paul, had stolen them—and disappeared.

“Just like Joe,” people said. “His side lost the vote, and he’s pulling one of his smart tricks to keep the new bill from becoming law.”

The decision about the location of the capital was of utmost importance. Besides the matters of increased property values and assured business booms, there was the severe rivalry between St. Peter and St. Paul, two sprawling towns just 60 miles apart.

Legal technicalities, it seemed, prescribed that no bill could become law until it was signed by the Governor, and any bill unsigned at the end of the session automatically died. With only a week left in the session, Rolette had simply to stay lost seven days to kill the bill.

Joe Rolette had grown rich off the fur business and thereafter made pranks his hobby, like buying expensive clothes and charging them to friends. And now he had literally disappeared with the capital itself.

The search for Joe was intense. His opponents couldn’t find him and his sympathizers didn’t want to. All the time he was in the attic room of a small St. Paul hotel.

The council session officially adjourned at midnight, Saturday, March 7. A few minutes before, Joseph Rolette, a seraphic grin on his face, burst in waving the bill. As he started to speak, the gavel came down hard, echoing through the chamber.

“The Council is adjourned,” declared the president.

This year, as Minnesota celebrated its centennial of statehood, 311,000 people were living in St. Paul, 7,750 in St. Peter. And in the Minnesota Historical Society hung a life-size portrait of a bearded man in a trapper’s clothes, honored as America’s most unusual thief by the inscription:

“The HON. JOE. ROLETTE, who saved the capital to St. Paul by running away with the ‘bill to remove it to St. Peter,’ in 1857.”



nature's colorama

Text by Peter Farb

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"The whole country goes to glory!" exclaimed Mrs. Trollope, an English visitor of the last century, when she first witnessed the spectacle of an American autumn. And so it does, as I have seen on my New York mountainside, where the sumacs let fall their fiery leaves in a shower of sparks, and even the grasses glow with copper and bronze. The crimson of a maple set before my window lights up the whole room, and a nearby weathered stone wall blazes when the wild blueberries it harbors catch fire with purple.



By season's end, the fireworks are saluted by a great oak which has bedecked itself with half a million scarlet banners.

Each fall there sweeps through the forests of the American continent a procession of glowing colors that can be witnessed almost nowhere else on earth. The British Isles and west-central Europe have fall foliage displays, as do eastern China and parts of Japan—but these are but drab affairs when compared with the vividness of our native paint-pot. For to produce autumn coloration, the climate must be temperate and the forests made up of species that lose their leaves in winter. Foreign forests often number only a few varieties of trees. Ours have scores, each with its own hue in the spectrum of autumn.

The turning of the leaves is an event that every year arrives right on schedule. In fact, the experienced woods-walker can often reckon the date of the month with the dependability of a calendar, give or take a day, by the color of his favorite trees. In the Boston area, first to turn are the berry bushes and the herbs, for little plants fly their autumn colors, too. Then come the red maples, those living pyres of autumn, aglow for miles. Later in burst after burst, puffs of color shine from the sugar maples and the ashes. And then, when the whole gaudy display seems about over, a riot of reds from dogwoods and scarlet oaks lights up the countryside.

Each blaze of color heralds a subtle, internal change in the life of the tree that is truly as astounding as the miracle of growth itself. And to understand the facts about autumn leaves is to appreciate more fully this yearly demonstration of nature's chemistry.

Contrary to belief, frost doesn't repaint the autumn leaves. The chemistry is set in motion by the shortening day-length as winter approaches. The response

*From the moist blanket of color
new growth springs to crisp attention.*

of the tree to autumn is precise and automatic, much like nature's call to the songbirds to fly south.

The waning day-length signals the tree that it is time to shut down that wondrous laboratory, the green leaf, for the winter. The tree pulls in from its leaves the foodstuffs, sugars and starches and proteins, and draws them down into the branches and trunk for winter storage. Now the immense waterworks themselves, the tree's sap system, must be dismantled, and quickly, to preserve the life of the tree. (For soon the ground will freeze, shutting off the water supply in the soil; the leaves are prodigally evaporating the water still left in the pipelines.) This it does by ruthlessly knocking off the leaves.

The leaf, when it first sprouted in the summer, had determined exactly where this amputation would take place. It even prepared the bandages in advance and made certain that the cut would be a clean one.

Each leaf has a tiny layer of cells at its base which disintegrates, stripping it from the twig. (If you examine a leaf closely you can identify the separation layer by its lighter shade of green, or sometimes by a tiny furrow running around the base of the stem.) Another layer of cells, just below this one, toughens and becomes corky, for it will soon seal up the wound. Finally, the two layers split, the brittle one falling with the leaf, the tough one remaining to



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heal the scar and seal the twig against insects and bacteria.

The formation of the separation layer takes about two weeks, and it is during this period that autumn presents her grandest display. For as the layers form, they clog the pipelines to the leaf. The chlorophyll in the leaf, which dominated the intense green color scheme of summer is no longer being renewed; an unstable chemical, it breaks down quickly. But it doesn't break up into the colors of fall foliage, as was once believed. It simply wastes away—revealing the riot of pigments which it masked and which were in the leaf all summer long.

These pigments have all the variety of color of our gardens. And well they might, for we are dealing with some of the commonest pigments in nature. The carotenoids, as they are called, lend gold to an ear of corn and color our zinnias orange. Carrots and egg-yolk have large supplies of them. They span the spectrum from pale yellows to rich browns, painting the hickories a dull gold and churning the birch leaves to the color of homemade butter.

But the real magnificence of an autumn day, that is due to the kaleidoscope of scarlets and lavenders and vermilions. In the complex workings of fall foliage, these hues come about through an entirely different chemistry.

These red-pigmented anthocyanins are not usually present in our summer leaves; they come into their glory only during the fall. As the immense chemical works of the leaf shut down, some sugar remains, and the disintegrating chlorophyll continues to manufacture even more. Anthocyanin is a sugar pigment, becoming brighter and more intense as the amount of sugar in the leaf builds up.

These are among the most peculiar chemicals in nature. For one thing, they behave like the litmus paper we used in high school chemistry: if the cell sap is acidic, the anthocyanins turn red, like in the leaves of sumac; but if the sap is alkaline, the pigment turns deep blue, as we see in the ash. Then, too, the brighter the sunlight in the fall, the more brilliant the reds and blues.

That's why often the leaves on the inside of a tree, where the sunlight was less abundant, are a paler red than those on the outside drinking in the full light.

Weather conditions don't affect the production of the yellow carotenoids, but the spectacular reds are almost wholly dependent on weather. An overcast autumn will usually be a golden one, with little red. A freezing autumn will kill off the leaves before they reach their height of brilliance.

Any countryman can tell you that the most glorious autumns follow bright days, cool evenings and the sudden warmth of Indian summer. These are the ideal conditions for the production of anthocyanins, and the fall that meets all three conditions is a blazing one indeed. That is because the bright days encourage the production of sugar in the leaf; the cool evenings bring about a chemical reaction that converts starch in the leaf to even more sugar; and the sudden warmth lengthens the period of display by continuing to squeeze every bit of sugar production out of the leaf factory. Sugar is what anthocyanin needs, and it responds with ever-deepening hues.

Once the woods-walker has become expert in the ways of a single autumn, the deeper pleasure of comparing seasons begins. Usually, each tree turns its own shade, and the experienced naturalist can often identify species by their distinctive autumn colors.

Leaf watching has become such a pastime that each autumn the highways are crowded with sightseers viewing the changing spectacle. Across the continent you can watch this grandest show of the year. New England's fall foliage is famous, and bus companies run special excursions. Historic Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts every year plays host to foliage camera-tours. But nowhere else is the coloration equal to that of New Hampshire. There, the color doesn't come out all in one salvo, but rather in a continuous display as the leaves turn at each elevation up the mountainsides. The New Hampshire Leaf

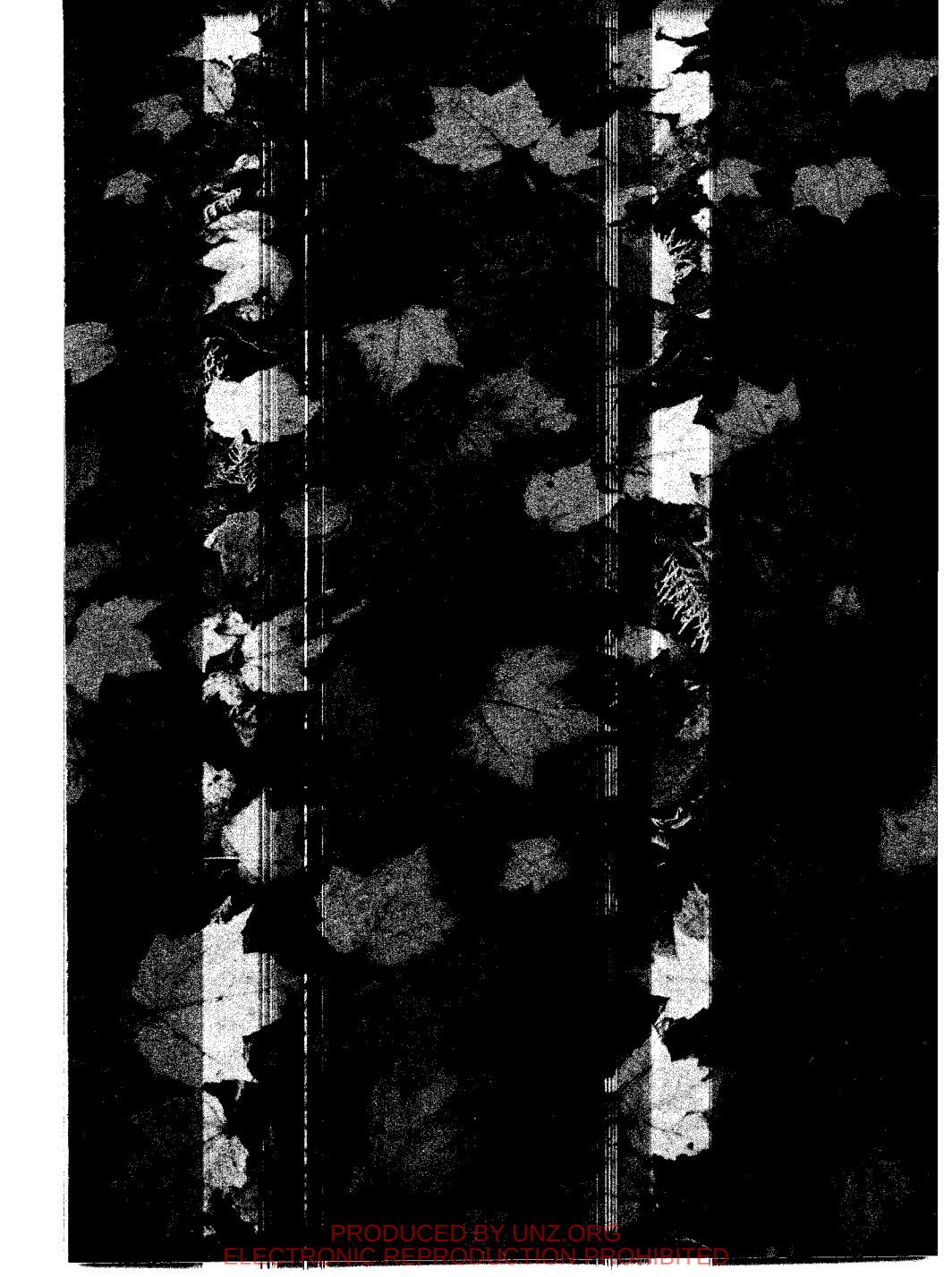
*To survive the bitter onslaught of winter
each tree pays Nature's price in dead and fallen leaves.*

Watchers—a corps of state police, forest rangers, and fish and game wardens—phone in reports on the progress of the coloration and the most striking forests to visit. Then the State Planning and Development Commission in Concord assembles the information and sends out bulletins to anyone who wants to be put on the mailing list.

Other spots have their glories, too, like the Appalachian range that extends down the backbone of the East. Autumn comes later there, but it does so in a burst of color as the sassafras turns blood-red. Wisconsin holds a month-long "Colorama," and New Jersey has mapped out half a dozen routes to let you watch the progress of color across the state. It is possible to preserve the beauty of fall colors throughout the winter. Many methods have been tried, but the simplest, I think, is this: merely rub a thin layer of paraffin on a warm iron and press down firmly on both sides of the leaf; then dip the base of the leaf in melted paraffin to seal it.

Whole branches can be preserved, too. Stir a little water into pure glycerin (obtainable at the drugstore) until it is soft. Then cut off a branch just before it reaches its height of color, split the base for two or three inches and immediately place it in the glycerin solution. It should be left there for two weeks, after which you can transfer it to an empty vase.

Strangely, most botanists now believe that the colors of autumn are merely a chemical accident; they do nothing for the tree and only herald the end of the life cycle of the leaf. But what a brilliant ending it is, and how gloriously our leaves grow old. The active life of the leaf is ended, but its crumbling tissues return minerals to the soil, creating fertilizer for the leafing out of a future spring.



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by REED HILLARD

*He's
an acrobatic
wonder,
with
a built-in
shock
absorber,
an
amazing yen
for fish
and
a taste
for human
company*

The peculiar pelican



I STOOD ON THE Florida beach, fascinated by a show that always rates goggle-eyed interest from both newly arrived tourist and naturalist seeing it for the thousandth time. It's always good, this exhibition staged by the brown pelican, who has turned the business of getting a meal into an acrobatic spectacle.

You watch him floating through the air, no motion in his wings, no sign that he is a keen-eyed hunter about to make a kill. Then suddenly he stops in mid-air with an abruptness that seems impossible. A moment later he is plummeting downward. Sometimes he hits the water with a force so violent that you can hear the sound of the slap half a mile away.

It should knock him out, this mad lunge against practically incompressible water. But it doesn't. Almost instantly he is climbing into the sky again, a fish disappearing into his monstrous beak.

This particular show was up to the usual standards, with a score or so aerial troupers making one splashing aquatic attack after another. But suddenly my admiration for their skill turned to surprise. For these ungainly winged creatures, I discovered, were performing an unusual mission of mercy.

Instead of returning to their usual posts to gulp their meals, the pelicans were flying to a spot down the beach where they converged on another pelican sitting the while in lonely dejection. His flopping efforts to take off as I moved near made it obvious that he had a broken wing.

There he was, unable to fly. But he was not going to starve to death if

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his brother pelicans could help it. For one by one they flew to him, hovered, and dropped a fish into his waiting mouth.

The pelican is indeed a feathered wonder. His astonishing flying and fishing apparatus alone are enough to label him truly remarkable; but in addition, the pelican boasts far more varied talents than the common run of winged creatures who crowd the sky.

His appetite is astounding. Naturalists estimate that a single pelican can eat as much as four-and-a-half tons of fish in a year—the equivalent of a 175-pound man eating 287 pounds of food a day.

Fortunately, the pelican has the apparatus to satisfy his appetite. First is his beak with its peculiar pouch which inspired the celebrated verse: "What a wonderful bird, the pelican; his bill will hold more than his belican." This happens to be more poetry than truth, for the pelican does not hold his fish catch in his beak or pouch, but swallows them immediately.

This pouch is actually a remarkable fish net, which its owner uses with singular skill. When his aerial reconnaissance locates a single fish, the brown pelican makes his dive and gulps down the victim. In the case of a shoal, the white pelican goes slightly underwater and swims forward, beak open.

When the pouch is filled with water, the pelican closes his mouth and by compression squeezes the water out from the tip of his bill. With three-and-a-half gallons or so of water thus eliminated, he may make another quick sortie before

repairing to a post for leisurely digestion of his catch.

To operate properly, the pouch must be dried. To do this, the pelican tilts his head back and opens his beak wide. During quiet periods, he regurgitates part of his fish catch into the pouch in order to feed his young.

Scientists are even more impressed with the device that enables the ungainly bird to hurl himself at the water at astounding speeds without stunning himself. This is a built-in shock absorber, actually a series of cunningly placed air sacs distributed throughout his body. All birds have a certain amount of air distributed through their hollow bones, but the pelican has additional air containers that branch out from his lungs, run along his neck, on up to the skull, and reach into various muscles. Most effective of all is the peculiar sheath of air sacs just beneath his outer skin. They probably absorb so much of the shock that the pelican barely feels the crash against the water.

The air sacs also enable him to float through the air and spot his prey with a minimum of effort. His incredibly keen eyes can see a fish in the water from 50 feet above.

When the water is stormy, and fish hard to see from any great height, the air sacs solve that problem for him, too. So buoyant is he, and so sensitive to the rise and fall of the water, that the pelican can drift lazily a foot above the choppiest sea, rising smoothly as the waves rise, dipping into the troughs between, always remaining the same distance above the surface.

The pelican's wings are amazing-

ly powerful, with great lifting ability, for they are huge when opened. Those of the white pelicans are among the largest in the bird world, sometimes having a spread as wide as ten feet.

Many pelicans do not shy away from human contact. In Florida, some make a regular practice of strolling along bathing beaches among the swimmers. At a St. Petersburg municipal beach, one pelican used to stroll up and down, as if inspecting the arriving bathers. When he saw one he apparently liked, or someone he sensed might feed him, he ambled along down the beach beside him.

The pelican's voracious appetite has made him one of the most hated and misunderstood of all birds. During World War I, when getting enough food for the world was a problem, commercial fishermen in Florida claimed that pelicans were eating up food fish at the rate of \$1,000,000 worth a day. They suggested that the Government exterminate the birds.

T. Gilbert Pearson, an internationally respected ornithologist, and members of the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries investigated. Pelicans were made to give up fish they had captured, and out of 3,428 specimens thus taken "only 27 individual fish were of a kind ever sold on the market for food." Among them there was not a single trout, mackerel or pompano.

"It is quite possible," concluded

Pearson, "that the profits made on pelican postcards in Florida newsstands exceed the total value of food fish captured by the pelicans along its coast."

Both in Florida and California, the major haunts of the brown pelican, fish famines have caused the death of hungry pelicans. Many survived because they learned a trick pioneered by a wise old pelican of Monterey. One day, tottering along the wharves, he cautiously sidled toward a fisherman cleaning fish and looked up pleadingly. The man started to shoo the bird away, then made the mistake of looking into his eyes. There was a look so trusting in them that even this fisherman, who had always disliked pelicans, tossed him a fish.

The pelican gulped it down, hurried on to the next fish house and repeated the performance. Again he got a fish. When he had satisfied his hunger, he sat there for a few minutes, and then flew away.

Shortly, a score of gaunt pelicans appeared, shuffling along behind "Panhandler Pete," as the old pelican came to be known. They followed him exactly, each pausing to look up wistfully at a fisherman as he did.

As a footnote in natural history, it can be added that not a single pelican took undue advantage of this relief. The instant the fish returned, all these charity cases promptly went back to catching fish in the wonderful way that only a pelican can.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other material submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for the loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

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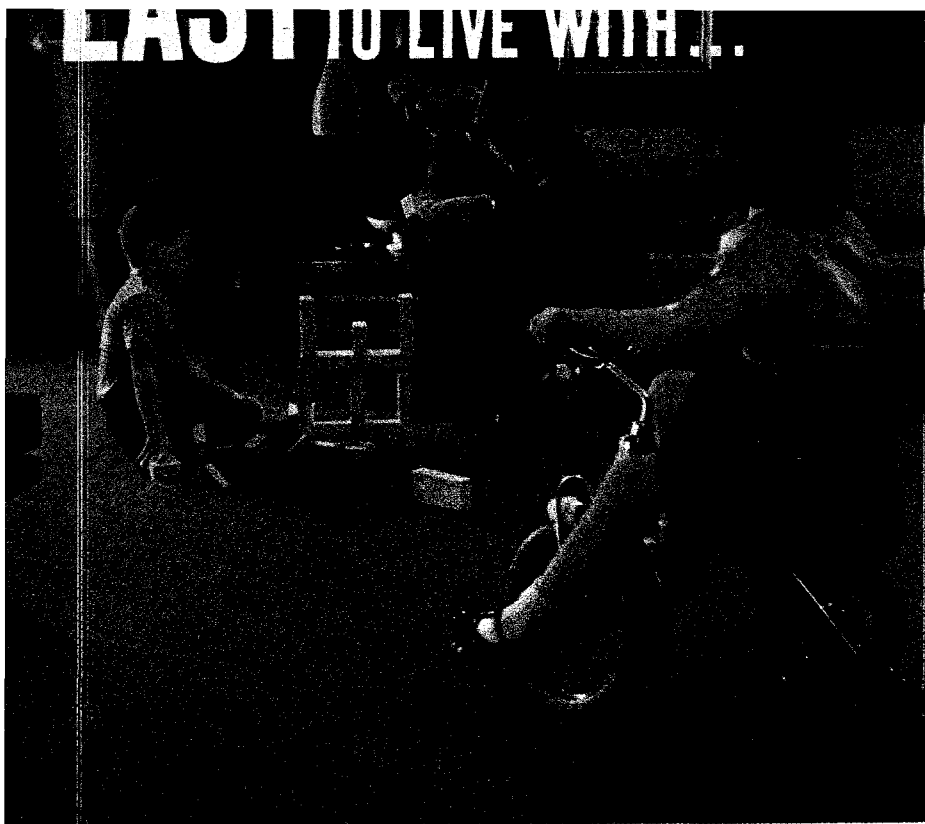
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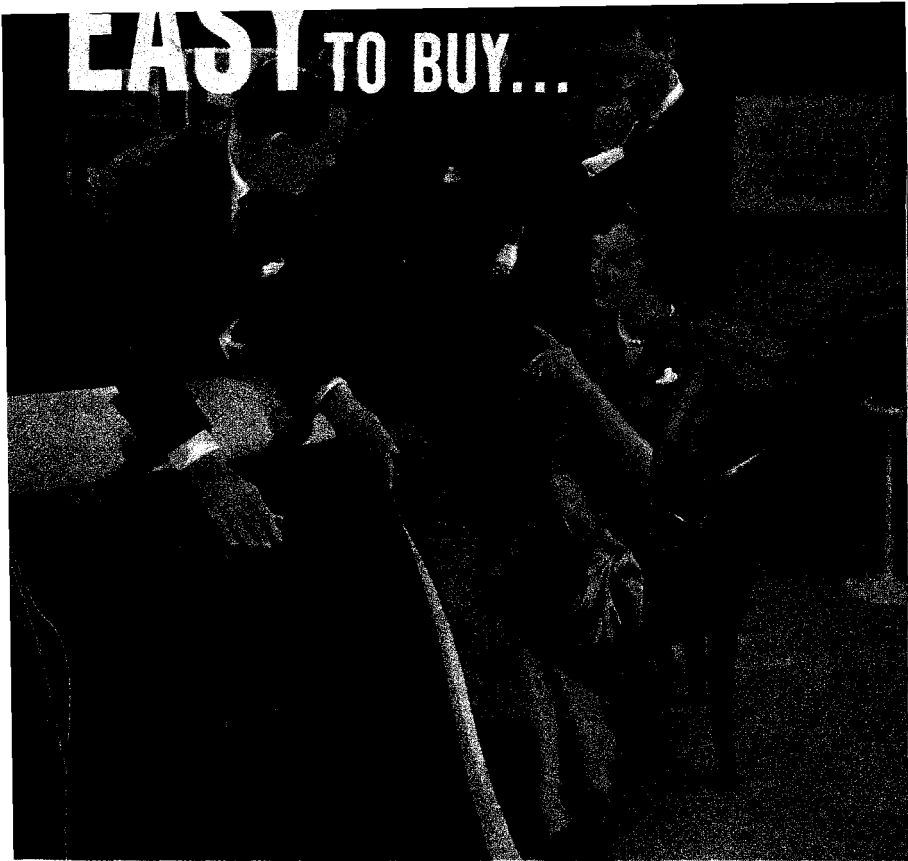
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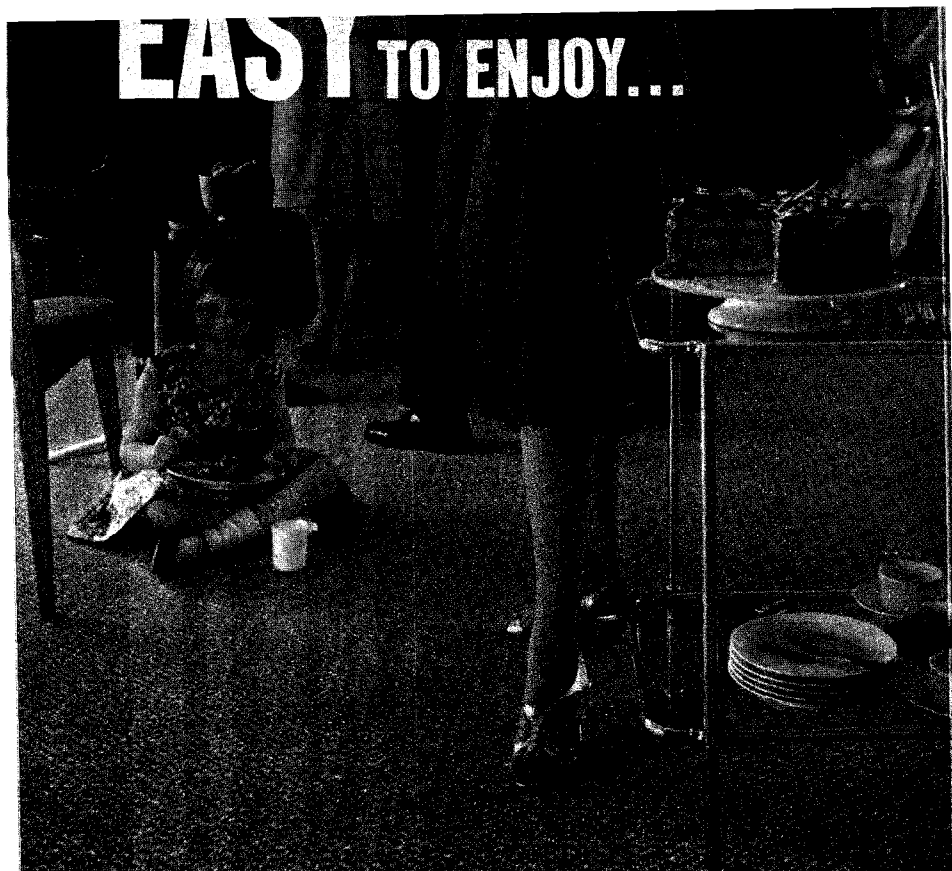


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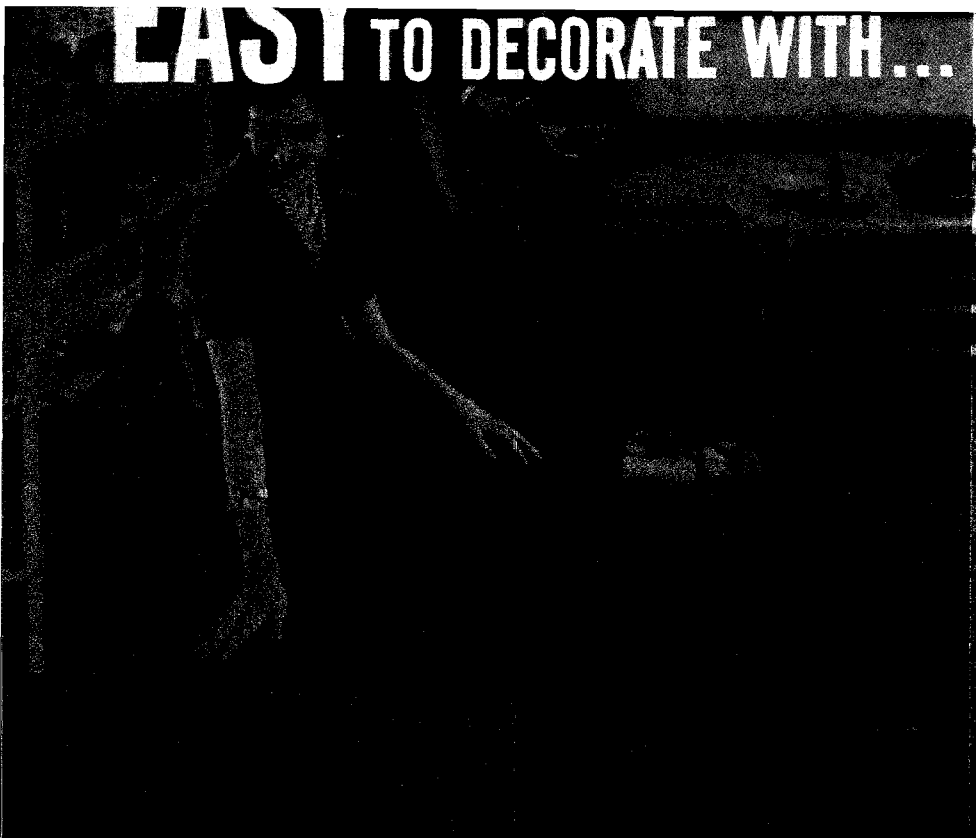
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"Artists" of the political smear



by AL TOFFLER

The Big Lie, half-truth and fake picture has been the prime technique in besmirching candidates since the birth of our nation

SOMEWHERE, probably right now, a political smear artist is hard at work. He wears no party label because he belongs to all parties—and degrades them all. His weapons are the low blow, the lie and the leer.

Yet Americans put up with him. Otherwise, he wouldn't have survived since the birth of our nation.

On November 6, 1956, as millions prepared to go to the polls, shocked students and faculty members at Wayne State University in Detroit gaped at a "news flash" surreptitiously stuffed into their campus letterboxes. The leaflets announced that President Eisenhower—who was up for re-election that very day—had just died.

Someone's grisly idea of a practical joke? Not at all. This crude lie was the work of a political smearer making a last-minute effort to sway

votes away from the Republican candidate.

That same week Detroit's Negro neighborhoods were swamped with mimeographed leaflets allegedly mailed by a "Council of White Citizens" in Atlanta. These leaflets informed readers that "We need your help . . . to keep the colored in their place. The only way we can do this is to beat President Eisenhower."

Actually the leaflets had been prepared in Detroit, not by some "Council of White Citizens," but by a Detroit Republican; they had then been taken to Atlanta and mailed from there; and their purpose was not to "beat Eisenhower," but to make Negroes so mad at Southern Democrats that they would, in fact, vote *for* Eisenhower.

Needless to say, neither President Eisenhower nor his opponent, Adlai

Stevenson, had anything to do with these grotesque gimmicks. Both would have been embarrassed, had they known about them.

Even more vicious were the smears directed at the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Enemies whispered that FDR was Jewish (to arouse the anti-Semitic fringe), that he was disloyal to the U. S. government and that he suffered from a venereal disease that affected his brain.

Perhaps the most famous anti-Roosevelt brickbat, however, was the charge during the 1944 campaign that he had sent a Navy destroyer to an Aleutian Island to pick up his dog Fala. Turning the situation to his own advantage in a radio speech, the President whimsically remarked that while he did not resent the false accusation, Fala most certainly did!

Dirty campaigning goes back as far as George Washington's day. The father of our country was belabored by political opponents who accused him of trying to set up a military dictatorship. But even though Washington was fond of women and wine, they apparently went easy on his private life.

Not so with Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence and our third President. Aside from being labeled an infidel, a traitor and an agent of the French, Jefferson was accused of running a "Congo harem" on his plantation at Monticello which, they said, was overrun with mulatto Jeffersons.

When Andrew Jackson ran for the presidency in 1828, his critics charged he had once killed a man in a duel. It was true. The victim was Charles Dickinson, rated the best

rifle shot in the West. And the duel had been fairly fought with pistols at eight yards. Nevertheless, cries of "murderer" followed Jackson wherever he campaigned.

Moreover, he was tagged a "bigamist" and his love affair with Rachel Robards became a national scandal. Jackson actually had married Rachel before she had been legally divorced from a prior husband. The two later went through a second ceremony. But Jackson's foes dragged Rachel's name so effectively through the mud that she died broken-hearted before he took office.

If some perverted opponent of Eisenhower pictured him as dead on Election Day, at least no one has attacked his genealogy the way Lincoln's was. A Richmond paper called Lincoln an "obscene Ape," referring to charges, seriously made, that he was descended from a great-grandfather who was an ape. Lincoln was also called everything from a filthy-story teller and despot to a liar, braggart, swindler, fiend, butcher and land pirate.

A generation later, when Grover Cleveland ran for the presidency, he was reminded that he had once romanced a widow who later bore a son, and that he was supporting the child. Republican paraders marched through the streets chanting:

"Ma, ma, where's my pa?"

Gone to the White House, ha, ha, ha!"

One newspaper warned that, if elected, Cleveland would "bring his harlots with him to Washington and hire lodgings for them convenient to the White House."

Perhaps the dirtiest campaign in

modern times took place when rough and tumble New York Governor Al Smith ran against Herbert Hoover for the presidency. Smith was the first Catholic in our history to run for the nation's highest office as a candidate of a major party. He was also a "wet." He was branded a "rum-soaked Romanist," and political friend of the saloon and the bawdy house. The noted Kansas journalist William Allen White stated at a New York press interview that "No Klansman . . . cringing before a kleagle or a wizard, was more subservient to the crack of the whip than was Al Smith . . . in the Legislature when it came to a vote to protect the saloon, to shield the tout and to help the scarlet women of Babylon. . . ."

Almost as soon as he wrote it, White retracted. It was, he said, a charge made "without thinking deeply about it."

The Democrats hailed White's retreat. Whereupon the Republican National Committee produced another communication from White in which he doubled back again and insisted "on the prostitution issue I proved my case."

This drew from author Elmer Davis an open letter in which he suggested: "There ought to be some Pulitzer prize to give adequate recognition to the unique talent of William Allen White. None of the rest of us can put so much poison into a libel as he manages to leave in a retraction."

But the hiss of political venom is not limited to presidential campaigns. In Florida in 1950, enemies of Senator Claude Pepper drove

jalopies through the backwoods of the state and confided in shocked tones to awe-struck listeners that Pepper's sister was a "thespian." They assumed, correctly, that many of the voters would confuse "thespian," which means actress, with "lesbian," which means something else again. "In fact," they whispered hoarsely, "Pepper, himself, practices nepotism!"

With the audience's attention already focused on vague ideas of sexual perversion, the word "nepotism," too, took on strange new meaning. Pepper was defeated for re-election.

BUT RURAL AUDIENCES aren't the only ones who are hoodwinked by the pap fed to them by demagogues. In Chicago, "Big Bill" Thompson, the flamboyant, cowboy-hatted mayor of a generation ago, once took to the stump with a cage containing two live rats. During his speech he would loudly tongue-lash the two, referring to one as "Fred" and the other as "Doc," the names of his opponent and an important backer of the opponent.

In a display of political irrelevancy that is hard to match, "Big Bill" accused another mayoralty opponent of being a "representative" of King George V of England. "When I went out of office," he bel-lowed, "George Washington fell out and the King of England fell in!" He promised: "We'll make the King of England keep his snoot out of Chicago!"

"Big Bill" never explained just why the King wanted to intrude his "snoot" into the Windy City in the

1920s. But this kind of rigamarole won him three terms as Mayor and incredible political power in the city.

Other candidates have bludgeoned their opponents with even zanier slogans and catch-phrases. In the 1840 campaign, when William Henry Harrison ran for the White House, his backers accused President Martin Van Buren of being "a bloated villain whose extravagance was beyond belief." Van Buren, they said, ate off gold and silver dishes, a dozen courses at a crack. But the crowning thrust came as the ward heelers would whisper: "He uses cologne on his whiskers!"

Almost a century later, in 1936, Theodore "The Man" Bilbo tried to defeat the senatorial candidacy of Pat Harrison in Mississippi by revealing to voters the awful truth that "Pat has taken up golf! Golf! An effete and effeminate game that is a snare to the devil, an insult to Mississippi!"

Harrison came right back by accusing Bilbo of a fondness for caviar, which, he explained to his unsophisticated audiences, "ain't a thing but Russian catfish eggs."

The introduction of the Russian fish eggs smacks of the more recent period in which candidates have been smeared for allegedly being pro-Communist or pro-Fascist. Republicans and Democrats alike have been hit by this kind of charge.

In Utah in 1950, Senator Elbert Thomas was defeated for re-election after a tabloid newspaper was issued which spoke of Thomas' efforts to be friendly toward the Soviet Union during World War II. It also printed misleading headlines and car-

toons implying that he had a much closer association with communism.

The tabloid was reportedly put together by Walter E. Quigley, former lawyer and newspaperman and self-styled political "dynamiter."

Four years earlier the same Quigley had helped defeat isolationist Senator Burton K. Wheeler by putting out a similar sheet charging the Montanan with having "criticized and attacked Soviet Russia, even though hundreds of thousands of Russians were dying on the Eastern front. . . ." Wheeler was pictured as pro-Nazi.

Quigley claims to have issued 150 similar campaign publications for clients of all parties and in at least eight states.

Often the technique is to make a charge, carefully couched so as to be libel-proof, then to duck fast, leaving it to a sensation-hungry press to do the dirty work. Senator Harry Cain, who later became a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, once accused Washington's Governor Mon C. Wallgren of being soft toward communism. The record, Cain charged, "will bear me out." This accusation hit page one of the *Seattle Times*.

Six years later, Cain apologized to Wallgren, saying "I am willing to concede I didn't have justification to say what I did." The retraction did Wallgren little good, however, especially since it was buried on page ten of the same paper.

But the real "pros" in the political game seldom apologize because they don't take their own accusations seriously and don't consider them to be personal. In Maryland in 1950 a

man named Jon Jonkel was hired to manage the campaign of John M. Butler against the incumbent Senator Millard Tydings. With the late Senator Joe McCarthy accused as the behind-the-scenes mastermind, Jonkel used every trick in the book to beat Tydings, a rather staid conservative.

Among the gimmicks was a four-page tabloid containing the most famous political photo in recent times. It showed Tydings in intimate discourse with Earl Browder, one-time boss of the Communist party in this country, the implication being that Tydings was friendly to Communists.

Tydings never knew what hit him after more than half a million copies of the tabloid were distributed throughout the state; and, although the caption did state that the photo was a composite, the wording gave the impression that the two men were together when the picture was taken. Voters didn't realize until much later that the photo was a fake, composed of separate shots of Tydings and Browder taken many years apart, cut up, pasted together and retouched for proper effect.

The Subcommittee on Privileges

and Elections, which later investigated the contest, called it a "despicable 'back street' type of campaign."

Tydings, however, lost.

Nowadays, politicians will tell you, campaign oratory has become less colorful and less personal. One would have to hunt far and wide to find a candidate today whose brother calls him "the greatest political burglar of modern times." (That's how Huey Long's brother Julius characterized the Louisiana Kingfish.)

On the other hand, say the experts, dynamiting has become more scientific and subtle. And while many people applaud the work of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee—a bipartisan group of prominent citizens who work to clean up our politicking—they are not too hopeful about the outcome.

Recently, when the committee sent out an appeal for funds, it got back an empty envelope with four words scrawled across it. Written apparently with tongue in cheek, the message made even the staff of the committee laugh. But it also set them to thinking. The words were:

"I like dirty campaigning!"

It Had to Come

THE FARLIN LIBRARY at the University of Tulsa is in tune with the times. One of the 360 file drawers holding the reference card catalog has this heading: "ROCK-ROLL."

—JULIE ERICKSON

LES BOUFFONS, A MEN'S GROUP at Montana State University, has produced a sure-fire best seller on the campus. It's a book entitled "College Man's Guide to Freshmen Women," with pictures, names and addresses of approximately 300 freshmen girls.

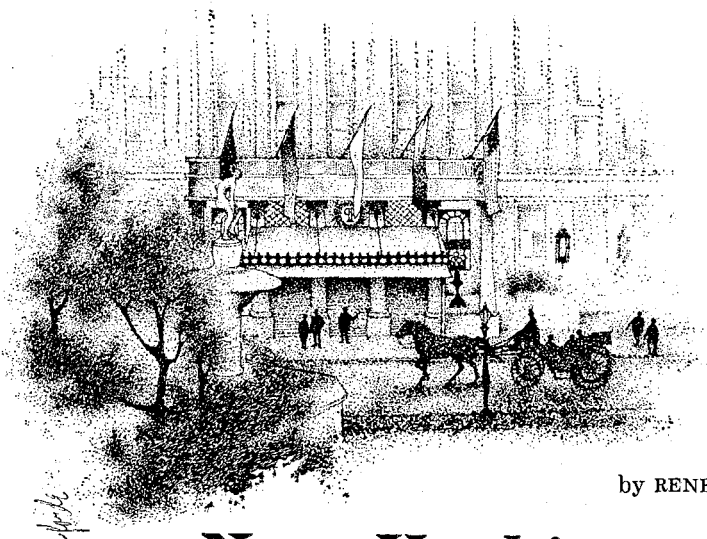
—LIZ ROBINSON

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

In real life, as well as in fiction, says Guest Quizmaster Gene Rayburn, eerie and mysterious events occur. Are they merely fantasy—or ectoplasmic shenanigans? The down-to-earth emcee of "Dough Re Mi," who appears on NBC-TV at 10 A.M. EST Mondays through Fridays, dares you to snare the ghostly guests below. Answers on page 160.

" out of this world "

1. Ebenezer Scrooge saw three Christmas ghosts, representing
a. his three brothers; b. past, present and future; c. the Magi.
2. A Norwegian captain caught sight of a phantom ship, the
a. Skimming Swallow; b. Sailing Seaman; c. Flying Dutchman.
3. Edgar Allen Poe, one midnight, perceived one of the class of
a. Aves; b. Insecta; c. Reptilia.
4. Reputedly witnessed by many, the Loch Ness Monster is a
a. giant dodo; b. huge marine reptile; c. great black roc.
5. Ichabod Crane observed a
a. tailless amphibian; b. headless horseman; c. speechless damsel.
6. Many a Paddy O'Shea claims he's heard the death-warning wail of a
a. leprechaun; b. kobold; c. banshee.
7. Faust under the influence of Mephistopheles, in a Berlioz opera, sees a
a. Gypsy, Lolita; b. matron, Madame Albertine; c. peasant girl, Marguerite.
8. This English king saw ghosts of his murdered victims one night in his tent:
a. Henry VIII; b. King John; c. Richard III.
9. In Wonderland, Alice met a
a. dog with a weird howl; b. rabbit with a limp; c. cat with a disappearing grin.
10. Hiawatha rushed into his wigwam and discovered two guests, who were
a. Memory and Regret; b. Youth and Love; c. Famine and Fever.
11. Longfellow saw a skeleton in armor, which was a
a. Viking old; b. Corsair bold; c. Titan cold.
12. In Berkeley Square an American found people who
a. had died long before; b. were murderers; c. were witches and wizards.
13. Radio listeners listening to Orson Welles' graphic description envisioned a
a. fiery comet; b. men from Mars; c. five saucer-ships.
14. To Don Quixote appeared giants, knights and armies, which were
a. figments of a dream; b. mythical palace guardians; c. creatures of his imagination.
15. There came to Hamlet the ghost of a. his father; b. his mother; c. his uncle.



by RENEE FRANCINE

New York's "Paris-on-the-Park"

*For 51 years, The Plaza Hotel's
Old World elegance has enchanted potentates,
tycoons—and Eloise*

WHEN KAY THOMPSON, the great satirical dancer, created "Eloise" between performances at the Persian Room of The Plaza in New York, she never dreamed that the story of the uninhibited little girl who lived at one of the most elegant hotels in the world would become a best-seller. Yet the combination proved irresistible.

Tradition and good form always have been the foundation of Plaza policy, but it never was oppressively "grand." Rather, it was a place where young people—of all ages—could laugh and cavort about in the

zanily abandoned style of Eloise herself. And today, because of this illustrated book for children, thousands of people the world over who have never stopped at The Plaza—and some who never had even heard of it—feel an intimacy with the celebrated hostelry identified with Eloise's experiences. For no adult, however staid, can suppress an ear-to-ear grin at the picture of Eloise plotting to pour water down the mail chute. Posh? Indeed, yes. It would be ice water—poured from a monogrammed Plaza pitcher.

The Plaza's elongated French

Renaissance structure is bounded on the east by New York's fashionable Fifth Avenue, on the south by exclusive Bergdorf Goodman, on the west by 59th Street's skyscrapers, and on the north by the landscaped wonderland of Central Park. In winter, from an Old World window seat on this side of the hotel you can watch the skaters gliding over the ponds like figures in Currier and Ives etchings. You see the horse-drawn hansom cabs waiting out front at the corner of Fifth Avenue at 59th Street.

The Plaza hasn't changed very much in 50 years. People who love her say that she's fey—that she has an intangible charm that reaches out and warms you—that she's perennially gay and full of heart.

Builders maintain that it would be virtually impossible to duplicate The Plaza today—the high ceilings, the spacious corridors, the incomparable quality of construction, the skill of the artisans and the superb materials used.

There are 1,000 rooms and suites at The Plaza—on 18 floors. These are rented to maharajahs, princesses, movie queens, financial moguls, and to honeymooners who are happy to strain their budgets in order to begin their lives together in a burst of heartwarming elegance. Prices range from \$9 per night for a small single room to \$108 for the Venetian Suite—with two bedrooms and two baths. With only one bedroom and bath, the tariff for the Venetian Suite is \$78 per night.

The Venetian Suite is exquisitely rococo. White is the dominant note in the decor. Walls, rugs, uphol-

stery, all are white, with a counterpoint design of gold leaf. The drapes are apricot with gold cornices and pulls. Additional chairs and accents are in muted green and gold. The furniture is baroque—and the entire suite exudes an aura of medieval splendor.

If you know the password, you can be admitted—from the 58th Street side—to a place with a big sign over it that reads: "Tricycle Garage." It has a red-and-white striped floor, and candy-striped water pipes. All the tricycles have license plates attached to their miniature rears. These say:

PLAZA HOTEL

123

NEW YORK

The hotel furnishes this transportation to children like Eloise who are guests. And the Edwardian Room has a special menu for children, with a pen-and-ink drawing of Eloise on its cover. She's riding her tricycle. On the handlebars sits Skipperdee, her turtle, and in a pouch on her back is Weenie, her dog.

The Plaza has a special charm for the very young and the very old. Mrs. Frank Freeman, who is 101, sits in the main lobby every day at teatime. She loves to watch the people, she says, and admits that she'd be most disconcerted to discover that *anything* had happened in her lovely home that she might have to hear about second hand.

The Duchesse de Talleyrand, nee Anna Gould, one of the original tenants of the hotel, is still in residence today. Fragile, over 80 years of age, and confined to her wheel

chair, the Duchesse leaves every afternoon to dine at her estate in Tarrytown, 30 miles away. But she insists upon returning every evening because she refuses to spend the night any place but in her bed at The Plaza.

"People have become so brash nowadays," says the Duchesse. "Even the debutantes aren't as pretty as they used to be. And there's no difference between Society and the rest any more."

Thomas Pappas, however, who has been at The Plaza almost as long as the Duchesse, thinks differently. Pappas reigns over the Palm Court, where the famous have lunched and teaed for over half a century, and he beams sentimentally at the current crop of young girls. Thomas considers them to be—if a comparison must be made—prettier than the debs of yesteryear. Prettier—and pleasanter. Even the infants, carried in their mothers' arms, to be shown off to him, are inordinately well-behaved.

ELEGANCE lies in the eye of the beholder—and occasionally eyes change their vantage point. Frank Lloyd Wright maintains an apartment at the hotel. "It has dozens of things wrong with it," the strong-minded architect says, "but no place else in New York could even begin to approximate home to me. I may not like some of the things I've done to my own place—but I love The Plaza."

Mary, Princess Royal, of Great Britain, aunt of the present Queen Elizabeth, was a guest at the hotel, where the travel bureau was run by

a pair of exceedingly charming gentlemen. They would station themselves at the foot of the 58th Street elevators, stand at attention whenever the Princess passed, and bow so deeply and stiffly that observers say it was like watching the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

"Service at The Plaza is swifter than that at Buckingham Palace." An intimate of both establishments is the author of this superficially astounding intelligence. "A feeling of opulent well-being fills you as you pick up the telephone at The Plaza to call room service. Almost before you've replaced the phone on its cradle, your breakfast is on a trundle table in front of you—and you're breakfasting in bed. The Royal Family doesn't do half as well."

The courtly Hungarian playwright, Ferenc Molnar, lived at The Plaza for many years. It was here that he wrote his famous "Companion in Exile." And it was Molnar who wagged his witty tongue in wonder that "a sophisticated blonde pixie named Sheila Brigid Lee should be employed by a cosmopolitan hotel as one of a very small number of women credit managers in New York City."

As a woman engaged in an unusual occupation, Miss Lee was once invited to be a guest star on a radio program. Asked about the cops 'n' robbers aspect of her job, Miss Lee answered that The Plaza was not the kind of hotel where that problem had to be contended with—that guests at The Plaza frequently became close friends, and enduring relationships often stemmed from

their visits to the hotel's credit office.

At this point she held up her bracelet and let its 100-odd charms jingle into the microphone. "These medals have been given me by people of every creed, country and religion on this planet," she said. "The St. Brigid and St. Patrick medal that General Carlos Romulo carried into the Invasion of Leyte is on it next to a Star of David from the State of Israel and the Crescent Moon and Star of the Mohammedans."

"What a nice showing of tolerance," observed the radio moderator.

"If you'll forgive me," said The Plaza's Miss Lee, "to tolerate is to put up with something undesirable. I prefer to use the word understanding. It's so much warmer and truer.

"There's something about The Plaza," Miss Lee summed up. "It's in the very walls—an unknown magic quality that makes us a closely knit group—so that the newest arrival is as proud of the hotel as those who came in with the first load of marble."

Referred to variously as "a snug new tavern" and the "flower of public palaces," The Plaza opened for business at a time when no representative family had dared to live in a hotel and social life had been confined to the home. That these social prejudices were on the eve of collapse was indicated when Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt became its first registered guests.

"The new Plaza Hotel is deluged with applications of millionaires who seek to reduce their living expenses," one newspaper stated in

October, 1907. Another ran a banner headline announcing: *FINEST HOTEL IN WORLD TO OPEN*. Half a century later, on its editorial page, the *New York Times* saluted The Plaza as "the dowager of the *haute noblesse*—still dashing and fashionable."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell—the beloved Stella in George Bernard Shaw's letters—scandalized that *haut monde* by lighting a Russian cigarette while having tea in the Palm Court. The English beauty's indiscretion was reported to the manager on duty, who could do no less than ask her to put aside her coffin nail—or—leave the premises. The star put out her cigarette, much to the relief of ladies at nearby tables chaperoning impressionable daughters.

Diamond Jim Brady frequented The Plaza and left \$100 tips like quarters. Hetty Green, the then richest woman in the world, rented a suite for the winter of her daughter's debut and left a tip to only one person—the bell captain.

In the '20s, the personages of John Drew taking tea with his brilliantly beautiful niece, Ethel Barrymore, were replaced with the madcap magic of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, and that de luxe model of *l'enfant terrible*, Connie Bennett. The Plaza was fairyland and the fox-trot the music of heavenly choirs. Scott and Zelda were the first to go wading in the fountain at The Plaza—barefoot at dawn—wearing their evening clothes and their inimitably dazzling grins.

All this is part of The Plaza's quicksilver hold on the heartstrings

and imaginations of its *aficionados*. You cannot reach out and capture it—except through your senses and in memory.

Ralph Davenport, a doorman, has been there for 37 years. Ask him why he's stayed so long and he says, "I like it here. They are so nice." (*They* being The Plaza in its entirety: the management, the guests, the people he works with.)

Johnny Pelay, the Assistant to the Superintendent of Service, has been at The Plaza 44 years. Jerry Hirsh, a bellman, has worked there for 36 years. They like it, too.

The restaurants at The Plaza are superb. The Edwardian Room has not changed in 50 years. Neither has the Oak Room and the Oak Bar. They have the same Old World charm, magnificent wood paneling and muted murals of yesteryear. The Rendez-Vous is one of the most popular of all The Plaza spots. It specializes in before- and after-theater dining and supping, with music.

The Persian Room is the supper club which presents the finest of female entertainers: Hildegard, Celeste Holm, Kay Thompson, Carol

Channing, Genevieve, Jane Morgan. Ted Straeter, the popular orchestra leader, is the maestro-in-charge.

The Plaza today is run for Conrad Hilton by John G. Horsman. Mr. Horsman—like Mr. Hilton—is a big, genial, easy-to-talk-to man. He has managed the New York Biltmore, and the Netherland Hilton and Terrace Hilton, both in Cincinnati. Bossman Conrad Hilton adores The Plaza and uses it as his New York headquarters as often as he can.

Not long ago at the hotel were a dozen or so young Cuban Bonifaces-in-the-making who were rehearsing for the debut of the recently opened Habana Hilton. This makes The Plaza the most elegant training ground for hotel execs extant.

Conrad Hilton has hotels in the process of being built all over the world—from Thailand to Trinidad—and he chooses to staff them with native talent which has been exposed to and trained in the special tradition of insouciant elegance. And where better than The Plaza can this be absorbed?



A New Day



RALPH WALDO EMERSON held no brief with those who cry over spilt milk. And though he had no notion of the turmoil to face those who would live in the 20th century, his philosophy is particularly apt: "Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays."—MARY ALKUS

Kidneys

the body's filtering system

by HERBERT S. BENJAMIN, M.D.

A TOTAL OF 138 MILES of tubing are compressed into two fist-sized, half-pound organs under the back of your rib-case. Called kidneys, they check every drop of fluid in your tissues many times each day—not just for poisons and waste products, but for about everything.

The two million “glomerular tufts” and two million tubes, each 1½ inches long, keep all the soluble inorganic chemicals in your body in perfect balance. If there is a trace too much of one chemical, out it goes through tuft and tube as part of urine. If there is too little, tuft and

tube hoard it up until the proportions are righted again.

This magic liquid formula preserved by your kidneys is the formula of sea water. Not as the sea is today, but probably as it was millions of years ago, when life began. Then, there existed creatures which did not need kidneys—because their internal chemistry was the same as that of the sea in which they lived. Now, eons later, the sea has changed. And so has man, in the wondrous process of evolution that made him the land-dwelling creature that he is today. His kidneys made the transit possible.

Vertebrates living on land, in the sea, in fresh water, or in the air have slightly different kinds of kidneys. But as in man, all preserve their own chemical balance. Each glomerular tuft is a filtering system to release salts and water. The filters take back one salt after another, and then most of the water, too.

Some physiologists call the kidneys “the most inefficient organs in the human body.” This is because of the roundabout way the kidneys do their work, first excreting and then absorbing nearly everything back. And yet, in this inefficiency may lie the true secret of evolution: adaptation and readaptation.

When the sea creatures moved to *fresh water*, they needed continually to “pump ship” through glomerular tufts. They had to do this in order to maintain the low ratio of water to salt inside their bodies, in spite of the new high ratio of water in the streams outside. Then, in becoming dry-land creatures, vertebrates, like man—so as not to dry out—had to

take the water back again, through newly created microscopic tubes. And throughout all this, one special formula remained fairly constant—the formula of the sea they lived in untold ages ago.

Until not too long ago the kidneys were believed to be mere excretors of poisonous wastes. Now it is known that any deficiency or excess in the body's life formula can be "poisonous." Too much salt or too little, too much water or too little, can act like the worst poisons.

Uncovering these facts has been no mean task. About 40 years ago, Dr. A. N. Richards of the University of Pennsylvania, working under a microscope with instruments designed to move only millionths of an inch, examined the tufts and tubes of the kidney of an anesthetized frog. With incredible patience, he painstakingly removed invisibly small amounts of fluid from these structures. It was one of the most amazing and significant laboratory feats in modern medicine. For it revealed some of the first secrets of the kidneys' true functions.

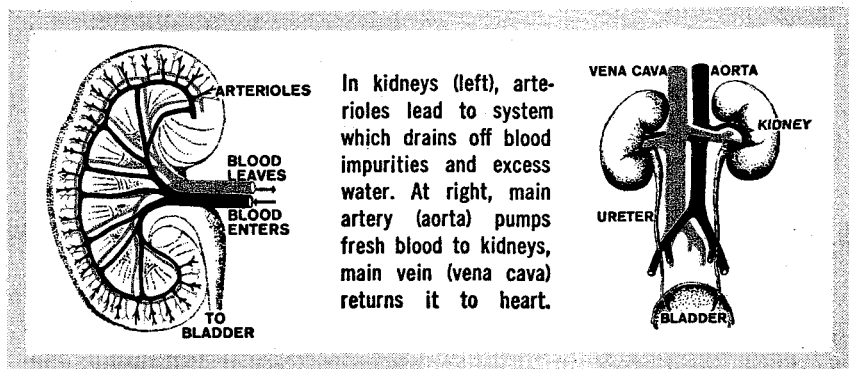
What do tuft and tube actually

do? Each of pinpoint size and barely perceptible to the naked eye, the two million tufts together filter out almost ten times our entire body weight in salts and water daily. The two million tubes continuously take nearly all of it back.

Through the tufts we excrete about 300 quarts of urine a day. But the three-thousandths-of-an-inch-thick tubes recover about 299 quarts, so that only around a quart is actually passed by the body.

The tubes which follow the tufts are anything but simple channels leading to the outer world. They are more like assembly lines whose final product is the finished urine. At different points along the way, vital chemicals get taken back through the walls of these tubes into the blood. Excesses are rejected, to keep blood and cell chemistry stable and maintain that life-important formula.

The final product, the sum of the tiny drops emerging from each of the millions of tubes, flows from the kidney into a kidney "pelvis," an inch-wide funnel. Down this foot-long, quarter-inch-thick ureter it



goes to the urinary bladder located several inches below the navel. We can hold back a quart there if absolutely necessary. But when a cupful accumulates, pressure on the bladder wall sends the first nerve signals to the brain. The brain thereupon notifies us it is time to urinate.

The kidney flushes out any substance not inherent in the life formula—poisons, medical drugs, any product not normally found in the body. Penicillin, for example, which the kidney treats as an alien visitor, often needs to be retained in order to do a full therapeutic job. Pharmacologists solved this problem when they discovered that a substance called carinamide temporarily suspended the kidneys' insistence on quickly getting rid of the penicillin.

But mostly medicine works *with* the kidney to correct deviations in salts and water proportions. What happens when that formula gets upset shows how important those proportions are.

A damaged kidney may not excrete enough sodium, for example. Surplus sodium, thirsty for water to dissolve itself in, retains body fluids and the body will swell. Inadequate sodium will cause cramps and convulsions.

Extra loss of water causes fever, tormenting thirst, and death from drying out of cells. We can tolerate hunger for food far longer than thirst for water, since without enough body water to dissolve them into urine, salts reach a poisonous concentration.

Such are some of the savage consequences of upset proportions in electrolytes, as these substances are

called (because they are held in "electric" balance like the components of a dry cell). Formerly misunderstood and generally looked upon as hopeless, these disastrous conditions can all be controlled and cured today. The techniques include replacement therapy and diet, drugs and hormones which act to retain or excrete necessary substances, and established treatment for kidney disease.

Good health can be restored in most kidney diseases as long as one-fourth of the kidney tissue can be rescued. For example, surgical removal of an entire kidney leaves a wide margin of safety. The one remaining kidney still has twice as much tuft-and-tubing as the necessary minimum.

This new understanding of kidney function now aids us in the prevention of kidney disease. There are four main principles.

First: a good diet, including a fair amount of water or other fluids daily. Normally, the kidneys release wastes and damaging chemicals properly. But in case something harmful or excessive gets into the diet or blood, with enough water the kidneys can usually dissolve it and excrete it.

Second: watch out for chronic sore throats. Nephritis, now on the decline but still one of the most dreaded of kidney ailments, is probably caused by repeated poisoning from toxins of the streptococcus, main sore-throat causer.

Third: try to avoid the mental strains and tensions that make your blood pressure rise.

Fourth: consult your doctor about

such symptoms as whitish, cloudy or smoke-brown urine, prolonged periods of dizziness, fatigue or fever, puffiness of the face or ankles, or pain radiating from the back of the chest down into the groin.

Physicians find that among all popular misconceptions about the human body, mistaken ideas about the kidney are probably the most frequent. For example, pain in the back where the kidneys are located is rarely a sign of kidney disease. Nor is increased frequency or infrequency of urination.

Another widespread misconception is that much salt in the diet is bad for the kidneys. For normally functioning kidneys, there is no problem in eliminating excess salt and, for persons tending to low blood pressure, inadequate salt intake aggravates their condition. Burning sensation on urination is often merely the normal sign of highly concentrated urine, especially on waking, since during sleep kidneys produce a salt-rich urine.

While kidney diseases are still a major cause of illness and death in the civilized world today, kidney research goes on at a curiously slow pace. Much of the trouble can be laid to the sensitive reactivity of the kidneys' blood vessels. The normally functioning kidney is difficult to

examine because as soon as these organs are examined they usually "act up" in what can be called an "abnormal" way. Anesthesia changes their workings fundamentally. So does surgery on the body structures near them. In fact, kidneys respond even to emotional changes so forcibly that a patient's fear of an examination might act like the most powerful blood-vessel constricting agent known.

A recent study revealed that the kidneys, besides functioning as supreme regulators of internal chemistry, also produce nearly all the body's "erythropoetin," a most important factor in building red blood cells.

Also, these organs are intimately involved in the reproduction and perpetuation of the species. In striving for perfection, the embryo builds up one kidney after another, so that before birth we have already used up and discarded two complete pairs that preceded the ones we now have. But they were discarded only as far as urine production is concerned. Much of this pre-birth kidney tissue turned into main parts of the organs of sex and reproduction.

Thus your kidneys not only keep you nearly "perfect" as far as that sea-water formula of life goes. They also help make you "perpetual."



Now You Know

A CLOCK IS SOMETHING they have in an office, so you can tell how late you wish you weren't in the morning, what time to go out for lunch and coffee breaks before, and come back after, and how long before you can start stopping working by stalling until.

—The Office Economist

REVENGE of the ugly prince

by Nino Lo Bello

To punish a faithless wife, he made their palace a fortress of horror

IN SICILY they still talk about him. They say that Nature dumped onto his face more flaws, blemishes and defects than ever afflicted a man. In fact, they say the world has never seen anyone so forbiddingly ugly as the strange and freakish Ferdinando Francesco Gravina, Prince of Palagonia.

One day when I was passing through Bagheria, a sunburned town overlooking the Tyrrhenian Sea, 25 miles east of Palermo, I came across the weird *palazzo* of horrors that Ferdinando had built some 200 years ago.

The palace, today a dilapidated tenement, is surrounded by a statue army of grotesque dragons, serpents, gargoyles and contorted human figures. So terrifying is the sight of these stone monsters that even now many citizens of Bagheria shudder



and look the other way when they pass at night.

Yet behind this frightful façade lies a sorrowful tale of love and revenge.

The Prince of Palagonia had a repulsively pock-marked face. His oversized lips met crookedly under his nose, emphasizing his misshapen bald pate. His nose, set at an oblique angle, separated a pair of savage, ill-matched brows. Beneath these squinted his piercing eyes. Shielded with half-closed lids, the bloodshot staring eyeballs gave him a look of ferocity strangely contradicted by his slender shoulders and narrow chest.

Born in Palermo in 1722, Ferdinando lived in agonizing isolation despite his noble birth and the wealth of his parents. Although the townspeople felt sorry for him, they shunned him like the plague. Even



The Prince's wife found herself trapped by 200 terrifying statues.

the humble peasantry sometimes openly mocked his homely features. And in his self-detestation, the Prince, it was said, slept on the ground and flogged himself mercilessly in his chapel.

Such was his tormented life. Then the impossible happened. Nobody believed it when the news came. Bagheria's ugly duck, who lived as a near-recluse in his palatial prison, had miraculously managed to woo and win the hand of the belle of Sicilian nobility, the lovely Maria Gioachina Gaetani, daughter of a rich duke.

Soon the beauteous Maria made the palace resound with festive gatherings. For the first time music and laughter were heard where, in the past, emptiness had echoed. Ferdinando now carried himself regally as befitted a Prince. And people ceased whispering about his hideous countenance, and marveled that the most desirable woman in all the

Mediterranean had fallen in love with Ferdinando.

But his happiness was short-lived. For Ferdinando soon discovered that his beautiful wife was having amorous adventures with other men. Broken in spirit, the Prince withdrew into his chapel and spent his days praying that Maria would feel and respond to the honest love he bore her. But she was indifferent. She continued her nocturnal trysts.

The realization of his wife's infidelity was too much for Ferdinando to bear. Grief-stricken beyond endurance, he began to lose his power of reason. He became obsessed with a fantastic scheme to imprison his wife behind the palace walls; not by force, but by surrounding Villa Palagonia with statues so terrifying that they would deter Maria from roaming off at night. Moreover, the distraught Prince believed he could exact a perverse revenge by making some of the macabre figures portray



Maria's lovers, as well as his other enemies.

He commissioned a Dominican friar named Tommasso di Napoli to sculpt the strange architectural additions. For more than five years, a squadron of artisans labored seven days a week to create the unseemly caricatures out of chunks of coffee-tan coral. In all, some 200 sculptured images were built, half of them lining the path leading from the gate to the *palazzo* while the other half straddled the walls around the villa.

And, for good measure, the Prince erected the following sign outside: "Beware! Expectant Mothers, The Sight Of The Monsters Ahead May Cause You To Give Birth To Mischapen Infants!"

Ferdinando's strange plan seemed to succeed. For, after the unveiling of the uncouth statuary, Maria was rarely seen. The couple then lived in a tomblike peace until 1788 when

the Prince of Palagonia, aged 65, died in his sleep; his wife died a few years later.

A half century thereafter the townspeople of Bagheria instituted a lawsuit to have the statues carted off. Their suit failed. Down through the years the people have passed on legends and stories of the curse which the hideous Prince Ferdinando placed upon the monuments; and generation after generation of Bagherian parents have resorted to Ferdinando's terrible figures as bogeymen for their children.

The people who occupy the building today—a teacher, a city hall official and two merchants—somehow manage to live with the monstrosities. Their fortitude is bolstered by the passage of time. For time and the ravages of weather are slowly destroying the monuments to Ferdinando's tortured love and hate. But the legend, perhaps, will never die.



Why "GOOD" parents raise "BAD" children

by SIDNEY BLAU

Beset by personal problems but anxious to do "the right thing," well-meaning mothers and fathers often turn their kids into neurotics

THE PSYCHIATRIST sat quietly waiting for the young mother to stop sobbing. Even through the door to the reception room he could hear the screaming tantrum of her six-year-old son Carl.

"Listen to him," the woman said. "I simply can't handle him. He won't eat. He won't play with other children. Everything's a battle. I try so hard. He has a nice home. His father and I love him. What are we doing wrong?"

In his years on the staff of a well-known eastern child guidance clinic, the psychiatrist had listened to many such anguished appeals. Looking over the questionnaire Carl's mother had filled out, he noted that she was well-educated and lived in one of the city's better suburbs. Her husband was a successful businessman and there was nothing in her answers to indicate discord. This was—or should have been—a happy home.

Yet here she was, pleading for help with a child whose deep emotional disturbance was apparent.

Why do children with every opportunity for happiness develop psychic problems which sometimes blight their entire lives? This perplexing question is being asked more and more today as increasing numbers of parents from so-called "nice" homes seek psychiatric help for their troubled children.

Like Carl, these children may present discipline problems, be overaggressive, filled with hostility. Or they may be withdrawn, timid kids who are unable to relate to people. They may suffer from night fears, eating or toilet-training problems, stuttering,

CORONET

bedwetting or reading deficiencies—the semaphores of children suffering from hidden psychic wounds.

Psychiatrists say that one answer to the “good home, disturbed child” riddle is parents’ mistaken impression of what makes a “good” home.

“One of the striking things about ‘nice’ homes,” says Dr. Leon Tec, staff psychiatrist of New York’s Child Development Center, “is that the ‘normal’ parents living in them may themselves have emotional difficulties which aren’t apparent at first.”

Furthermore, many parents unknowingly contribute to their children’s troubles while studiously obeying the basic ground rules of child rearing. In fact, their very anxiety to do “the right thing” can start a child down the road to emotional disturbance.

For example, every informed parent learns early that it is bad for children to grow up in a household torn by dissension. Yet a young man recently found himself in one of the offices of the Family Service Association of America precisely because his parents never had an argument in front of him. Still in his early 20s, he had already been divorced.

“My wife and I argued a lot,” he told the marriage counselor. “But I don’t like to fight. I wanted a marriage like my parents had. They never had a squabble in 20 years of marriage.”

The counselor was surprised by the man’s description of his parents’ marriage, and suggested he question his mother about it. He did. Sheepishly, she explained that she and his father had vowed to save their children from living in a household

filled with bickering. Each time they had a difference of opinion, they climbed into the car, drove to some remote spot and settled the issue.

Thus, their son grew up with an unrealistic picture of marriage. He interpreted an occasional dispute as a disaster rather than the natural result of living with another human being.

Another factor endangering the child raised in a “nice” home is the increasing difficulty parents are having in communicating with their youngsters. “One of the things most lacking in our families today,” says Dr. J. Louise Despert, author of *Children of Divorce*, “is the exchange of really deep, warm feelings between parents and children.”

Take the case of Alex, who grew up in a household where everybody “cooperated.” His parents shared family chores equally. They made much of their “rational” behavior, and assured Alex over and over, “There’s nothing civilized people can’t talk out.”

Yet as Alex grew into adolescence, he became strangely withdrawn. Once, for no reason at all, he hurled a rock at a street lamp on his pleasant suburban block.

What had gone wrong? Alex’s parents took him to a psychologist, who unraveled the story of an adolescent afraid of his own emotions. The rational world of his parents had fallen to pieces before Alex’s maturing sexual needs and the resulting turmoil of feelings that couldn’t be talked away. Alex was unable to discuss his confusion with his parents for they didn’t seem to suffer from his problems. He felt

"different," "irrational," and even a little "dirty."

In helping Alex, the psychologist had to reassure him about his developing sexual drives. At the same time, he had to show Alex's parents that their well-meaning handling of the boy had made him unable to cope with his normal, aggressive, masculine feelings.

Many fears about their own "masculinity" and "femininity" worry American parents unnecessarily. "The healthy development of a child doesn't depend upon his father being some kind of mythical cave man," says Professor Ruth Strang of Teachers College, Columbia University. "But a father must exist as a genuine force in his child's life, if only for a few minutes each day. He must not be a nonentity."

CHILDREN ALSO NEED some kind of authority in the home. Some parents are overpermissive, others are overstrict. Either extreme can warp a child's emotional growth.

The parent who always lets the child have his way discovers, to his dismay, that the child doubts the parent's ability to protect him or feels the parent doesn't care about him. Thus, the child is insecure when he needs a strong anchor.

Many otherwise excellent parents do not discipline their children for fear they will feel rejected. "Yet children themselves complain most about the lack of adequately strict parents," notes Professor Strang. "By this, they generally mean a parent who will help them make decisions. Overly permissive homes often produce indecisive children

who have a hard time making up their minds."

In sharp contrast to the "rudderless child" is the youngster whose parents steer too rigid a course for him. "Children are surprisingly practical," says psychiatrist Leon Tec. "A mother who keeps saying 'No' to a child who can see neither danger nor purpose in her orders may force the child to rebel against these unreasonable commands. And this rebelliousness can easily become the basic pattern of a child's life."

The mother who persistently says "No" to her child usually does it out of a mistaken sense of love. "I don't want him to hurt himself," she protests. It almost looks as though she loves her child too much.

Consider, for example, the self-sacrificing mother who declares, "My children are my life." At first glance, this would seem to guarantee happy children.

But psychiatrists find overprotected children's natural drive for independence has been paralyzed. They frequently grow into adults who are torn between repressed anger and guilt. Boys, in particular, carry around a burden of obligations to their mothers which makes them resent women.

"A child can't have too much love," says Dr. Tec. "But we mustn't confuse 'mothering' with 'smothering.' The quality of the love is important. Really loving a child means respecting him as a person in his own right."

Unfortunately, even parents who stick to the "happy medium" sometimes find their children are not happy. Like the parents of ten-year-

old Chuck, who brought him to see a West Coast child psychologist when the boy developed a mysterious eye twitch. "We try to be fair and always discuss things with him. But we don't let him run wild, either," his mother explained proudly.

But Chuck blurted out a very different story: "Every time I ask them if I can do something, my mother says, 'What does your father say?' My father says, 'What does your mother say?' Everything's a big deal. If I want an ice cream, by the time they decide, the man is blocks away."

Chuck's parents had the right formula. But they forgot about the boy's need for spontaneity and his passionate concern with the present. His repressed rage flickered to the surface in the form of a twitch.

Youngsters who are brought to child guidance centers are often found to be suffering from rejection connected with parental favoritism among the children. Teenager Barry L. is a striking example of how a parent who tried to avoid favoring one child got into difficulties. Barry came to a guidance center seeking vocational advice. A fine student, he simply couldn't decide on what to do with himself in college or anywhere else in life.

After several interviews with the parents, Barry's psychologist pieced together a strange story. When Barry was six, his younger brother was born. Anxious to avoid causing Barry any sense of rejection, they reassured him constantly that they loved him just as much as his brother.

Far from revealing any resent-

ment toward his new brother, Barry showed great affection for him. Not only for his own kid brother, but for all the small children in the neighborhood. Barry learned how to take care of others, but not how to take anything for himself.

Recalling this case, the psychologist said: "Barry's parents were sincerely trying to avoid the evils of sibling rivalry. But perhaps the child would have benefited more from some good, open competition than learn this almost total denial of his own needs."

The moral of Barry's case is, perhaps, that no parent can protect his child completely from life. No matter how happy the home, we cannot control the lives of our children any more than we can control our own destinies.

Many sensible parents, anxious to produce well-rounded children, encourage their kids to be "good mixers." But even this worthwhile goal can become distorted. Last summer, for example, a 12-year-old boy was referred to a Midwestern psychologist. The child was suffering from headaches. The psychologist soon found that the boy had been pushed into an organized youth group he hated. Actually, the boy loved to build model space ships, but his parents were afraid it would turn him into a recluse.

As his despairing psychologist said, "I wish parents wouldn't confuse raising happy kids with making a cocktail. A good mixer may need standard ingredients, but a kid needs to have his own unique talents developed."

Perhaps one of the most common

errors of "good" parents is their understandable but misguided desire to protect children from the sorrows connected with illness and death. Too often the result is a guilt-ridden child.

"Many children," warns Mrs. Anna W. M. Wolf of the Child Study Association of America, "blame themselves for any misfortune befalling the family." This is especially true if it comes at an unfortunate time in the life of the child.

It is not unusual for a five-year-old boy to resent his father, whom he sees as a competitor for the love of his mother. When the father of such a child became chronically ill, the parents decided to keep the news from the child. But soon after the boy had an argument with his father, the latter was seriously stricken and had to go to the hospital.

Naturally, the child blamed himself for what had happened. "Maybe, if I hadn't been a bad boy," he wept to his mother, "Daddy wouldn't have gotten sick."

Too often, confusion about child-rearing discourages parents. "Sometimes," one mother told her pediatrician recently, "I feel as though I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't."

Is this the whole sad story? No, say the psychiatrists. Parents who do their best to learn as much as they can about their children are probably doing all that is humanly possible. "Remember," says psychiatrist J. Louise Despert, "there's no such thing as parenthood without problems."

Or as another psychologist puts it: "Anybody who's ever been a child should have nothing but sympathy for parents."

IN DECEMBER CORONET

NEGLIGENCE SUITS CAN RUIN YOU

Tricky laws and court decisions applying to accidents can bankrupt an unwitting victim. Here's an informative report on how to recognize and guard against these legal booby traps.

OLD AGE WITHOUT PAIN

A European doctor's dramatic new use of novocaine is rejuvenating old people. Thousands of tests now indicate that this old drug may offer hope for a longer, happier life.

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HUMAN COMEDY

MY PARENTS, who looked forward to my son's arrival with almost as much eagerness as my husband and I, often expressed a desire to act as baby-sitters. So I was quite surprised to hear them bring up the matter of a baby-sitting fee when my husband first asked them to stay with their grandson.

"Would 50 cents an hour be agreeable?" my father asked. Then, noticing my confused look, he quickly added, "Of course, we grandpar-ents pay you the 50 cents."

—MRS. ERNEST BRINGLE

A FRIEND OF MINE who recently returned from France told me this story:

The White Russians who live in Paris are clannish, and gather frequently for parties. A guide who took my friend to one of these vodka socials explained that they afforded an opportunity for one and all to display tattered finery, reassert direct lineage to the Czar's family, and bemoan the loss of wealth and position that once were theirs in Russia.

The guide pointed to various elderly people posturing about the room. "See that man?" he said. "He was a general. The lady sitting next to him was a countess. The gentleman over in that corner was a baron. The little woman sipping

tea was a duchess. And the little poodle over there—that was a St. Bernard!"

—JOE KARBO

FEW DIPLOMATS ASSIGNED to Balkan countries have any familiarity whatever with the local languages. But before his appointment as American Ambassador to Yugoslavia, John Dyneley Prince had been a professor of Slavic languages at Columbia University, and spoke all the principal Yugoslav dialects fluently. Shortly after arriving in Belgrade to take up his new post, Ambassador Prince went to the Yugoslav Foreign Office to present his credentials. In perfect Croatian, he asked the clerk to announce him to the Foreign Minister. Dumfounded, the clerk entered the inner office and gasped to his superior:

"Sir, there's a crazy Croat out there who says he's the new American minister. Shall I tell the police to take him to jail or to the lunatic asylum?"

—CHARLES LAYNG

A HARVARD GRADUATE wrote his parents, both proper Bostonians, that he had just taken a job with radio station WHO.

Properly horrified, they sent off a telegram demanding that he give up his job and seek employment with station WHOM.

—Chicago Tribune Magazine

"My Old Piano Blues"

*From boyhood
to manhood, the author
changed his tune—
but the piano didn't*

FOR A LONG TIME I have been telling myself I would go back to my piano lessons. I quit when I was 13 years old, and I have always felt uneasy about it. My mother kept on giving me money for my lessons long after I had stopped. She did not know I had stopped.

One day my mother did not give me my piano money. I suppose someone told her, finally, that I was not really taking lessons. She did not scold me. I reached out my hand and she gave me a whack.

I looked hurt. I said, "Where's my piano money?"

She said, "You don't need any."

When my own children were old enough, my wife wanted them to learn the piano badly. That is precisely how they learned it. I think, at that time, having become older and more mellow, I would have gone back to my lessons. I would, at least, have finished Book One with the big notes and gotten into Book Two where the notes were smaller and much faster.

I tried to save my children. I told my wife George Bernard Shaw had once said that Hell was filled with

musical amateurs. My wife said, "He never had any children—and besides, he was a vegetarian."

I pointed out that the children had no interest in the piano and that, in fact, we had no piano.

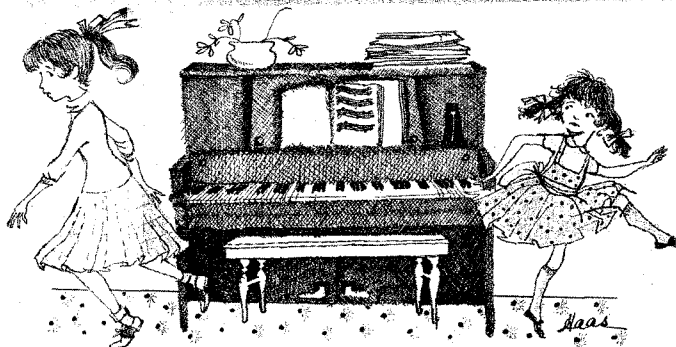
My wife had not really thought about that. All she was thinking about was that our two daughters should have all the privileges she never had. My wife considered music lessons a privilege.

My argument was that the children might consider not taking piano lessons to be a privilege, something like not having to go to the dentist during Christmas Week. Nothing availed me, though.

The girls began taking piano lessons. It was quite expensive because we had to buy a piano. My wife could not see our daughters learning second-hand music, so we had to have a new piano.

The music was expensive, too. They would have a piece to learn that cost one dollar and then they would lose the piece in the snow on the way to their lesson. Any piece that had hard parts, they would always lose in the snow on their way to lessons. It was really remarkable. They would *both* lose the piece.

After a while the girls grew to be pretty big and learned how to protest loudly and they convinced me that they should not be cooped up



in a dusty studio while the other children were out picking daisies and getting their lungs full of oxygen.

My wife did not care for this at all, because there was the piano and no one to play it.

"It's a shame," she said, an odd look in her eye. "All that piano going to waste!"

I finally got an urge myself. My wife can be very persuasive. If she wants something and she does not get it, you would be amazed at the amount of cleaning she can do when I'm home; or how bad the meals can turn out to be or how many new hats she can run up on a charge account. (And what hats! And what excuses she has for buying them!)

I looked around at all the new methods of learning the piano. There was one, for example, whereby all you had to understand was how to play a simple melody with one finger and then keep playing the same chord with the left hand. You could play anything this way.

There was another system whereby the notes were in different colors and you painted the piano keys green and purple and orange and so on. Another provided an attachment to the piano. You played the

treble and the piano automatically filled in the bass. It was quite uncanny to see the bass playing with nobody touching it, and very convenient if you wanted one hand free to hold a glass of beer.

Finally I went to an old-fashioned teacher who taught piano just as it had been taught when I was 13. In fact, I was started on the same pieces.

But alas, the old terror grasped me; the old fight came back; the old dishonesty pervaded my senses. I got so sick of the piano that I would take the five dollars my wife gave me for my lesson and spend it in the nearest bar.

My wife caught on one day when I came home from what she thought was my piano lesson with two fellows singing "Sweet Adeline" followed by a homeless cocker spaniel.

After that, we sold the piano and bought with the proceeds a good phonograph and a framed sampler that proclaimed: DON'T BE ASHAMED IF YOU CAN'T PLAY THE PIANO; BE PROUD OF IT.

I am not exactly proud. Just contented.



by RICHARD GEHMAN



THE GUEST ON "The Oscar Levant Show" was Art Aragon, the prize fighter. Before introducing him, however, Levant, in his most polite and charming manner, began discoursing on the life and times of Claude Achille Debussy.

As an example of Debussy's work, he sat down at the piano and played "Golliwog's Cake Walk."

"That was so good," he announced when he had finished the composition, "I think I'll play it again."

He did. Then he leaned one elbow against the piano and propped his head with the heel of his hand. "Playing even a short piece like that," he said, "makes a man very tired."

A minute passed, then another. Presently Levant closed his eyes.

There was dead silence in the tiny television studio. Levant's audiences are intensely respectful—and they are also suspense-ridden, for they never know what he will do or say next. (Neither, for that matter, does Levant.) To his fans, Levant, who stands about five feet ten and weighs about 155 pounds, represents culture, learning, wit, and—his unkempt clothes, unshaven and emaciated face and raccoonlike eyes notwithstanding—glamour.

He kept his eyes closed for three or four minutes.

A tentative hand appeared in one corner of the screen, hovered, then touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Dear," said the voice of Levant's wife, June, who holds the show to-

CORONET

gether when Levant is too moody or temperamental or emotionally paralyzed to do it himself, "your guest, Art Aragon, is here."

Levant heaved a sigh.

"Wake me up when he leaves," he said, without opening his eyes.

That is the kind of behavior that Oscar Levant's TV audience, perhaps the biggest a West Coast independent television station ever drew, came to expect on "The Oscar Levant Show" last spring and summer. It catapulted Levant back into the spotlight after six years of near-obscure, and made television executives predict that he will also be a nationwide sensation during the 1958-59 season.

Levant has been signed to do six shows with Eddie Fisher on NBC and will appear as a guest on several other shows. There also has been much talk that he will have a network show of his own, as well.

And with good reason. Levant is one of the world's funniest humans. Nearly everything he says is devastatingly sharp, acute, sarcastic and cynical.

"Suicide," he once remarked, "is the longest sleeping pill I know of."

"What is the secret of perpetual middle age?" he asked Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Groucho Marx has refused to go on the Levant show. "I understand Groucho's hesitance," Levant says. "I once refused to go on with George Bernard Shaw for the same reason."

This charming yet exasperating,

rude yet ingratiating, self-effacing egomaniac is utterly unpredictable. At 51 he is a legend in circles which include the most brilliantly talented people of the stage, the screen, the concert hall and the worlds of art and literature.

S. N. Behrman, the playwright, who has modeled several of his characters on Levant, once summed up the legend by saying, "If Oscar weren't real, you couldn't believe him."

Levant first attracted national attention in 1938, when he, John Kieran and Franklin Pierce Adams were the mainstays of the radio panel show "Information Please." On that show he appeared as a jaundiced, dyspeptic and nearly always lovable individual with a fantastic memory. He was an astonishingly fine pianist, the foremost interpreter of the music of George Gershwin, and also a master master of ceremonies.

In his personal life, he was a hypochondriac of unbelievable proportions. If he heard of a friend with a cold, he immediately developed the same symptoms. "If Oscar scratches himself with a pin while putting on a shirt," a friend said of him, "he's got to see a scratch specialist."

The real Levant has been all of these people and many more besides. He shifts from one character to another with great rapidity.

Recently a reporter, arriving at Levant's home to interview him, found Oscar on the phone, and

idly picked up a book to peruse while he was waiting. "Put that book down!" Levant screamed, leveling a commanding arm and pointing a finger at the reporter. "It's mine!" The startled reporter dropped the book. "I'm sorry," Levant said. His voice was genuinely contrite.

"That's all right," the reporter said.

Levant's mood shifted back to hysteria. "What right have you to say it's 'all right'?" he shouted. "I'm sick of the tyranny of the press! I'll be damned if the press is going to tyrannize me!"

Still startled and embarrassed, the reporter, trying to think of something to say, asked Levant for a cigarette. The storm cloud vanished from Levant's face. "Of course," he said. "Here. Sit on the couch, you'll be more comfortable." Ten minutes later, for no apparent reason, he flew into a violent rage and threw the reporter out of the house bodily.

IT IS NOT UNUSUAL for Levant to go into a tantrum or sulk for virtually no reason. While living in Harpo Marx's house during the '30s, having been invited there by S. N. Behrman (Levant never had met Harpo previous to his arrival), he suddenly decided that his host had insulted him. He refused to speak to Harpo for six months, although he went on living in the house and eating there three times a day.

Levant's temperamental outbursts are often triggered by any of a long list of words which he regards as taboo. None of these words may be uttered in his presence—which is rather hard on Levant's friends,

since the taboo list changes all the time. Some of the more notable words on it are:

Death. Levant evidently has a deep-rooted dread of death. Once, years ago, signed to a radio contract, he demanded—and got—his release because the word was often mentioned in the sponsor's commercials. The sponsor was an insurance company.

Pittsburgh. Levant was born in Pittsburgh and must have exceedingly unpleasant memories of it. His close friend George Solotaire, a New York ticket broker known as "The Mayor of Broadway," once happened to mention that he was going to a ball game to watch the Pittsburgh Pirates. Levant rolled off the sofa on which he had been lying and began to moan, "Georgie, Georgie, never mention that word to me again as long as you live!"

Thirteen. Levant simply cannot bear the number. Once, booked into a Buffalo hotel while on a concert tour, he learned that he had been assigned the best suite, which happened to be numbered 1301, 1302 and 1303. Sooner than stay there, he spent the night on a cot in the dressing room at the concert hall.

Unquestionably, part of this is pose. There are even those who believe it is *all* pose. Kendis Rochlen, a Los Angeles columnist, calls Levant "The neurotic's neurotic . . . who has commercialized egomania."

There is no doubt, however, that Levant is a disturbed man. He has been in and out of sanitariums, and by his own admission has had shock treatments during the past two

years. He has been going to psychoanalysts for approximately 25 years. And he was perhaps the only human in the country who had psychiatrists on both the East and West coasts, and others strung out between in cities where he would make concert appearances.

Analysis is one of the few subjects Levant will not discuss. He will hold forth at great length on virtually every other topic under the sun—and will become so enchanted by the sound of his own words that any interruption will infuriate him.

He is never happier than when he is discussing Oscar Levant. Describing one of his telecasts, the actress Marsha Hunt recently said, "He started off in a black mood—but as he warmed to the question of himself, he began to feel better."

Levant frequently pays himself warm compliments on the air. "I account for my success this way—maybe I'm good," he said one day last summer. "Maybe I'm *very* good. Who's better? I don't know anyone better."

Some of Levant's friends view his antics as revealing a basic lack of self-confidence. One says, "Oscar has a real feeling of inferiority which makes him attempt to prove constantly how wonderful he is."

But most of Levant's friends have given up trying to explain what makes him behave as he does. Emotional maladjustment of the kind he ordinarily exhibits usually stems from profound unhappiness in childhood. Levant will not talk about his childhood, presumably because he would have to mention that taboo word, Pittsburgh.



Levant and wife June match muscles in arm-bending bout on his unpredictable TV show.

From all outward appearances, however, he came from a secure and loving family. None of his three older brothers—Oscar was the youngest child—showed any signs of neurosis.

Those who are close to him, however, say that Oscar was always a nervous, demanding little boy. This could have been caused, they feel, by the fact that he was the youngest, had come a good many years behind the others, and was overprotected by his mother.

Oscar's father, Max Levant, was a watch repairman who loved music. He encouraged his sons to study it from the time they were small. Oscar, born December 27, 1906, was the prodigy. By the time he was ten he already had convinced his teacher that he would some day be regarded as a great artist. He could learn a piece after playing it twice. This ability later won him his reputation on "Information Please." He could hear a bar or two of some obscure composition and identify it at once.

It was his short temper, incident-

tally, that lost him the show. He had been quarreling periodically with Dan Golenpaul, the producer, and one night in 1944, feeling that Golenpaul had offended Lefty Gomez, the famous baseball pitcher, Levant used this pretext to punch him in the face.

For years afterward he would not go into 444 Madison Avenue, the building where Golenpaul's offices were. Once he failed to get an important radio job because the agency offering it to him had offices in that building and he refused to go inside.

LEVANT'S DEFENSE of Gomez stemmed from his avid interest in baseball, which, apart from music, was the only thing that held his attention as a boy. His father wanted Levant to go to college, but died when the boy was 16. Young Oscar left high school and took off for New York, where he set about trying to become a concert pianist.

He studied piano with Sigismund Stojowski. To pay for his lessons he took a variety of jobs—he was an accompanist for a children's ballet class, he worked as pianist in dance bands.

During this period he also tried to earn money by writing popular songs. He had only one real hit, "Lady, Play Your Mandolin," out of the 40-odd songs he composed. For a time, says a friend, the title of this song was one of his taboo words, even though it brought him a good piece of money.

Levant's early years in New York were marked by unhappiness and frustration. To make a name in the concert field an artist needs not only

talent but money. Levant never had enough money—not even after "Lady." He developed a hard, bitter outlook on life.

Then he met George Gershwin. The two became inseparable. Levant went everywhere with Gershwin, and between times lived as a non-paying guest at Ira Gershwin's apartment. The relationship with George Gershwin may have brought Levant's career to a standstill. Conceivably he would have gone further along the road toward fame as a concert artist if he had not remained in the shadow of the composer of *Porgy and Bess*.

"George gave Oscar his inferiority complex," says one friend, "although he didn't do it deliberately. Oscar *idolized* him." When Gershwin died suddenly in 1937, Levant was inconsolable.

His first crackup came about five months after Gershwin's death. It may have been brought on by his frustration at his inability to get a start in the concert field, or by the delayed reaction from his grief over his friend's death.

After Gershwin's death Levant worked spasmodically and lived with his friends until his luck changed abruptly in 1938, when Dan Golenpaul put him on "Information Please." Overnight his acerbity and brilliance made him famous. He was offered parts in motion pictures and concert engagements by the score. His years on the radio show may have been his happiest. Levant is presently married to a Hollywood actress named June Gale. They have three children—Marcia, 17, Lorna, 15,

and Amanda, 13. Levant is a doting father. His eyes glow when he speaks of his daughters. Sometimes he gets so overcome with emotion he begins to weep quietly.

Levant spends more time with his children each day than most fathers do, and not because he is at home more than most fathers. The family dinner each evening is a tradition in the house. Oscar, after dinner, plays piano for the girls or, sometimes, reads aloud. He says they help him keep in touch with a world he knows nothing about: "Having never been a kid myself, I don't understand kids," is one way he puts it. He plays Ping-pong with them but refuses to go swimming: "Undignified, and for fish." The one bone of contention between him and his kids is their love for the country and his hatred toward it.

"The country," he says, "is for the birds."

He is very proud of his daughters' scholastic accomplishments. They are all bright girls. One made a speech at her junior high school graduation last June. Levant nearly fired his business manager and producer because the latter had made an interview-date for him for the afternoon of the commencement, which he wanted to devote solely to his daughter. He carries pictures of the girls around in his wallet, and the house is festooned with pictures of them at various ages.

The marriage to Miss Gale is placid—in its own way—which is to say that the couple have frequent, well-publicized spats and reconciliations. One newspaper headlined a recent reconciliation story: "Oscar

Levant and Wife Hiss and Make Up."

Some of Levant's critics thought these shenanigans were publicity stunts. They were no such thing. Nor are his remarks prepared—they all come spontaneously.

"The Oscar Levant Show" has always been unusual. Soon after Levant was discharged from the psychiatric wing of Mt. Sinai Hospital in February, Alvin G. Flanagan, general manager of TV station KCOP, asked him to work as substitute for an interviewer named Tom Duggan.

In March, Levant was given his own show. Before long it had become the most controversial—and interesting—segment on the West Coast. Originally Levant was on one hour a week, but later he was given an hour and a half three times a week. However, in late June, fired and then rehired—because of public pressure—by KCOP over one weekend, Levant quit the station. He moved his program to KHJ-TV for two 90-minute appearances weekly. The show brings him \$1,800 a week, and he can command a guarantee of \$2,500 per night as a concert soloist.

He plays the piano, talks, dances with his wife, talks, interviews a guest—and talks, talks, talks. The talk is interesting, funny, and educational. "My show is perhaps the greatest in the history of television," he said recently.

Levant plans to write a book on his life, and call it "My Bed of Nails." For, as he puts it: "I don't know of another life that's been more exciting, original, amusing or regenerative." 

Vienna's merry malady: TELEPHONE-ITIS

by Jeanne Sakol



IN VIENNA, TODAY, you hear surprising things on the telephone. With a twist of the dial, you can listen to the latest earth satellite in orbit, check the horse-racing results, get an improved recipe for Wiener schnitzel, or learn which part of the Vienna Woods is best for a picnic.

These are just a few of the Vienna Telephone Company's 29 tape-recorded services, all available for the price of a local call, which is one schilling—or about four cents.

No one man is responsible for these special dial services. The idea came out of a brainstorming session among executives of the state-owned telephone company seeking ways to stimulate telephone use. The first services, begun in 1945, were copied from other countries' time and weather reports. But since then, two or three new services have been added each year, after judicious consideration.



From the start, time and weather proved the most popular, although last year Sputnik skyrocketed into the lead for several weeks. Callers swamped the exchange, eager to hear the first blips from outer space. Later, the Explorer was added to the same number, a fact which delighted Viennese because they could boast of uniting the USA and USSR in one orbit.

The most consistently popular service gives three minutes of music, chosen from a weekly poll of leading record shops. One can dial and hear a different record daily. Opera and the classics dominate the early part of the week. The long-hair gradually gets shorter, however, and the weekend brings anything from Louis Armstrong to a Neapolitan lament.

A recent visitor to a large insurance company watched row upon row of bright young men, telephone to ear, seemingly engrossed in the company's



complex problems. His guide explained in a whisper, "Frank Sinatra." Then he laughed, adding, "They are good actors; I admire their restraint. It is difficult to keep from tapping with one's fingers to the beat, *nicht wahr?*"

At night, Mama quiets little Franz by dialing 1-5-6-0, where a velvety voice tells him the day's fairy tale. The stories are from Grimm or Andersen, and have been edited to exclude all gruesome, nightmare-provoking episodes.

Last winter, an American teenager in Vienna, Joyce Tyler, baby-sat for some Austrian neighbors. The three children spoke no English; Joyce, no German. Helpless when the youngsters started acting up, she dialed the fairy tale continuously for two hours until the last one drifted to sleep.

Nearly every personal need can be satisfied by phone in Vienna. Is your shorthand rusty? Dial 1-5-1-7 for dictation practice. Fooling around with a ham radio? Frequency listings and other information are yours to dial. Tuning the guitar? Get the correct musical pitch on the phone.

Dial service also offers football and soccer schedules, road conditions, bus arrivals and departures, what's playing at leading theaters. The Austrian Press Agency thumbnails the latest news, revising its reports several times a day; and stock-market quotations are available.

Businessmen can attend a *Konferenzgespräch*, in which the local operator hooks up as many as nine phone numbers for a conference. All the operator needs is a few minutes' notice to alert all parties invited to the meeting. This can be a time and money saver for a concern.

Not to be outdone, Vienna's *hausfrau*s adopted the same technique. Why gossip with only one friend, they asked, when you can have a nine-way *kaffee klatsch*? The only drawback about gabbing with so many friends at once—who will that leave to talk about? Of more practical value are the daily recipe and market reports on best food buys, as well as household hints and advice on grooming, baby care and etiquette.

Recent additions to the dial service are a weekly quiz and announcements of night-school courses where unskilled labor may learn carpentry and mechanics. The courses are free, to encourage new skills for the worker's benefit and the economic betterment of the country as a whole.

On Friday nights, art lovers call to find out what is happening over the weekend. A typical announcement may, for instance, be an open invitation to join a group at the former Imperial Palace with a leading historian as tour guide.

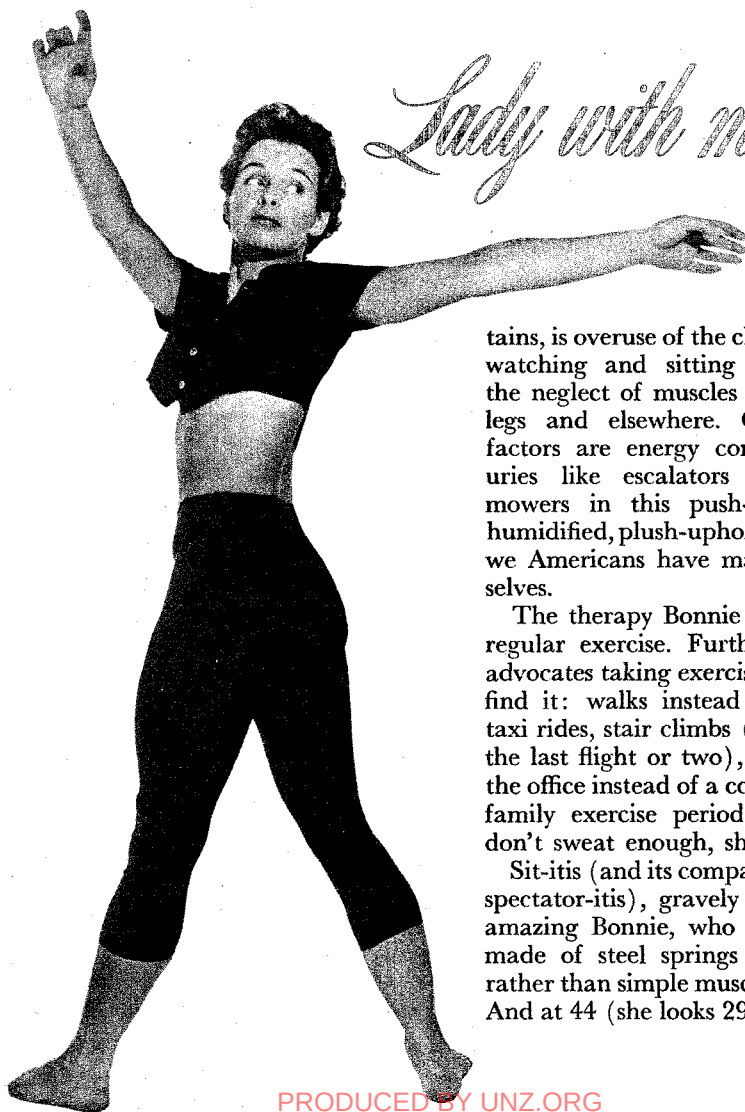
Diehard traditionalists may moan, "Old Vienna is dying!" Old Vienna may indeed be dying. But New Vienna is dialing—and adding new facets to life in the process.



FOR THE PAST ten years, a trim, curly haired, wildly energetic lady named Bonnie Prudden has been trying, singlehanded, to pound America into shape. The immediate target of her self-imposed mission is a disease afflicting Americans of all sizes and both sexes: sit-itis.

Symptoms of the disease are flab, shortness of breath, backache, stiff shoulders, fatigue, depression, no zest for living. Occasionally there is a desire (after a tense day at the office or in the home) to slam doors and bark at the family pet.

The cause, Bonnie Prudden main-



Lady with muscle

tains, is overuse of the chewing, TV-watching and sitting muscles—to the neglect of muscles in the arms, legs and elsewhere. Contributing factors are energy conserving luxuries like escalators and power mowers in this push-button, dehumidified, plush-upholstered world we Americans have made for ourselves.

The therapy Bonnie prescribes is regular exercise. Furthermore, she advocates taking exercise where you find it: walks instead of bus and taxi rides, stair climbs (even if only the last flight or two), push-ups in the office instead of a coffee break, a family exercise period. Americans don't sweat enough, she claims.

Sit-itis (and its companion misery, spectator-itis), gravely concern the amazing Bonnie, who seems to be made of steel springs and rubber rather than simple muscle and bone. And at 44 (she looks 29) this svelte,

CORONET

shapely (5'3½", 33-25-34, 125 pounds) mother is her own best advertisement for the benefits to be derived from regular exercise.

Bonnie's dynamic crusade to make Americans sweat more is many-faceted. You have probably seen her in black tights and black midriff top

—and a mission

by REX LARDNER

performing astonishing feats of exertion once a week on Dave Garroway's "Today" show over NBC-TV. (She has gotten Garroway enthusiastic about strengthening his abdominal muscles.) She is an active member of President Eisenhower's Citizens Advisory Committee on the Fitness of American Youth, and gives talks on the value of exercise wherever and whenever she can. She is co-author, with Dr. Hans Kraus, Associate Clinical Professor of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at New York University, of the Kraus-Prudden report. This report gave the alarming news that European children were immensely superior to American youngsters in physical fitness and has been called "the report that shocked the President." Bonnie is owner and director of the Institute for Physical Fitness, a former White Plains, New York, school she has turned into six gym-

nasiums, locker rooms, a massage room and an office filled with experimental equipment that exercise zealots ask her to test.

In spite of her rigorous schedule, Bonnie never complains about fatigue. She is capable, in a pinch, of putting successive classes at the Institute through six hours of tough calisthenics.

From all her activities, Bonnie now commands a six-figure income. But so fervent is she in her crusade to harden the soft underbelly of America that virtually every nickel is plowed back. It either goes to purchase new equipment for the Institute, or into pilot studies on the value of exercise for such special groups as the blind, mentally retarded children, and persons with a physical ailment.

Her business manager, John Dorsey, doesn't cavil at what might appear to be Bonnie's lack of business sense. "My main job," he says, "is to keep Bonnie from killing herself through zeal."

This indefatigable lady is more upset about the shape of Americans generally than she is about Americans individually. She feels strongly that our youngsters are either badly fed, or overfed for the little physical workout they get. They see too much TV, they can't find trees to climb and they never walk anywhere—let alone run.

Because ladies have been conditioned to think exercise is unfeminine, Bonnie holds, they are overweight in the wrong places and underweight in the wrong places, and are forced to rely on special equipment to help pad, bolster, compress,

support and disguise themselves.

Oddly, she scoffs at the legend about housework being exercise. "Whatever movement there is in doing housework," she says, "is done from the elbow. It won't improve the figure. To improve the figure at the top, do push-ups and chin yourself. For the abdominals, lie supine on the floor, with the knees bent and the feet held down. Then, hands behind the head, do sit-ups."

Bonnie has exercises for practically every muscle in the body. For the hamstrings (the muscles in the back of the thighs), she advises: sit spread-legged on the floor. Grab the right leg with both hands and, keeping both legs stiff, try to pull the chin toward the toes of the right foot. Alternate eight bouncing movements right with eight left.

She has just put out a record—33⅓ on Vinylite—with 40 minutes of exercises for women. It's called "Trim 'n' Limber." Also about to appear are records containing exercises for pre-school children, for ladies about to have, or having just had, children, and for older people.

"Harvard physiologists have found," Bonnie says, "that, just like animals, humans react physiologically to irritation. When aroused, breathing quickens, blood rushes to the muscles, the secretion of adrenalin is increased.

"An animal, undergoing these pep-up processes, either fights or scampers away. But what can a human do? Sit there and take it. Snap a pencil. The result is, at the end of a trying day, stiff shoulders or a stiff neck from unreleased nervous tension, which stirs up fatigue poisons."

For tensions in the shoulder area, a high shrug is good. Try to cover the ears with the shoulders, then relax.

Bonnie rids herself of her own tensions by exercising mightily and often. Summers, when her crusade permits, she climbs in the Italian Dolomites. Otherwise, she climbs the Mohonk Cliffs near New Paltz, New York. Winters, she skis expertly (she has won the highly coveted Eastern Amateur Ski Association Award).

Between times, her arduous schedule permitting, she exercises in her bedroom in her comfortably furnished 5½-room apartment in White Plains. She keeps a mat rolled up under the bed, which she hauls out to tumble on, and bags of shot in her closet. The bags weigh one, two, and five pounds each and Bonnie holds them behind her head or fastens them to her feet—the idea being that extra resistance during an exercise increases the exercise's effectiveness and lessens the amount of time one has to devote to it.

In town, Bonnie wears the latest fashions—a sleek pencil-line dress (with girdle), for instance, or a ballerina dress (no girdle). "I don't think a girdle should be worn for purposes of confinement," she says, "but if the dress style calls for it, I succumb."

Until she was 25, she didn't wear a bra. After bearing a child, the average woman should wear one, she thinks. Nowadays, sometimes Bonnie does and sometimes she doesn't—depending on its suitability to her apparel.

Believing firmly that "a person is

what he eats," she has strict rules for herself about food. When she eats out or when she cooks in her apartment, she chooses simple food simply prepared: rare steaks and chops, cottage cheese, salads and fruit. She stays away from butter, fatty foods, rich desserts and sauces.

Once in a while she eats a fudge sundae. No psychological reason for it, she says; she's just fond of them. Then, filled with remorse, she exercises three times as hard and pounds it off.

THOUGH Bonnie is on a constant run, she is never too busy to demonstrate a specific exercise for a specific problem. When she takes plane rides, the hostesses flock around her to get advice on how to make hips, ankles, stomach, thighs or bust bigger or smaller or harder. Quick as a wink Bonnie shows them the answer, even if she has to lie down in the aisle to do it.

Ever since she was a tiny child she has derived tremendous pleasure from physical exertion. "When I was three," recalls Bonnie, who has a younger, equally attractive, but less active, sister, "my parents would find me at the tops of trees. At four they enrolled me with the local Russian ballet in Mount Vernon, New York, to burn off my extra zip and teach me discipline. I loved it."

Bonnie sprinted everywhere. She challenged boys to tree-climbing contests, invariably outscrambling them. Her father, a newspaper advertising representative, taught her how to box. She went on to become a swimming, hockey and basketball star at Horace Mann High School

and a skillful breaker of horses on an Arizona ranch. After graduation, she toured as a modern dancer with the Charles Weidman-Doris Humphrey dance group. At a high school alumni party she met Richard Hirschland, a Dartmouth student and an ardent skier and mountain-climber. They were married for 18 years, and are now divorced.

Hirschland introduced his lively bride to mountain-climbing and they spent part of their honeymoon scaling the Matterhorn ("A good mountain to start on," Bonnie says, though they were almost killed when a storm blew up).

Then, back in Vermont, she overestimated her skiing ability. Racing down an extremely steep incline—Suicide Six in Woodstock—she crashed into a hard hummock, splintering her pelvis.

Doctors told her that the bones were overlapping and that she would never ski or climb mountains again, and that she could never have children. Bonnie didn't believe them.

While she couldn't move anything else, she could still move her feet. So she bought records and invented lying-down dances. Way ahead of time, she was wearing a brace and walking. But the brace was extremely uncomfortable, and, in desperation, she visited Dr. Hans Kraus at the Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. He recommended, among other things, a series of exercises to strengthen and limber up the damaged parts of her body.

They worked—stamping indelibly on Bonnie's mind the therapeutic value of exercise. Determinedly she climbed rocks and mountains and

skied, breaking a few more bones meanwhile, but conquering skiing the way she'd conquered other sports. And she had two children.

But while Bonnie was living the strenuous life, she noticed that her daughters and their friends were not. Their games weren't taxing enough, they weren't climbing trees.

A scheming Bonnie asked Suzy, then 4, and Petie, 8, to bring along some playmates to a clubhouse she'd arranged to use. There she gave them calisthenics. The girls, later joined by numbers of boys, were delighted to learn they had muscles and could do things with them. The number of "students" rapidly increased.

The following summer, Bonnie asked Dr. Kraus if there were some kind of test to determine her students' fitness progress. Dr. Kraus suggested the Kraus-Weber tests—a series of six devised by him and Dr. Sonya Weber, of Columbia University, to determine minimum physical fitness.

Bonnie tested her group—now 40 strong. Dismayed, she saw that half the newest students flunked the tests. To Bonnie this was a sure sign of a national crisis. She got together with Drs. Kraus and Weber and devoted portions of the next seven years to testing 4,264 American children and 2,879 Italian, Swiss and Austrian youngsters between six and 16.

The results were frightening. For instance, 35 percent of the Ameri-

can children failed one or more of the five strength tests (the sixth is for flexibility), compared with only 1.1 percent of the European youngsters. Then, 44.3 percent of the American children failed the flexibility test as against only 7.8 percent of the European children. This report "shocked the President" and resulted in the establishment of the Citizens Advisory Committee on the Fitness of American Youth.

Back home, Bonnie's classes grew larger and larger—to the point where she borrowed money, made the plunge and founded her Institute for Physical Fitness. It now has 19 instructors who teach 800 members—from two to 80—every sport from fencing to gymnastics. She would like to establish an Institute in every city in the country.

"Otherwise," Bonnie says ominously, "the Russians will be so far ahead of us physically we'll never catch up."

"Did you read what doctors at a recruiting station told Shane MacCarthy, director of the President's Council on Youth Fitness? They've detected a new ailment among recruits—they get heel fractures when they're learning to march. Apparently, in all their childhood and adolescence, they've never used their legs. Shameful! The human body is a wonderful instrument if only proper use is made of it, and Americans must do just that if America is to survive."

Cleaning Bill

Why don't kind hostesses with tasty dips
Provide us with non-break potato chips? —DAVID SAVAGE

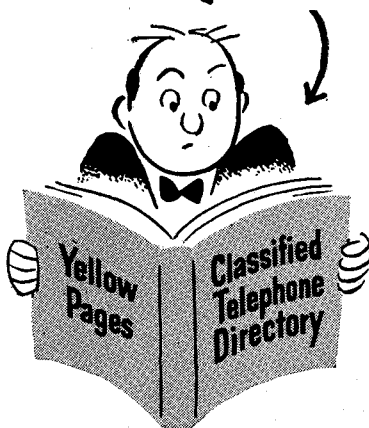
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SHOES



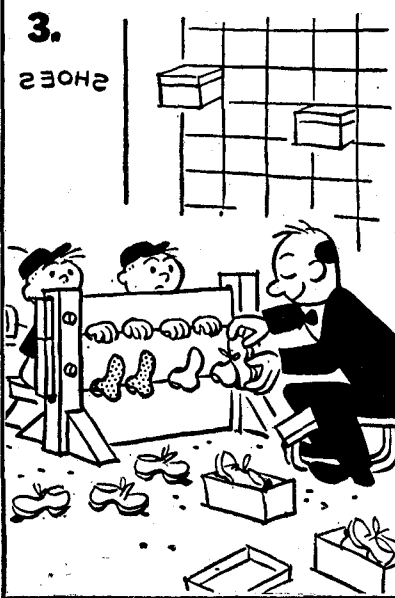
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The chemistry of WOMAN

by John Kord Lagemann

FOR THE AMERICAN male, femininity is like modern art. He knows what he likes and what he dislikes, but he finds it very hard to understand. Woman excites, inspires and comforts him. She brings beauty, order, meaning and purpose to his existence. At the same time, she irritates him with her vanity, baffles him with her special brand of logic, and infuriates him with her sudden changes of mind and mood.

Why, despite their common humanity and their mutual needs, do the two sexes remain such strangers

to each other? In recent years, scientists have traced a good deal of woman's mystery, charm and unpredictability to chemical compounds called hormones.

These substances are the stimulators which regulate the development and the functioning of the various organs of the body. They are produced by the "ductless" glands—so called because they pour their secretions directly into the blood stream. Thus the hormones permeate every organ and tissue and coordinate their activities.

To find out how they influence feminine behavior, let us take a look at Eve, a typical American girl. At 11 or 12, she still fits trimly into dungarees and roughhouses unself-consciously with the neighborhood boys.

Then, almost overnight, there is a new lilt in her walk, a new light in her eyes. She fusses for hours before the mirror, experiments with glamorous poses, postures and perfumes. Her easy camaraderie with boys gives way to coyness. Without any conscious planning on her part, Eve has slipped across the shadowy borderland between girlhood and young womanhood.

Though she would think it unromantic, this wondrous transformation is largely brought about by changes in body chemistry which every normal girl experiences in her early teens or a year or two earlier. During girlhood the ovaries are small and almost dormant. The pituitary, a small, bean-shaped gland at the base of the brain, now begins to manufacture specialized hormones which stimulate the ovaries

to grow to their mature walnut size and start full production of the female hormones.

Their potency is almost unbelievable. The powder Eve uses to cover the tip of her nose weighs many times more than the total amount of female hormones to be found in her blood stream. Yet they cause the sex organs and breasts to grow to mature size, and they bring about changes in bone structure and fat distribution which mold her figure into feminine contours.

In response to hormone stimulation, her body hair grows in a feminine pattern, her skin remains soft and glowing, her voice is tuned to a deeper, more melodic timbre. After a halting start, menstruation becomes regular.

All these body changes are accompanied by profound changes in feeling and outlook on life. The sex urge is kindled and expresses itself in the countless feminine charms which are designed to attract and secure a mate.

And when Eve finally marries and has children, the sex hormones regulate the delicate and complex processes of conception, pregnancy, delivery and lactation.

Femininity cannot be understood except in relation to woman's highly specialized and complex role in reproduction. Sexually, all that nature demands of the male is to manufacture an abundance of sperm and deposit it where it will come in contact with the female egg. For this function, his testes produce male sex hormones at a fairly constant rate—highest in his late teens and gradually tapering off into old age.

Woman's more complex reproductive function, however, requires the secretion of hormones in amounts and ratios that must fluctuate continuously to bring about the monthly cycle of menstruation. It is these fluctuations which cause woman's unpredictable changes of mood, temperament and sexual feeling which men find so baffling. Husbands could live more happily with their wives if they understood the chemical ups and downs a woman goes through each month that make her so different from a man.

From puberty to menopause (except during pregnancy) woman is embarked on a kind of chemical roller-coaster ride that takes about 28 days to complete. No sooner does she finish one series of dips and whirls than she embarks on another just like it. If a man could accompany her on just one of these cycles he would probably never again accuse her of being fickle, overemotional or inconsistent.

The purpose of menstruation is to prepare new linings in the uterus as possible resting places for such eggs released by the ovaries as are fertilized by the male sperm. If the egg is not fertilized, the lining is detached from the uterus and discharged from the body in the menstrual flow. Even while this is happening, another egg is being ripened and a new lining prepared to receive it.

The entire process is regulated by the secretion of varying amounts of the two female hormones—estrogen and progesterone. There is never a moment in a woman's reproductive lifeline when her emotions are not

subject to the ebb and flow of these two powerful catalysts.

At the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago, psychoanalyst Dr. Therese Benedek and biochemist Dr. B. B. Rubenstein studied how mood changes followed sex hormone fluctuations in 15 women between 25 and 31, most of them married. At regular intervals throughout several monthly cycles, Dr. Benedek investigated the changing emotional states of these women in a series of psychoanalytical sessions, and tried to estimate the balance of sex hormones in their blood streams. Working independently, without any knowledge of her estimates, Dr. Rubenstein took vaginal smears to determine the actual amounts and proportions of sex hormones in the subjects' blood streams.

In this manner, they studied 152 monthly cycles. And when Dr. Benedek's estimates were compared with Dr. Rubenstein's chemical tests, the findings were almost identical.

During the first 14 to 15 days following the start of the menstrual flow, the ovaries secrete increasing amounts of estrogen. Dr. Benedek found that this predisposed the women to feelings of increased alertness, well-being, sociability and sex-desire. The restlessness and irritability that some experienced during this stage she attributed mainly to frustrating circumstances which prevented them from expressing their real feelings.

At mid-cycle, from about the 13th day to the 19th day, the ripened egg rises to the surface of the ovary and leaves the protective husk or follicle which has formed around it. While

the egg proceeds to the opening of the Fallopian tube, the follicle remains as part of the ovary and turns into a temporary gland called the *corpus luteum*.

Its job is to secrete the other female hormone, progesterone. This hormone stimulates the uterus to grow a new lining as a resting place for the next egg in case it is fertilized during its passage through the Fallopian tube. When conception fails to occur, the *corpus luteum* dries up.

The emotional effect of progesterone, Dr. Benedek found, was to temper a woman's active sex drive and well-being with a passive, receptive tendency. As estrogen secretion fell off and progesterone secretion rose, Dr. Benedek's subjects tended to feel calm and self-centered.

During the last few days before the flow, both estrogen and progesterone secretion fall off rapidly. This has the effect of closing off the blood supply to the lining of the uterus and bringing about its expulsion from the body in the menstrual flow.

Emotionally, Dr. Benedek's subjects reacted to the sharp drop in female hormone secretion by feeling irritable, restless and depressed—a condition most women recognize as premenstrual tension.

The decline in estrogen which follows childbirth and menopause also produces anxiety and depression.

In the United States, eight of ten crimes of violence committed by women occur immediately before or during menstruation—while sex hormones are at their lowest ebb. In many cases, premenstrual tension is intensified in the neurotic person.

There is no doubt that during this

period a woman's body chemistry predisposes her to both physical discomfort and emotional stress. It is hardly surprising that so many domestic quarrels erupt during this period. Husbands and wives could avoid many of them if they learned to check the calendar and make allowances for the effects of temporary shortages of hormones in a woman's blood stream.

In some women there is a brief but intense flare-up of sexual excitability during this phase. Many doctors have observed that when this is satisfied the symptoms of premenstrual tension are often relieved.

TO QUALIFY as masculine, a man is supposed to be active and aggressive. To be feminine is to be passive and receptive. Do these behavior traits correspond with the actual effects of the male and female hormones? They certainly do.

After a shot of male hormone, for example, a hen develops a comb, struts, crows and fights; female canaries, ordinarily silent, warble loudly; the swordless female swordfish grows a sword. On males, the female hormones have an equally dramatic effect. The rooster starts brooding and will sit for days on end on the nest. Male rats and mice build nests and produce milk.

The blending of male and female hormones in a healthy woman does not detract from her femininity but rather enhances it. In fact, the masculine hormones have the greatest effect in stimulating feminine sex desire. These include not only the specifically male hormone, testosterone, but a variety of chemically re-

lated substances produced by the pituitary, the adrenal and the thyroid glands.

Most of these hormones have now been synthesized and are used in the treatment of a wide variety of ailments. But doctors have to administer them with great caution. Excesses of any of the masculine hormones in women have distressing side effects, among which are the growth of body hair, coarsening of the skin, huskiness of the voice.

In women, the adrenals are the main source of "androgens," as the masculinizing hormones are called. The adrenals are a pair of glands located over the kidneys and consisting of two parts—a central core or medulla, and an outer covering or cortex. Each adrenal gland weighs about as much as a nickel. Six times their own weight of blood passes through them each minute, giving them the richest blood supply of any organ of the body.

The adrenals are the energy glands. Like the afterburner on a jet engine, they soup up the body to meet sudden emergencies by pouring on more fuel in the form of blood sugar reserves from the liver. In both men and women, a severe deficiency of adrenal secretion is usually followed by loss of sexual desire and, if the deficiency is prolonged, by degeneration of the sex glands.

Extreme overactivity of the adrenals in women produces masculinizing effects. The bearded lady of the circus is only one extreme. When the adrenals oversecrete in girlhood, the feminine changes of adolescence simply fail to occur.

In women, the waning of ovarian

activity at menopause stimulates the adrenals to secrete more of their hormones to make up for the missing sex hormones. If the oversecretion is great enough, it may cause unusual and unwelcome sex desire. When the doctor administers female hormones, the symptom is usually relieved.

Adrenal activity parallels sex activity in both men and women. In males it reaches a peak in the late teens and early 20s and gradually declines into old age. In women, both sex and adrenal activity level off at about 30 and continue at about the same level until well after menopause.

Activity of the pituitary also parallels sex activity—insufficiency of pituitary secretion in girls arrests sexual development as completely as castration. Women with abundant pituitary secretion are characteristically large, forceful and matronly.

The pituitary-deficient woman is very different. She menstruates late, scantily or not at all, and remains physically and emotionally undeveloped. Usually she is obese. The fat lady of the circus is an example of extreme pituitary deprivation.

Any hormones which stimulate the organism to greater energy output tend to heighten sexual desire, provided the psychological capacity for sex enjoyment already exists. That is why the doctor often looks

for thyroid deficiency in the woman who is "too tired" for sex.

The thyroid glands are a pair of lobes weighing about an ounce each and located on either side of the trachea at the base of the throat. Like the thermostat on a furnace, their function is to regulate metabolism, the rate at which the body produces and burns energy. Too little thyroid secretion in girls delays or interferes with feminine sexual development. In maturity, thyroid deficiency lowers sexual responsiveness and makes a woman feel depressed and dissatisfied.

The hormones, male and female, exert a tremendous influence on woman's physical development and on her personality. Without an ample supply of them, she cannot carry out her reproductive functions. But femininity is not solely a chemical reaction.

Psychologically conditioned femininity—the way a woman has been conditioned to feel about herself and the opposite sex—is in the last analysis the deciding factor. For if she hates men and fears sex, then no amount of hormone stimulation is going to break down her inhibitions.

But her decision that she is a woman and that men are for her can overcome any glandular shortcoming. For when it comes to femininity, biochemistry only confirms the old saying, "Love conquers all."

Show Stoppers

A DAVENPORT, IOWA, man had to pass up the Westerns on his television set. A skunk living under the house objected, in the usual way, to the sound of gunfire.

—STEVE STILL

*Lady Franklin's ceaseless
search for her lost husband
inspired the discovery of
the fabled Northwest Passage*

The Love

THAT OPENED THE ARCTIC

by Elizabeth S. Sherrill

A CENTURY AGO, A BAND OF ESKIMOS timidly climbed aboard a deserted sailing ship which had drifted up against the shore ice. Some descended into the dark hold and, knowing nothing about white men's ships, cut a hole in the side to let in light. Instead, water rushed in and slowly the great ship sank.

This was unfortunate. For in England, meanwhile, a woman was devoting her life to the search for that very ship. She was Jane Franklin, whose husband, Sir John, had gone looking for the Northwest Passage, the water route across the Arctic which men had dreamed of discovering for 350 years.

And with Sir John searching for it, everyone agreed, it was as good as found. For he had already made three trips to the Arctic, and into this expedition had gone everything he had learned about sailing in those ice-choked seas.

On a sunny Monday morning in May, 1845, it seemed that all of London had come down to the banks of the River Thames to cheer his two ships off.

Franklin's plan was to sail west through Arctic water as far as he could during that summer's thaw, spend the winter wherever the ice stopped him, and then, with the next summer's thaw, to sail clear on through to the Pacific.

The ships dropped down the Thames, then sailed north; and the summer and winter passed swiftly. The second summer, 1846, came and went; and fishing boats at the Pacific end of the Passage saw no sign of Franklin's ships.

Jane Franklin spent most of that second long winter telling her-

self that John hadn't really expected to sail all the way through the Arctic in two summers, not really. This third summer, of course, he would make it.

June, 1847, came. Above the Arctic Circle, the pack ice would be breaking up. The ships would be moving again. And suddenly all England buzzed with the news that Lady Franklin had offered £2,000 to any whaler, fur trader, missionary—anyone at all—who had seen her husband since he entered the Arctic.

An official of the Admiralty hurried to her house. "My dear Lady Franklin!" he exploded, pacing the small sitting room. "Are you hinting that the expedition's been gone too long?"

"Call it a wife's instinct if you like, my lord," Jane answered softly, "but I know that my husband is in trouble. I have never told anyone this, but the day before he sailed we were sitting right there, on the sofa. I was putting the last few stitches on the flag I had made—he wanted me

to make the flag he carried with him.

"I looked up suddenly and saw that he had gone to sleep. He was just over the influenza, you know. It was drafty in the room, so I reached over and laid a corner of the flag across his legs. I must have waked him because he sat up with a start, the most horrible expression on his face.

"Then he said, so low I could hardly hear him, 'A flag on me! They don't lay a flag on a living man. They lay a flag on a corpse.'"

The Admiralty officer snorted. "Instinct and superstition. I tell you, your husband will be sitting on that sofa with you again before August is out."

But August of the third year came and went. Then September, October, November.

Jane wrote the Admiralty, begging them to send a relief expedition at once. And now the experts who had smiled at a wife's instinct began to listen.

In March, 1848, an expedition



A search party finally found one of Sir John Franklin's boats—laden with a cargo of death.

sailed, and two more in May. With every ship went a letter from Lady Jane to her husband. They were beautiful letters.

"My dearest love," one of them began, "I try to prepare myself for every trial which may be in store for me, but, dearest, if you ever open this, it will be because I have been spared the greatest trial of all. . . ."

The letters she wrote the Admiralty that fourth summer rank with the most eloquent and moving documents of the century. By mid-July they had prodded, reproached and inspired the British government into organizing the greatest search for missing men in all history.

Nor did they stop with England. The letter she wrote to President of The United States Zachary Taylor has been called "the most admirable letter ever addressed by man or woman to man or woman." It brought this country into the great manhunt. Letters from her persuaded the Emperor of Russia to send ships to the coast of Siberia, and moved a New York millionaire to finance private expeditions.

She, too, sent an expedition to the Arctic. But she was no millionaire, and it took all she had to do it.

When August came that fourth year, Jane hurried to the Orkney Islands where ships returning from the Arctic passed, and took a tiny room in a shabby boarding house. Every time a whaler or codfish ship was sighted, Jane was the first one at the dock.

But the answer was always, "No. We didn't see him." And one by one the search expeditions returned. No. Nothing. No trace.

It seemed to Jane, after that, that the years were all the same: winter was the time for feverish activity. Each winter, she begged and borrowed enough money from her friends to assemble an expedition of her own. Every detail she handled herself: finding a ship, supplying it, fitting it for Arctic travel, hiring a crew, even planning with Arctic experts the route it would take.

Then in the spring came sailing and new hope. Summer was the time for waiting. Fall was the worst of all. In the fall, the expeditions returned, bringing back her letters to John, unopened.

In 1854, the Admiralty made the official announcement that Franklin and his men had perished.

Jane refused to accept it. In spite of her need, she also refused to accept her widow's pension. And by herself, she carried on the search.

Her friends had given her all the money they could: now she went to the public to beg for funds. She was honored and loved in every home in England—in pennies and shillings the money came in. By 1857 she had enough to buy and equip one more ship.

As captain she chose a tall, slim Navy officer who had gone on three of the earlier search expeditions, Francis McClintock. That July, as so often before, she watched her ship disappear toward the sea.

That fall there was no word of Capt. McClintock, nor the following fall. And then in September, 1859, a ship docked at London and a slender figure made his way to Lady Franklin's home.

In the little sitting room he drew

out a streaked and ragged piece of paper which he had found in a can beneath a man-made pyramid of ice. It was dated April 25, 1848. With its help, Capt. McClintock had pieced together the story.

Franklin's ships had spent the first winter where the ice stopped them, and with the next summer's thaw, 1846, had pressed eagerly on toward the Pacific. The water they were traveling now was unexplored: this was the last link in the Northwest Passage. They had to guess which of the channels before them the ice-flow followed, and which was the open-water route to the Pacific. They chose Victoria Strait.

They had scarcely entered it when the ice closed around them. By September they were wedged tight. They settled down to wait for the next summer's thaw.

June of 1847 came, then July and August. But the ice in Victoria Strait never melted. September came again, and a third winter in the ice was upon them.

Men fell sick, and 23 died. Their food and fuel were nearly gone.

Faced with starvation, they began a desperate overland march toward the nearest human settlement, 1,000 miles to the south. On the shore of King William Island

they built a pyramid of ice and left a record of these events in a sealed can.

With this clue, McClintock's men followed their trail. They found stoves and silverware, the heavy boats they had dragged for crossing rivers, loaded rifles that had found no game to shoot at, and then the human skeletons.

As for the leader of the expedition, the paper found beneath the ice recorded that Sir John Franklin had died on the ship June 11, 1847, perhaps as an aftermath of the influenza. He was buried at sea wrapped in his wife's flag.

It was the month when Jane had said, "I know that my husband is in trouble."

Was Jane's a tragic love story, a faith that was never rewarded? She did not think so. The searchers she inspired did not find her husband, but they did find the Northwest Passage. And searching for John Franklin, they turned the unexplored Arctic that he loved into the well-mapped vital region we know today.

If the Arctic does indeed become the "continent of the future" it must date its beginnings from one woman's devotion to her vanished husband.

CORRECTION

The August, 1958 edition of CORONET MAGAZINE contained an article entitled, "Our Secret War Against Soviet Smugglers." This article, reporting actions taken by the United States because of illegal transactions in strategic materials, erroneously attributed to William Kurt Samuel Wallersteiner and his corporations activities both in which they did not engage, and at a time they did not take place. CORONET hereby sets the record straight and acknowledges that error.

The sound that heals

by LESTER and
IRENE DAVID

*With inaudible
barrages of sound,
doctors now
ease a host of
painful ailments
ranging
from arthritis
to shingles*

A POWERFUL but mysterious force emerging from a machine no bigger than a TV set is successfully treating a growing variety of human ills, including many common ones which can cause agonizing pain.

This is "silent sound," now taking its place as one of medical science's newest and most exciting weapons.

Ten years ago there were only a handful of these ultrasonic devices in the country, employed almost entirely for research. Now, manufacturers of the equipment estimate, more than 35,000 are being used by doctors, veterinaries and even athletic trainers. They have been installed in hundreds of hospitals.

Ultrasonic medicine—treatment by silent sound—has already proved effective in the treatment of certain forms of arthritis, bursitis, skin ulcers, tennis elbow, shingles, gout, strains and sprains, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, inflammation of the prostate gland and varicose veins. It has ended unbearable pain for amputees who had developed nerve tumors on their stumps. It has softened scars, making movement possible again in cases where tissues had toughened and contracted hands.

In New York City, for example, a 32-year-old woman is back at her job and busily caring for her family after being virtually incapacitated for almost three years. She had suffered from a severe neuritis, or inflammation of a nerve. At times only continuous novocaine injections gave her relief.

Finally, after all other methods of treatment failed, she came to Dr. William Bierman, one of the world's pioneers in ultrasonic medicine and chief of the department of physical medicine at famed Mt. Sinai Hospital. In Dr. Bierman's office, an assistant smeared mineral oil liberally over the woman's arm—sound waves, doctors have found, travel best through oil or wa-

ter—and wheeled a machine close.

The doctor stepped up and lifted a six-inch-long “sound head” from its cradle. Through this applicator, waves of high-frequency sound generated by the machine screamed silently into the patient’s body.

Slowly Dr. Bierman moved the instrument over the woman’s arm. She felt nothing but a faint vibration.

The woman returned every other day for a total of three treatments. After her final visit she smiled at the doctor in utter disbelief. The pain was completely gone. It has not returned and she has resumed normal activities.

Just what is this strange yet magnificently potent thunderclap of noise you can’t hear?

All sound is composed of vibrations. The human ear’s inner mechanism is able to pick up sounds which quiver at rates ranging from around 20 to 20,000 cycles per second, each cycle meaning one vibration. Finally, when the ear can hear the sounds no longer, the vibrations are said to be in the ultrasonic range.

Many persons confuse “supersonic” with ultrasonic. There’s a big difference, although dictionaries often give them the same meaning. The former now commonly refers to speeds which are faster than the rate at which sound travels. Ultrasonic, on the other hand, has come to refer only to sounds the human ear cannot hear.

The ear can’t hear them but the eye can see plenty.

This sound can cut a diamond, homogenize milk, mix oil and water. It can shake the dirt from clothes without using soap, kill mice and in-

sects and bacteria, age whiskey in minutes, drill a square-shaped hole.

How does sound, which after all is only noise whether you hear it or not, do these amazing things? The answer is simply this: sound is actually a form of energy. The faster it vibrates the air, the stronger is the force of sound.

Enrico Caruso, for example, once shattered a wine glass by belting out a high note in its direction. Vibrations did the damage, about 1,200 of them a second. If sound can do this in the audible range, imagine the energy it possesses when it hits a million cycles a second.

How is ultrasound produced? There are several ways, the mechanism for each one being small enough to be housed in a small area. Generally, electronic instruments are used to expand and contract quartz and other crystals at extremely rapid rates of speed.

Already, more than 2,000 medical reports have been published in the U.S. and Europe on the effects of ultrasonics in healing the sick.

There are cautions and limitations, of course.

First: Nobody considers silent sound as a cure-all for mankind’s diseases. *Second:* So far, it has shown effectiveness in a number of ailments, but no results in others. *Third:* It is dangerous to use on the brain, eye, heart and reproductive organs, particularly in pregnant women.

Fourth: Most doctors point out that in the majority of instances, ultrasonic therapy should be used together with other types of treatment such as medications and exer-

cise. *Fifth*: The force must be handled by experts, with dosages carefully controlled, to avoid the risk of burns and damage to tissues.

In Los Angeles, Dr. John H. Aldes, director of the division of rehabilitation at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, conducted a seven-year study of 7,000 patients who received a total of 108,234 shots of silent sound. Dr. Aldes, reporting the results in the *Journal of the Arkansas Medical Society*, said that fully 80 percent showed "over-all improvement." Some specific findings: 96 percent of tennis-elbow cases had complete relief; 91 percent of gouty arthritis victims showed "marked relief of symptoms"; 78.6 percent of spinal-arthritis patients had relief of symptoms.

In Auckland, New Zealand, Dr. Francis B. Edmundson gave jolts of silent sound to 400 patients afflicted with sinus trouble. "Very favorable results" were noted in 80 to 90 percent of the cases.

Declared Dr. Edmundson at a conference on ultrasonics in medicine in Detroit: "In very acute cases, the relief is sometimes quite dramatic, presumably due to the shrinkage of the congested swollen nasal mucosa, thus allowing drainage to take place spontaneously."

One of the most dramatic high-spots of the use of the new medical Big Bertha was recorded recently in a series of history-making operations at University Hospital in Iowa City. The patients were six victims of Parkinson's disease, which affects nerves in the brain and causes rigidity and uncontrollable trembling in parts of the body.

Dr. Russell Meyers, a neurosurgeon, believes Parkinson's disease can be attacked by destroying nerve bundles in two speck-sized parts of the brain. However, surgery by scalpel is far too risky in the area. He decided to try surgery by sound.

A short time ago, the first patient was wheeled into the operating room. Under a local anesthetic, a piece of skull about four inches square was removed. Then four beams of ultrasound waves were focused on the tiny target. A switch was thrown and for 1.8 seconds silent sound hurtled into the man's brain. Twice more the patient received the ultrasonic shots and in those brief instants the dotlike nerves were destroyed.

Results? Excellent. The first three to get sound surgery were cured of rigidity while two of the three lost their tremors. The next three were treated with complete success.

Nor was this the sole example of ultrasonic brain surgery. A meeting of the American Psychiatry Association in St. Louis was told of 27 instances in which high-frequency sound was beamed into patients' brains. The purpose: to relieve severe pain of victims in the last stages of cancer and to restore sanity to disturbed minds.

These operations were similar to lobotomies, in which part of the brain's frontal lobe is destroyed surgically. Operating by sound, the psychiatrists were told, is superior to lobotomy—it's less risky and simpler.

Dramatic results have been reported by doctors in loosening up toughened scar tissue.

Dr. Bierman tells about a young

mother whose world began crumbling when she found one hand almost useless because of contracted scar tissue. She was unable to wash clothes, care for her children properly or perform everyday jobs around the house. Dr. Bierman suggested they try ultrasonics. Slowly, silent sound began softening the tough tissue until one day the woman gratefully discovered she could touch her palm with her fingertips. A few months after treatments started, she was able to braid her daughter's hair, tie the baby's shoes and put on her own earrings. She returned to normal living.

What, exactly, does silent sound do inside the body and just why is it effective? Doctors aren't certain. Many investigators believe that the heat produced as a result of friction is mainly responsible. Experiments have revealed localized rises in temperature deep within the tissues when the patient felt no warmth and the skin temperature remained unchanged. However, since similar results were not achieved in many cases by other heat-producing methods, researchers have sought other answers.

Thus, some investigators have found that the rapid vibrations have a mechanical effect on the tissues, spreading apart the fibers. Others have also noted chemical changes in the body, chiefly the liberation of histaminelike substances from the tissue cells.

What else is ultrasonics contributing to the science of healing? Already it gives promise of becoming an invaluable aid in diagnosing illnesses by allowing doctors to view

parts and functions of the human body never previously observed in living persons.

For example, a new ultrasonic instrument just developed in Japan utilizes sound waves to show the motions of the heart chambers and valves, never before directly studied. These vital movements are revealed by changes in the frequency of a beam of silent sound which is reflected from the moving walls of the heart. This observation is invaluable in diagnosing such serious heart ailments as mitral stenosis and mitral insufficiency.

Silent sound may also contribute a new wonder—showing doctors parts of the body which up to now have eluded the X ray. Actual "sound pictures" of the insides of organisms have already been taken by a research team at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. These first pictures, the achievement of Profs. Eustace E. Suckling and William R. MacLean, show the outlines of a fish skeleton, a cat's kidney and the bones of a human hand.

The doctors used equipment somewhat similar to sonar devices employed by the Navy. A single shaft of high-frequency sound was focused on the object. These waves were then reflected back and translated into a picture on a TV-like screen.

But here is the fascinating part: such vital components of the human body as nerves, veins and arteries cannot be seen on X-ray plates because they are transparent to the rays. But they are not transparent to sound waves. Therefore, predict Profs. Suckling and MacLean, the

possibility for picturing these and other hitherto unphotographed internal structures is now "definitely present."

The sound nobody hears may come up with even more medical marvels. Researchers, utilizing the ability of ultrasound to disintegrate objects, have already pulverized kidney and gall-bladder stones in the laboratory. Now scientists are seeking a method of destroying these stones inside the human body. If they succeed, all kidney and gall-bladder surgery—up to now the only satisfactory treatment—will be a thing of the past.

What of ultrasonics and cancer? There is suppressed excitement about this in some medical circles. A team of scientists at the famed Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, reporting in the *Archives of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation*, has announced that bone cancers have been at least partially destroyed in animals by high-frequency waves of sound.

Other researchers have obtained extraordinary results from the use

of combined X rays and ultrasound in the treatment of skin cancers in animals. Cancer tissue was completely absorbed in two weeks and there was no regrowth.

Commenting on these experiments, a publication of the American Medical Association asserts: "Surely these findings suggest the imminence of a new cancer treatment method that may have tremendous significance."

Much work remains to be done, of course. Answers must be found to vital questions. Can ultrasound be refined so that it will concentrate its killing effect only on malignant tissues and spare healthy cells? Can it search out and destroy *all* cancerous tissue, leaving not a single one that can grow again? Scientists are hard at work on the problems.

But despite its limitations, silent sound is a laboratory curiosity no longer. It has become a powerful new weapon in the arsenal with which medical science is carrying on its relentless war on pain and disease.

In short, silent sound has made a big noise in the healing arts.



Situation Redface

AFTER NUMEROUS COMPLAINTS from supposedly speeding motorists, a Norfolk, Virginia, traffic patrolman checked his own speedometer and found it was 10 m.p.h. too fast.

THE NOVI, MICHIGAN, Republican Club invited the township's oldest voter to attend a political rally—and she turned out to be a Democrat.

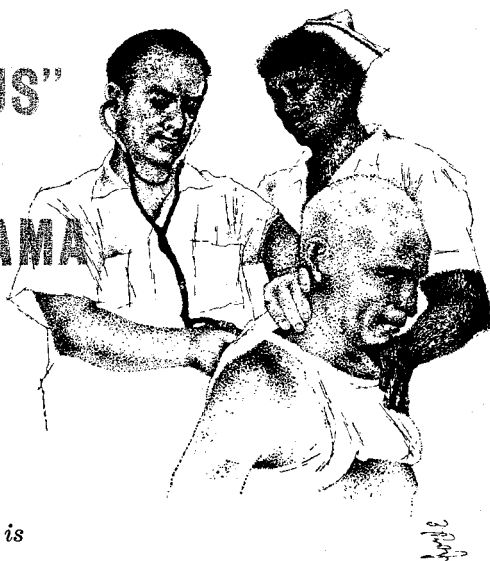
A SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, woman who couldn't unlock her parked car broke a window to get in. Then she discovered it wasn't her car.

—W. E. FARNSSTEIN

"LITTLE JESUS" OF GRAND BAHAMA

by HENRY LA COSSITT

*His medical miracles
and life of sacrifice have
convinced the natives
that their island doctor is
"next to the Man Above"*



THE MIRACLE occurred at High Rock, a settlement not far from the eastern end of the island of Grand Bahama. A baby girl, mourned for dead, was brought back to life by Dr. Adolph Richter, the island's district medical officer. Or so the Grand Bahamians say.

Dr. Richter is a Pole, a native of Łódź, now a British citizen. He does not in the least look like a worker of miracles.

In his middle 40s, he is small—five-and-a-half-feet—and a little chunky. His expression is shy, his face boyish, his hazel eyes mild. His voice is high-pitched, gentle. He speaks with a pronounced accent.

As he goes about the island in coveralls and baseball cap you might take him for nobody of consequence.

You would be wrong. Dr. Richter is of great consequence.

During World War II, he served his tragic country as a medical officer in Poland and France, in an internment camp in Switzerland and later with the Polish Red Cross in Belgium, where he cared for displaced persons. Twice he was captured. Once, he was sent to prison in Rumania; once, to a camp in France. He escaped from both. When the Polish Communist government took over the nation's Red Cross, he went to England.

For a year or so, he had a fine residency in a Glasgow hospital. But he was restless for a place where he would be needed. He applied to the British Colonial Office and in 1952 was sent to Grand Bahama.

Dr. Richter looks after the physical and—more often than not—the spiritual welfare of the slightly more than 5,000 people who live on the 87-mile-long island, the fourth largest and northernmost of the Bahamian archipelago. All but about 200 of them are descended from slaves.

Grand Bahama is principally known for its handsome Grand Bahama Club, a pleasantly idyllic resort for yachtsmen, deep-sea fishermen and tourists in search of an out-of-the-way island paradise. But these know little of the rest of the island—of, for example, High Rock, where the miracle occurred.

The inhabitants of such places are a gentle people, and simple and a little sad—with the ancient sadness you see in children sometimes—and they love their Dr. Richter.

“Mahn,” they say in their flat, sing-song English, “he is the tenderfulest doctor.” They call him “Little Jesus.” They say he is “next to the Mahn Above.”

Dr. Richter’s fame has spread through the islands. People come sailing in sloops and little schooners—sometimes as much as 200 miles—bringing a sick child, an aged parent, or just their own aching bodies. They arrive at all hours of the day or night at the doctor’s quarters back of the Grand Bahama Club.

He cares for them all. And for this he receives a salary of £1,400 (\$3,520) a year. But he may charge; and he does: an average of three shillings (42 cents) a consultation,

no matter what it may entail or how far he has to travel. On top of this, he charges three shillings for an injection, whatever it may be; and one penny for a pill.

His fees help pay for the medicines; they also give satisfaction to his patients, who are curiously proud, even though, as a rule, they have very little money. When they are unable to pay, treatment is forthcoming anyway, and this they know.

Grand Bahamians say things their own way. “My stomach is upside down,” means stomach upset. “The world is sitting on my poor head,” means headache.

Before Dr. Richter came there was no doctor—at least not a regular one. A physician from somewhere, maybe Nassau, called at intervals. But in the little settlements out in the bush they hardly ever knew about it.

If you lived at a place like High Rock, you depended on bush medicine. Sometimes you asked a witch to help you.

But suppose your upside-down stomach was due to an appendix that had exploded; or the world sitting on your poor head was the forerunner of polio. Neither bush medicine nor witch could help you then. You needed a miracle. But there were no miracles—until Dr. Richter came.

The doctor has wiped out diphtheria, tetanus and whooping cough by immunization, and polio is no longer a menace. With his nurse, Lorraine Gibson, a tall, rangy native

of New Providence, and Sam Brown, his general helper, he gave 1,476 shots of vaccine last year.

Mrs. Richter helps the doctor when he has no nurse. She is Swiss. He met her in Bern during the war, when she assisted him in the internment camp. And their daughter, Anya, was born in Switzerland.

The doctor sees patients at rude clinics he has established. He sees them in their homes. He sees them in his offices back of the Club.

Sometimes he goes out in answer to the island "telegraph" summons. There is no telephone system on Grand Bahama. The "telegraph" is a relay of message from "upshore," as they call the far island reaches, back to the Club.

WHEN DR. RICHTER first came to the island, there were only trails and grass tracks, and only two motor vehicles—the Commissioner's Land Rover and a garbage truck. The doctor rode in them. He rode his bicycle. He walked. Once he walked a round-trip of 26 miles, carrying his satchels, to treat an ailing woman.

His endurance is a matter of wonder for the islanders. Papa Skeeter, the Baptist preacher who runs the saloon at Holmes' Rock, puts it like this: "Mahn, the little doc knows no tiredness."

This is not quite true. On the evening he is said to have performed the miracle, Dr. Richter was very tired. For several days the going had been unusually strenuous. That day he had started out early and had worked his way upshore, stopping at the settlements. He had cared for

over 50 patients. Now it was dusk, and he still had High Rock to go.

High Rock is a quarter of a mile or so off the road. It is a dismal cluster of shanties among the scrawny pines and ragged palmettos, where people try to wrench a living from the sullen soil and close-by sea.

The doctor knew the child they said was dead there. She was one of identical twins, born six weeks before. When he had seen the baby the previous week, she had been well, developing normally.

As Dr. Richter, Nurse Gibson and Sam Brown made their way through the village, they heard the wailing. When they reached the house, they saw relatives and friends standing about mourning the dead child.

The tiny body had been laid out on the bare boards of a plain table in the middle of the principal room. It lay there in the dim lamplight in what seemed to be the ultimate inertia of death. There was no sign of breathing, no pulse. From what the family told him, the doctor knew that the child was a victim of pneumonia.

He was satisfied himself that the baby was dead. But medical instinct is strong. He put a stethoscope to the little chest. Faint, but surely, he heard the tiny tom-toms of a feeble heart—labored, but drumming out its life-beat nevertheless.

Excited, he gave an injection of lobeline, a drug that stimulates the brain center, controlling respiration. He waited.

Presently, as the people in the room looked on in awe, the little chest began to heave, and if you listened closely you could hear the

stertorous breathing of the child.

The baby was weak. She needed food. But she was so feeble she could not suck her mother's nipple.

The doctor bade the woman bare her breasts. He manipulated them, squeezing until the milk ran into a cup. To this he added a drug—achromycin. Then he fed the baby the mixture with an eyedropper.

It was a slow process. Drop by drop, the mother's milk and medicine flowed down the tiny throat while the people in the room waited. There was no sound except for an occasional whimper or a painful exhalation.

Then it happened—the child cried.

She is alive and healthy today. And the doctor has tried to disabuse the Grand Bahamians of the miracle notion. He has failed.

"Mahn," they say at High Rock, "we saw the dead baby come to life before our eyes."

Miracle it is. Miracle it will be in years to come as calypso musicians celebrate it in song for people at the Grand Bahama Club to dance to. And in the summer of 1955, the islanders did great honor to their doctor or, as a tourist described it, "sort of canonized him."

Dr. Richter and his family went to Europe that year. He was on leave. They left in late May and were gone for three months.

Meanwhile, things happened back in Grand Bahama. Nobody can say how it started. It seemed spontaneous—an idea so natural everybody thought of it at once. It was this: the doctor needed a car and the people would buy one for him.

Up until then, Dr. Richter had depended on anything available for transportation. This pained the Grand Bahamians. Their little doctor needed his own car.

With the then Commissioner Stanley Darville leading the movement, the people began to raise money. Each settlement organized a committee. They gave dances and parties; the proceeds went to the car fund. Migrant agricultural workers sent money back from Florida. People did odd jobs, sold fish, souvenirs.

The 240 people on Sweeting's Key turned in more than £100 to Commissioner Darville. "I still can't believe it," he says. "There never was that much money out there."

The Commissioner went to Miami. He shopped around. He hadn't enough money for a new automobile, but he found a 1953 Mercury in fine condition. The people who sold it said they wanted to contribute, too, and knocked \$125 off the price, which finally worked out to \$1,525 plus the duty of 32½ percent.

When the Richters flew in after their vacation, they were startled to see the big crowd at the airport down below. The people shouted and waved as the DC-3 taxied to a stop on the little strip. They surged around the plane in welcome, and Commissioner Darville presented the car.

Dr. Richter wept. First he said he wouldn't take it; the people had sacrificed too much. Then he said he would because he knew what acceptance would mean to the people.

"This is not my car," he said final-

ly, and tears were in his eyes again. "It belongs to the people of Grand Bahama and will be used exclusively for them."

It was, as the tourist said, a sort of canonization.

But the ending is not entirely a happy one. Several months ago, Dr. Richter and Nurse Gibson were driving upshore in the Mercury. A man coming the other way was on the wrong side of the road. The doctor was painfully injured in the accident and Nurse Gibson had to have more than 20 stitches in her face. Luckily two tourists, both doctors, were driving behind them when the crash occurred. And in a moment Dr. Ejnar F. Gottlieb, company physician for an island lumber concern, came along. Dr. Richter and Nurse Gibson had good, and prompt, medical attention.

But the beautiful Mercury was wrecked beyond repair.

When the news spread to the set-

tlements, everybody who had a car offered Dr. Richter the use of it. Even the taxi drivers who run the tourists from the airport to the Club donated their vehicles. They had to forgo a day's work to help. And, his injuries healed, Dr. Richter goes his usual way again—reaching his destination in vehicles his people provide for him.

Visitors to Grand Bahama wonder at the little doc. How, they ask, can he, who is equipped to practice successfully in any of the great cities of the world, remain in such a remote corner of it?

The answer to that is not clear, although there are several clues. One is in the pronouncement of Dr. Richter himself: "I suffer more than any of my patients." Another thing—as one enters a village with the doctor, one hears people say: "Little Jesus comin'." He cannot miss hearing it, too. And that may have something to do with it.

Scanning the Ads

Kansas City, Kansas: Wanted: experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Detroit, Michigan: Wanted: saleslady in girdles and brassieres.

St. Louis, Missouri: Need man to take care of horses that can speak German.

Los Angeles, California: Wanted: man with car to be companion to hitchhiker.

Eagle Pass, Texas: Am despondent on account of continued livestock thefts. Need watchman that can shoot. Will pay by hour or by head.

Jacksonville, Florida: Hats cleaned by phone.

—FRANCES RODMAN

Election day

by Frank L. Remington

FOR YEARS PAST, Election Day in the small town of Hubbard, Nebraska, has been like any other day. For Hubbard doesn't vote for its municipal officials. When an incumbent grows tired, he simply tags one of his neighbors to take over the official duties. Local residents seem to find the system satisfactory.

Candidates on the hustings face many problems—like the would-be alderman in Warren, Arkansas. Horrified when he found his opponent in the race was none other than his own boss, he promptly withdrew his name from consideration.

Voters, too, face some bizarre situations. Balloters in Idaho Falls, Idaho, hesitated about choosing Dr. David H. Smith for city council when he pleaded: "Don't vote for me. If I am not elected, I will be able to go fishing." But voters in Morris Plains, New Jersey, entertained no doubts on the stand of office-seeker Warren G. Bath. If elected, he promised an all-out effort to abolish his office.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Arnold of East Jordon, Michigan, cannot qualify to vote in Charlevoix County if they move their bed. Seems their home stands on the dividing line of two counties. They eat in one county, sleep in another. State law decrees a voter must cast his ballot in the county where he sleeps.

A citizen in Montana failed to register and lost his vote. Informed of this at the polls, he flew into a rage



and stomped out with the ballot box tucked under his arm saying: "If I can't vote, no one else can either!"

In Mt. Morris, New York, the mayoralty election was a tie between incumbent Craig Shurtleff and his challenger, Serafine La Delfa. His Honor was deposed on the flip of a coin tossed by a city official to break the deadlock.

Anthony R. Francis of Truro, Massachusetts, entered his name for 11 different municipal offices—and won not a single post. Doubtless he felt somewhat like Edward V. Dempsey, would-be city councilman of North Adams, Massachusetts. After an abortive campaign for the seat, he turned in this expense form: "No contributions, no expenditures, no success."

Dr. J. Louie Freeman was not quite so docile when the vote tally for mayor of Ripley, Tennessee, gave him the short end of a 1,106-57 count. He demanded a recount of the ballots, declaring, "I have more than 57 relatives, and I know they all voted for me." 

The weird world of SLEEPWALKING

by DANIEL WILKES

Haunted by inner conflicts, many victims often "act out" their dreams

ONE NIGHT, a few years ago, 33-year-old Marcia Wollner of Berkeley, California, awoke from a sound sleep to find herself at the wheel of a fast-moving car she "didn't know how to drive" when awake. She hadn't the slightest idea where she was or how she had managed to drive it.

Mrs. Wollner brought the car to a halt, walked to a telephone, and learned she was 23 miles from home. Her husband had to be called to get her and the car.

It appeared that the attractive housewife had risen at about 2 A.M. Quietly, without waking her husband, she put on a shirt and coat over her pajama top, then gathered up the family's two dachshunds. In the garage, she ignored her own car, which has an automatic shift, and got into her husband's car—whose old-fashioned manual shift mystifies her in waking hours. She drove across the city of Oakland, without lights, and was barreling along a freeway when she awoke.

Mrs. Wollner's drive may have been the most spectacular somnambulistic performance that night. But it was far from the only one, for it is

estimated that there may be 4,000,000 sleepwalkers in the U.S.

Each night in homes all over America, thousands of people arise without waking. Usually they wander about the room or the house—for a few minutes to a half hour—then return to bed. They may climb stairs, open doors, partially dress themselves.

Complex accomplishments like letter writing, piano playing or doing school homework have been reported. A two-hour or three-hour stroll outside is occasionally undertaken by some sleepwalkers. One man was accustomed to scooping up his wife and rushing out of doors, fearful that the building was going to fall on her. Sunday School teachers may curse lustily, the docile become pugnacious, and cripples prance across rooftops. A minister successfully pleaded somnambulism when accused of fathering a young girl's child.

In 1946, a man from Arkadelphia, Arkansas, snapped out of a nightmare into a real world of unbelievable horror. In his dream state, he had warded off an "attacker" with a heavy flashlight. Awakened, he

found that his heavy blows had killed his only daughter, Brenda Joyce, four—the “attacker.”

Sleepwalking is one of the most mysterious of man's activities. In some way not now understood, the sleep machinery is disturbed. Then a switch in the central nervous system propels the slumberer into action. The “typical” sleepwalker gives the appearance of being awake. His movements are slow, his arms relaxed, his eyes open. It is not true that he walks with his hands outstretched to feel his way. On the contrary, he is in good contact with his environment, visually, and has no trouble avoiding obstacles. If you light a match in front of his eyes, however, he gives no sign of noticing it.

The nocturnal perambulator has good hearing. But you cannot hold a sensible conversation with him, ordinarily. He is truly “out of this world”—preoccupied with subconscious problems.

You'll find him receptive to suggestion, somewhat like a person under hypnosis. He will return readily to bed when told. Sometimes he will carry out bizarre orders. Usually he is not violent, though sauntering slumberers who are severely disturbed emotionally may shout, punch walls, jump out of windows.

Almost all sleepwalking is an offshoot of the personality make-up, and is associated with dreaming. In many ways, somnambulism is dreaming in action. Rarely, it may be caused by physical damage resulting from disease, especially encephalitic brain infections.

Psychiatrists say we do things in

dreams we cannot or dare not do while we're awake. Most of us dream quietly in bed, without any special physical activity. But some people must act out their dreams. Instead of hearing or seeing his dream, the somnambulist lives it by symbolic action.

Take the case of Ione Wier, a pretty, blonde housewife who went night-roving in the altogether in her home town of Enid, Oklahoma. She climbed a tree and busily plucked leaves from branches. An awed audience of townspeople watched the fire department set up a life net. Then her husband shinnied up the tree and tapped her on the shoulder. She awoke and tumbled into the net.

Ione Wier said she had dreamed she was at a dog show and was turning all the dogs into French poodles. The evidence was there, too, 15 branches plucked clean except for the “poodle tail” at the end.

Marcia Wollner saw the symbolism in her sleep-driving episode as an unconscious purpose to take the dogs to see her son, who was in Arizona for treatment of arthritis.

Behind the activity of the sleepwalker, says Dr. J. Martin Myers, Jr., an executive medical officer at Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, is a kind of division of the personality. During the day, the person controls certain impulses and drives them into the unconscious, where they may remain vividly alive. During sleep, a detached fragment of the unconscious personality may assume control, causing the individual to act out the impulses.

In one case, for example, a young woman would rise, go to her moth-

er's room, kiss her, and then return to bed. The psychiatrist treating her learned that the girl and her mother had quarreled, and, although living together, had not spoken for months. The girl's sleepwalking was her suppressed wish to show affection for her mother.

Psychiatrists classify sleepwalking as a "dissociation," or "hysteria," in which there is some degree of divided personality. This fragmentation of the personality explains the fact that the sleepwalker normally doesn't remember his dream. In most instances, only the most insistent evidence will convince him that the episode actually has occurred.

Night-rambling is common as a

passing incident among healthy children. It may occur only once, or at great intervals. Usually it is harmless, and normally disappears early. Often it is a symbolic running to a parent, or fleeing from punishment.

Any tension, fear or unhappiness can be the cause. A suppressed wish to run away from home, failure in school, rejection by a parent, or lesser stresses may trigger an episode. Tonsillectomies, accidents and other physical incidents are sometimes precipitating factors.

When it begins at puberty, sleepwalking may be associated with conflicts about sex. Guilt and fear of rejection, centering about masturbation, may start night-roaming.

In adults, sleepwalking may be transitory, arising and passing with a serious problem—such as a past grievance, financial problems, worries about the future. Recent Army and Navy studies of sizable numbers of somnambulists revealed common personality characteristics and backgrounds of confirmed adult roving slumberers. Generally, they were above average in intelligence and education. They came often from small towns or farms and from poor families. Their training was strict and religious, their families large. (In one study, the average number of children was 6.5.)

These somnambulists were well-adjusted on the surface. They made no trouble, and reports on their work and conduct were good. But beneath the surface serious emotional warfare raged. Emotional immaturity, insecurity and a shortage of self-confidence were evident.

The sleepwalkers had low boiling



Night-rambling in the nude, an Oklahoma woman climbed a tree and busily picked leaves.



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NOVEMBER, 1958

151

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points—but didn't boil. Instead of letting their anger come out, they suppressed it. Their biggest difficulty seemed to be putting their feelings into words.

Among the somnambulists, the psychiatrists found docility and dependence, and an exaggerated craving for affection and approval. Past histories of bedwetting, temper tantrums, nightmares and fear of high places were common. Making and maintaining friendships was difficult.

Drs. Chester M. Pierce and Harry H. Lipcon, who made a study of sleepwalking recruits, found that the "pseudo-adjustment" of some of their subjects was often disturbed by only slight pressure. A sleepwalking episode ensued, giving the somnambulist a safe outlet for his pent-up tensions.

Sleepwalkers have been credited with fantastic dexterity. Nonsense, says Dr. Myers. True, they often do things asleep that they wouldn't try awake. But this is because their less inhibited subconscious is in control. They seldom undertake feats, however, that are beyond their actual abilities.

True sleepwalkers are generally not held accountable for their actions. The Arkansas father was not charged after he killed his daughter, since a long history of sleepwalking was proved. But psychiatrists can spot fakers. They have shown up spurious sleepwalking excuses for sexual aberrations, murder, and other illegal acts.

What should you do if you find a member of the family wandering

about asleep? Dr. Myers advises gently waking the person, making sure he knows where he is and that he is sleepwalking, and then returning him to bed. If the sleeper is in a dangerous position, either postpone the awakening or eliminate the danger.

It is wise to remain with the child sleepwalker until he has gone back to sleep, reassuring him quietly that worry made him walk, and that many people do it. Dr. Olga Bridgman, University of California psychiatrist, urges parents not to talk unnecessarily about the episodes. They make the child important and stimulate him to walk again.

Dr. Myers recommends consulting a physician if the episodes persist, or occur with particular possibilities of danger. Among children, the mere avoidance of stress, overtiredness, heavy meals or excitement before bedtime may be enough. The solution of a problem may end the episodes.

With adults, if there is an obvious problem, a solution may end the wandering. Relief of fears about a fixed cause may help, and so may changes in sleeping arrangements or diet.

When sleepwalking is persistent—in a child or adult—psychiatric help may be needed to reach the deeplying conflicts that cause it.

The best medicine the psychiatrist can offer the somnambulist is a better understanding of himself and his fear. If he can be brought to recognize his own abilities and worth, he will gain greater emotional maturity and serenity. And this is the secret of a lasting cure.



de kuyper

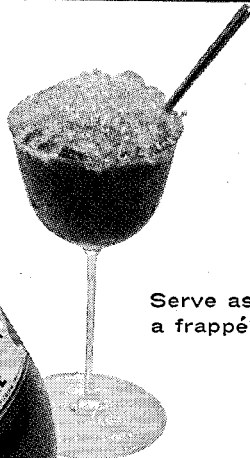
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155

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for my fare; and in New York, wearing armbands with Esperanto slogans, they met me at the dock, took me to a hotel, and found employment for me. Do you wonder why I believe that Esperantists are different from other men?"

Esperanto is the "auxiliary language" of 7,000,000 people in 47 lands. Four Popes have given it their blessings. Hitler abhorred it; the Communists first embraced, then outlawed it.

THIS STRANGE IDIOM was conceived at the age of 18 by a Polish youth, Ludoviko Zamenhof, who envisioned a peaceful world in which all men would speak the same language in addition to their own tongues.

"Wars will be impossible if all men become brothers, overcoming language barriers and getting to know each other," he proclaimed. "A truly universal language is the only hope of mankind."

By 1887, the persistent youth had printed his first Esperanto grammar. Most people regarded him as a visionary, if not a crackpot. When he issued his first volume about the new language, he modestly used a pen name—Doktoro Esperanto (meaning "the doctor who hopes." *Esperanza* means "hope" in Spanish.)

The book caused a stir in Europe and America, and his "inter-language" became known familiarly as Esperanto—a symbolic word which delighted the shy scholar. Later, as a struggling eye doctor, young Zamenhof spent all his spare time perfecting and promoting Esperanto.

He prescribed 16 simple rules of grammar and concocted 3,500 root

words for his new language system from the Romance, German, Slavic, Latin and Greek tongues. If a word was common to several languages, it was a likely candidate for Esperanto.

Kelnero (meaning "waiter"), for example, is from a German word also used in similar forms in Rumanian, Dutch, Norwegian, Polish, Bulgarian, Lithuanian and Estonian. Zamenhof naturally appropriated it for his new idiom.

Every letter of the Esperanto alphabet, which has 28 characters, has one sound only. There are no silent letters, and every word is pronounced as it is spelled. Some typical words: *tablo*, table; *teo*, tea; *vino*, wine; *koro*, heart.

Phonetics and root words play a large role in Esperanto. Since the noun photography is *fotografio* in Italian and Portuguese; *fotografering* in Swedish and Norwegian; and *fotografija* in Russian, the Esperanto word understandably became *fotografio*.

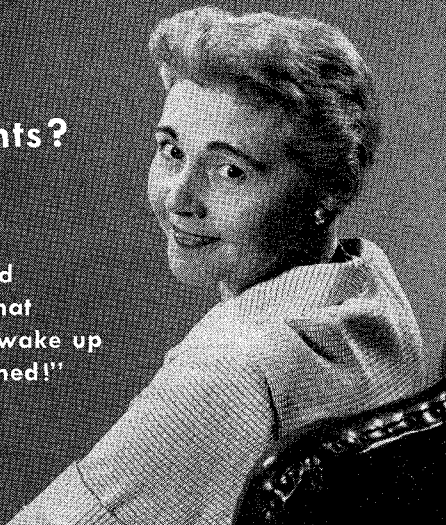
All adjectives end in *a*, a delightfully simple arrangement; and to make an adverb from an adjective, you merely change the *a* to *e*. Example: *bona*, good; *bone*, well.

As an example of Esperanto's dependence on root words, let us consider *patr*, the root of father. For the noun, you add *o*, making *patro*. To become an adjective—fatherly—simply add *a* to the root word to create *patra*. To feminize this word to mother, you add *in* to form *patrino*. To make it plural, add a *j*, thus: *patroj*, fathers, or *patrinoj*, mothers.

To combine mother and father into a new word, parents, add the

**"Me lie awake nights?
Not any more!**

**"When I'm ready for bed
I just take Sleep-Eze and
fall asleep fast. And what
a wonderful feeling to wake up
really rested and refreshed!"**



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All over America, thousands of people who once had trouble sleeping now rely on safe, fast-acting SLEEP-EZE for the sound, undisturbed sleep good health requires.

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prescription-type sleeping pills. And because SLEEP-EZE contains no barbiturates or narcotic drugs, it is not habit-forming — leaves no unpleasant after-effects.

Don't lie awake another night. Get SLEEP-EZE Tablets today at any drug counter (*no prescription needed*). Start tonight to enjoy 8 full hours of restful sleep *every night!*

**Results of these tests were reported in leading medical journals and by Coronet Magazine in a recent news article.*

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prefix *ge*, as in *gepatroj*. Still building on the same root word, you make father-in-law by adding the prefix *bo* as: *bopatro*.

Many teachers claim it is easier to learn—and more logical—than Basic English, long advocated as an aid to world understanding.

Other man-made languages came and disappeared—including Volapük, a German system—but Esperanto remains and has won new adherents year by year. Today you will find 7,500 books published in, and on, Esperanto, as well as 120 magazines and innumerable pamphlets. You can hear short-wave broadcasts—170 of them—each month from Paris, Bern, Vienna, and Belo Horizonte, Brazil.

At an inter-religious conference held at The Hague, 450 delegates boned up on a quickie Esperanto course. Within a single day, they were conversing with each other and understanding the major speeches with the help of pocket dictionaries.

Since World War II, many leading Esperantists have tried to persuade the United Nations officially to support the language, but progress has been slow. However, organizations representing 15,000,000 people have presented petitions to the UN asking it to encourage the use of Esperanto in travel, international commerce and correspondence.

Under the Czar, Russia had its own society for the promotion of Esperanto. When the Reds seized power, they tried to subvert Esperanto to their own political purposes. So most Esperantists in non-Communist countries gave up writing to their former Russian friends.

The commissars themselves finally realized the futility of trying to use the world-wide movement as a transmission belt for Communism. In the 1930s, Soviet citizens were forbidden to speak or to receive letters written in Esperanto. But now, after almost 30 years of hostility, they are flooding this hemisphere with orders for magazines and books written in Esperanto.

Esperantists are wary of Red overtures, however. Dr. George Springer, of the Center for International Studies at M.I.T., says that Stalin himself decreed that Russian would be the future international language and exiled Esperantists to Siberia in large numbers.

Always a hopeful group, European Esperantists once planned an "Esperanto City" to be located on the outskirts of Munich. (Before the Nazis, Germany had 335 schools teaching Esperanto.) But with the advent of Hitler, who feared the possibility of international friendship fostered by Esperantists, the German members of the movement had to use only German or face imprisonment.

To test its precision, a French newspaper once summoned leading linguists. "Here are French technical and literary texts," they were told. "Let's translate them into six different languages. Then translate the translation *back* into French. Thus we will see which language is most precise."

Of the six languages—Esperanto, Russian, German, English, Spanish and Italian—tested, Esperanto translated best from and back into French. And the second French version was

HELP MEANS LIFE ITSELF



Diamanto is Greek, age 9. In a workless area, her parents are too ill to work. "Home" is one small room. There is no running water, no electricity. Bed is the floor. One stream of rocky soil yields an income of \$10.00 a month . . . not enough to live and too much to die. Thin and pale from undernourishment, Diamanto knows only hunger, cold and distress. She limps when she walks for her rubber boots are too small for her feet. She owns no shoes. Her mother and father look with despair on their child whom they cannot feed and clothe. Help to Diamanto means life itself, love and hope.

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Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Western Germany, Korea and Viet Nam—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

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I enclose herewith my first payment \$.....
B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing \$.....

Name.....

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NOVEMBER, 1958

159

virtually identical with the original, a striking tribute to the power of Esperanto to convey any language's specific meanings and shades of thought.

Today, Shakespeare's "As You Like it" has been translated into *Kiel Plaĉas Al Vi*, and *La Sankta Biblio* (The Holy Bible) is the world's No. 1 best-seller in Esperanto as in other languages.

In Austria, you'll pick up railway timetables in Esperanto. Many European postal clerks speak it. On the

French Riviera, traffic signs in Esperanto guide the motorist. And many Dutch policemen wear armbands proclaiming that they, too, speak the tongue and are at a traveler's service.

Members the world over correspond in Esperanto; and gestures of friendship and liking among them are the rule, not the exception. Small wonder that the Polish boy's dream of world amity through Esperanto is shared by more people today than ever before.

the world-famous Christmas classic ... the littlest angel

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Bring the joy of this wonderful Christmas story right into your own home. A Yuletide tradition, Coronet's *The Littlest Angel* has won the hearts of millions with its simple beauty and rich inspirational theme. Here is the most lovable tyke ever to lose his way among the clouds of Paradise. He couldn't stay out of trouble . . . and his halo was always on crooked. He had nothing to offer the Christ Child except a gift of love . . . a gift which was chosen above all others to shine as an inspiration to mankind. This year, show your family *The Littlest Angel*—the world's best-loved Christmas story on film! *This new 8mm movie version with titles is approximately 20 minutes running time. Available in full color at \$29.95 or black-and-white at \$8.98. Simply send order and remittance to:*

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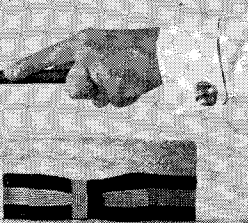
Out of This World

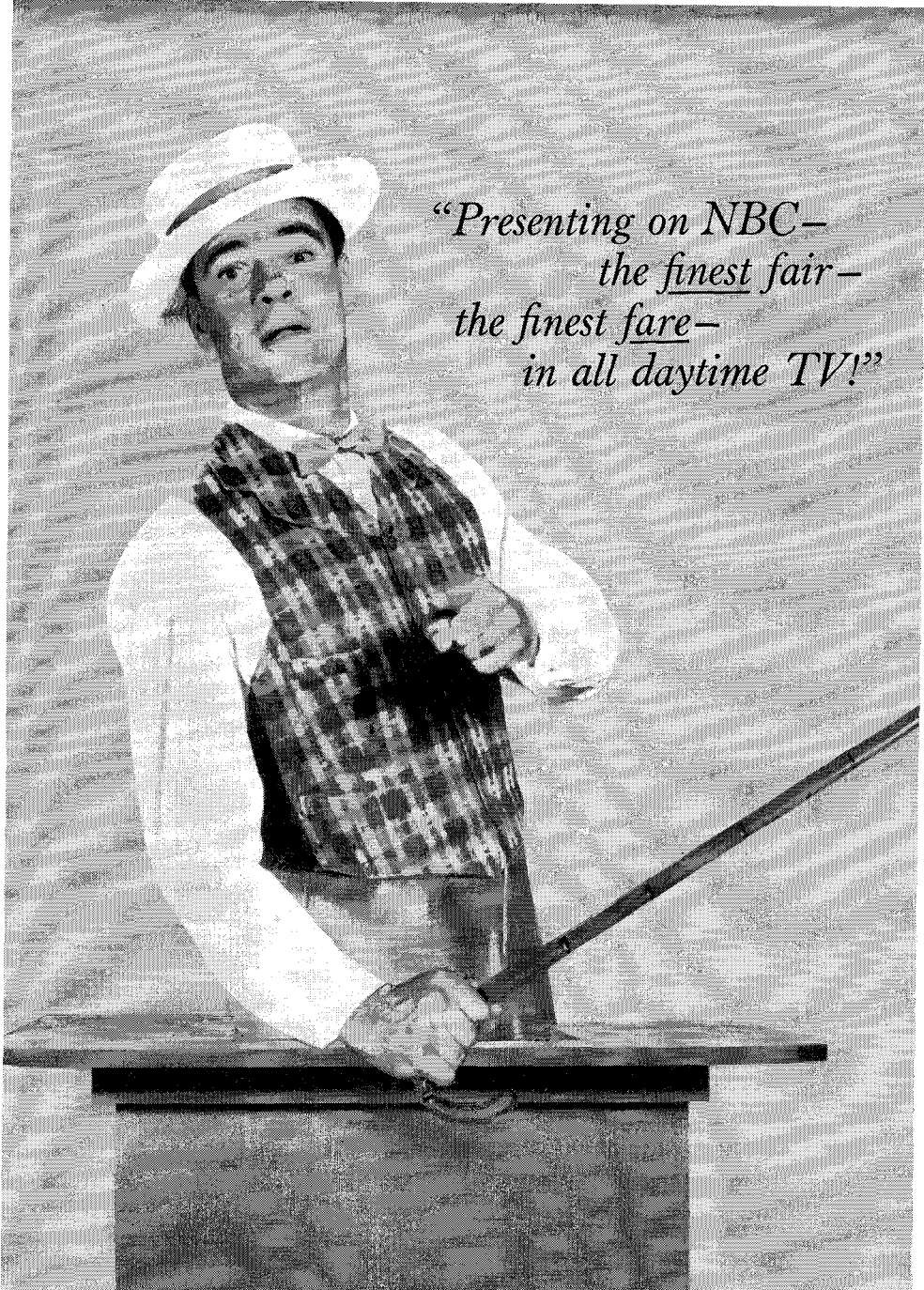
(Answers to quiz on page 93)

1. b; 2. c; 3. a; 4. b; 5. b; 6. c; 7. c; 8. c; 9. c; 10. c; 11. a; 12. a;
13. b; 14. c; 15. a.

“Ladies and gentlemen,

•
just
look
↳ this
way...



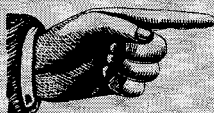


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in all daytime TV!”*

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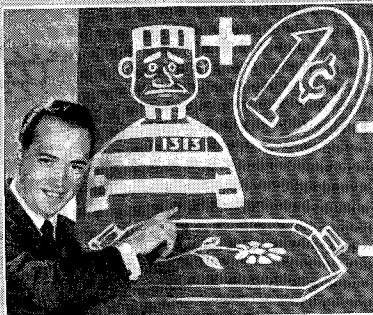


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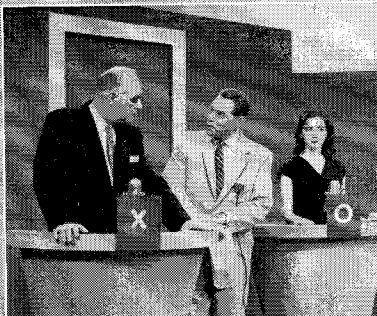


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12 NOON



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Participants pay fantastically funny
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SIGN AT A RECENTLY completed San Diego, California, church: "Trespassers will be forgiven."

—BOB BROWN

LOST: Will the gentleman who picked up the fur coat on Riverside Drive last night please return the blonde that was in it. No questions asked.

—AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

MRS. VILAS N. ALLNUT, a Missouri township tax collector, put this advertisement in the local paper:

"I am taking this method to express my sincere thanks and appreciation for the excellent co-operation and many acts of kindness extended to me while collecting the township taxes. May God's richest blessings be with all of you till we meet again next year."

—Associated Press

AT A CATTLE CROSSING near Concord, Ohio, this sign counsels the highway traveler:

AT CATTLE CROSSINGS
PLEASE GO SLOW
THAT OLD BULL
IS SOME COW'S BEAU!

—VALERIE BUTTA

IN AN ATLANTA, GEORGIA, restaurant: "Charcoal-broiled whale steak—free to anybody named Jonah."

—Atlantic Journal

TACKED ON THE BULLETIN BOARD of an Arlington, Virginia, men's club was this bachelor's lament:

And here's to the wife
(Upon her a pox)
Who'd mend all my ways
But never my sox. —HAROLD HELPER

IN MIAMI BEACH, a women's apparel shop displays this card in its window: Be Sure Your End Justifies the Jeans.

—EDYTHE SWARTZWELDER

A DETROIT NIGHTCLUB, with an eye to attracting the convention trade, included this special notice in one of its newspaper advertisements: "Welcome . . . National Association of Credit Men." And in fine print: "Please bring cash."

—BOB BROWN

THIS NOTICE was posted in the Central Police Station cafeteria in Christchurch, New Zealand: "Will the person who took a slice of peanut caramel cake from the commissioner's office please return it? It's part of the evidence in a food-poisoning case."

—New York Mirror

ADVERTISING SAND for children's sandboxes, a gravel company in Brattleboro, Vermont, put it this way: "Clean and fine sand—tracks into the house beautifully."

—MRS. A. A. PRICE

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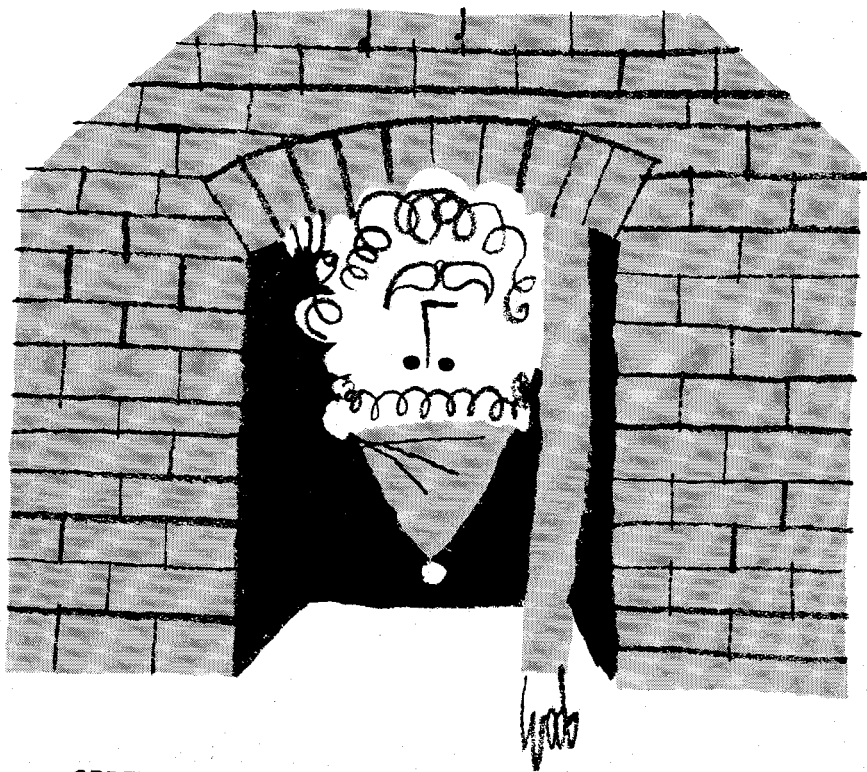
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YOU get an acknowledgment...your FRIENDS receive a lovely gift card...the FIRST ISSUE of CORONET arrives just before Christmas...the bill for your gifts comes AFTER January 1st.

GIVE CORONET —It's the magazine you choose for yourself—so your friends are *sure* to love it!

(PLEASE SEE ORDER FORM OPPOSITE PAGE 110 FOR DETAILS)

NOVEMBER, 1958

167



CHRISTMAS

ON GRANDFATHER'S FARM

A HEARTWARMING NEW CORONET FILM WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED THEME... WONDERFUL FOR SHOWING TO YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE

Join the Bradford family on Grandfather's farm for a celebration of an American Christmas in the 1890's. Beautifully filmed in color, this 16mm sound motion picture turns back the clock to the last century . . . and the simpler, slower-moving life of a homey farmhouse at Christmastime.

The strong bonds of family love among the Bradfords reveal the true meaning of Christmas. In a spirit of warm fellowship, a happy family is reunited, and they find faith renewed in Grandpa's beautiful reading of the account of the first Christmas. The hustle and bustle of Grandma's kitchen preparations and the excitement when ten-year-old Josh gets the present of his dreams—a live colt—add a full measure to the film's joyous atmosphere.

CHRISTMAS ON GRANDFATHER'S FARM is a picture of a home filled with love, goodwill, and joy—a spirit which bridges the gap between another century and our own . . . between our homes and those of people everywhere.

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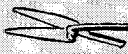
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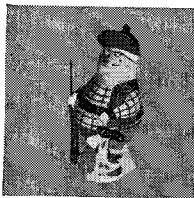
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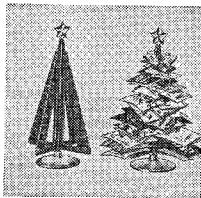
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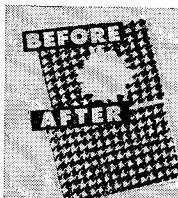
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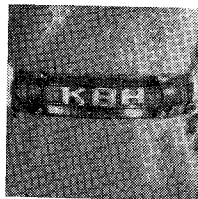
MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME



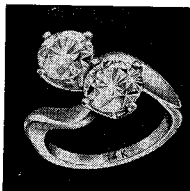
Invisible Reweaving pays up to \$10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricron, Dept. 3911, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

\$5.95 BELT ENSEMBLE, ONLY \$2

Beautiful top-grain cowhide belt ensemble, 3 solid brass initials. Wear five ways. \$5.95 value, only \$2 with box flap from Modess® Sanitary Napkins. To order, state sizes (20 to 30), print 3 initials, enclose box flap and \$2 in cash, check or money order. Personal Products Corp., Box 108, Brooklyn 1, N. Y. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1958.



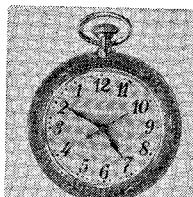
MORE BRILLIANT GEMS THAN A DIAMOND



Jarra Gems surpass all other gems in fiery brilliance. Hard to distinguish this man-made stone from a diamond, handcut & polished by expert craftsmen. Send for free booklet! Tells amaz. story of Jarra Gems. Shows variety of Ladies' & Men's ring. Unset Jarra Gems (1-5 carats) \$25. a carat, tax incl. Dept. CR3 Jarra Gem Corp., 489 5th Ave., NYC.

DRAWKCB LLAW KCOLC—\$8.98

Backward Wall Clock tells the time in reverse. Hands turn backwards, numbers read backwards—it's 91% of crazy office or den wall clock for wacky gift giving. Gay 80's gold-finished motif, electric motor; just plug in! Guaranteed to tell the right time accurately—the wrong way. Only \$8.98 ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-K Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.



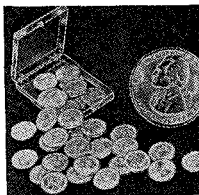
(Continued on next page)

To advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 182

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SET OF PRESIDENT COINS—\$1

Beautifully sculptured likenesses of each President of the United States—from Washington to Eisenhower—on each of 33 different coins. Gleamingly gold-plated, a collection souvenir. Makes history a snap to learn! In clear plastic box. Guaranteed or money back! President Coins Set, only \$1., postage paid, Carol Beatty, 2663 Beatty Bldg., Culver City, Cal.



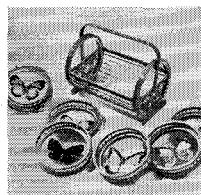
JIGSAW PUZZLE MADE FROM PHOTO



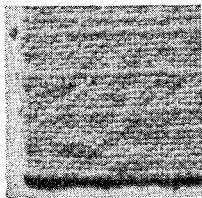
8"x10" Jigsaw Puzzle made from favorite photo, only \$1.00. Imagine child's thrill in assembling a jigsaw puzzle & seeing his picture or Mom's and Dad's, or any photo come to life before his eyes. Send neg., print or snapshot & it is transformed into a lifelike jigsaw puzzle. Hand-colored, only 50¢ more. Incl. 25¢ for pstg. & hdg. for each puzzle. Jig Saw, Dept. H-16, 114 E. 32 St., N. Y.

"LIVE" BUTTERFLY COASTERS—\$5.95

Symphony of natural beauty & Oriental craftsmanship. Holder & 6 Coasters all hand made of select bamboo. Base of each coaster contains richly hued "live" butterfly laminated between glass. Roughest usage, in water or out, won't harm them. Compl. set—\$5.95. If COD, fees extra. Scott Mitchell House, Dept. SS-11, 415S, Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.



ONLY \$2.98 A YARD AND 10 FEET WIDE!



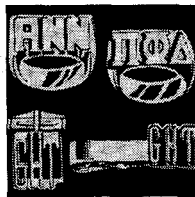
California decorators "up-end" it to drape the widest window floor to ceiling without seams! Heavy "primitive" textures in 3 weaves, unfinished or preshrunk, to wash & fluff dry, never ironed. Natural, white or custom dyed. \$2.98 to \$4.98 yd. Avail. French-pleated. Send 25¢ for catalog. Homespun House, 291 So. Robertson, Beverly Hills 14, Calif.

STERLING BIB CLIP

Just the thing for the highchair set! The sterling silver spring clips hold bib (or work-free paper napkins) firmly in place under baby's chin. Clip is engraved with child's first name and birthdate to make a charming personal gift. \$4.95 ppd. Catalog on request. Holiday House, 911 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.



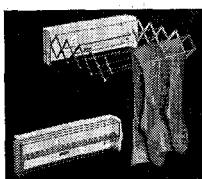
TREASURES IN SOLID STERLING



Beautiful rings, cuff links, tie clasps handcrafted from blocks of Sterling Silver with initials or name to 5 letters. Greek letters, too! Rings & tie clasps \$8 ea. Cuff links \$12 pr. Money back guar. Send ring size (specify man or woman) & check or M.O. No C.O.D.'s Free catalog. Sterling Artists of America, Dept. 35, 1511 S. Madison, Tulsa 20, Okla.

ARTMOORE FOLDING DRY RACK

Handiest space-saver for Bathroom, Kitchen, Bedroom—for drying lingerie, holding extra towels, clothing. Extends to 24", with 15 feet of bar space, plated, non-rusting, smooth. Folds to 3" depth. 6"x18" wall space. White or neutral ivory with plated extensions and bars. Only \$3.95 postpaid in U.S. Artmoore Co., Dept. C, Milwaukee 12, Wisc.



IT WAS HALLOWE'EN NIGHT, and to prepare for the usual horde of youngsters demanding "Trick or Treat," I had a big box of candy ready. By 9:30, however, a steady stream of doorbell-ringers had depleted my supply until there was just one piece of candy left.

Then my doorbell rang again. Answering, I looked down into the charcoal-smeared face of a boy about nine years old. Placing my remaining bit of candy in his hand, I said,

Linings



"I hope you're the last one tonight, Sonny, because this is all I have."

I shut the door and started to put out the lights, when the bell rang once more. It was my little friend again. "Lady," he said politely, "if you're all out of candy, I have plenty here in my bag—and you can have some in case some more kids come."

—MRS. ANNE DUNSTON

THE FARMER'S WIFE had finished her canning, and nearly four hun-

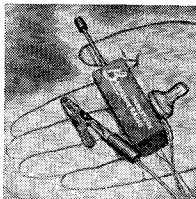
GUARANTEED FOR TEN FULL YEARS



Unique, featherlight action of Rogers Lighters superior to other national brands selling at many times the price. Quality construction and performance guaranteed in writing for 10 full years. Many handsome designs in petite purse size and standard pocket size, only \$1.98. Write for style booklet: Rogers, Inc., 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO! ONLY \$3.95

No Batteries—No Tubes—No Electricity. Can be carried in pocket or purse. Designed to last a lifetime—Nothing to wear out or replace. Use at home, work or sporting events. Personal ear speaker lets you listen in private. A world of entertainment is yours. Order yours Now! Send \$3.95 to Galentine Novelty Co., 519 E. Jefferson St., So. Bend, Ind.

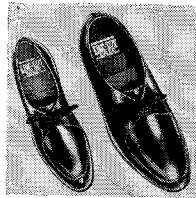


EXCLUSIVE DIA-PLEAT SHIRT

Imported broadcloth with "never-iron-out" diagonal pleats. Originally custom made: avail. now as open stock. Fashion-right for dress-up & business. White, French cuffs, 14-19 neck, 29-37 sleeves. \$8.95 ea. Chk. or M.O. No COD. Write for free catalog. "Lew Magram's Conversation Creations in Men's Fashion." Lew Magram, 830-7th Ave., Dept. C-11, NY



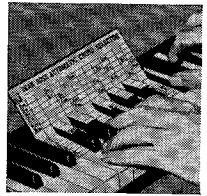
FOR BIG MEN ONLY



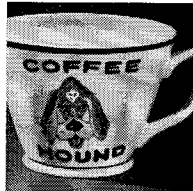
We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sock, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only, satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 819 Brockton, Massachusetts.

START TO PLAY IN 15 MINUTES

This proven successful short cut method teaches you to play songs with both hands in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises, or practice. Secret is the patented Automatic Chord Selector. Sample lesson, chord selection, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10¢. Dean Ross, 45 W. 45, Dept. S-2153, New York 36.



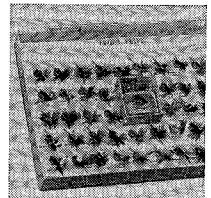
GIANT CUP FOR COFFEE LOVERS—\$1



"Coffee Hound"—the first mug that's big enough to be a real eye-opener for the coffee-bent two-cup lover. Beautifully finished ceramic mug, with hand-painted picture of "half-awake" hound. Huge 5" diameter—giant capacity. A Great Gift! Only \$1.00 Ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-K Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

FISHERMAN'S FANCY

You won't have to fish for compliments from him with this gift. Set of 46 hand-tied fishing flies with cork retainers comes together with an automatic cigarette lighter, or set of 60 flies with no cigarette lighter—just fine for junior or ideal for framing in den. \$5.00 pp. Write now to Panther Fly, Dept. L-46, 108 East 16 Street, New York 3, New York.

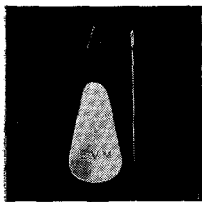


PERSONAL PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS

... make lasting impression. Measure $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, are deckle-edged & embossed. Your choice of sentiments. 25—\$1.85, 100—\$6. ppd., env. incl. Your name imprinted, 75¢ extra, any quantity. For Free sample, send your favorite snap, neg. of baby, family, home, pet, etc. (or photo & 50¢). Neg. returned. Limit 1 sample to cust. Act now. Photo Mail, Box 216-CB, N.Y. 10.



14K GOLD NEEDLE AND THREADER



Most glamorous "little" gift you could give! Elegant 14K Gold Sewing Needle. 14K Gold Needle Threader, in leather case, \$8.50. Needle only \$2.50. Threader only \$6.00. Threader with 3 block or script letters, \$1.00 extra. Tax included. Beautifully gift wrapped. Postage prepaid. Money back guar. Dept. C-11, Merrin Jewels, 530 Madison Ave., N. Y.

HOUSEWIFE SOLVES MYSTERY

Free Catalog ends search. Mrs. B. Billow, 538 Roscoe, Chicago, says, "I found full-time protection for furniture from dust, dirt. Now I have shaped-to-fit Window Clear plastic covers that keep my furniture clean without hiding its beauty." Get Free catalog of over 150 low-cost styles & sizes. Schiller, 60 E. 25 St., Dept. C-118, Chicago 16, Ill.



DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!



Draw any person, still life, map, photo, landscape without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces. Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. \$1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 243, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

50 PC. ROUND-THE-WORLD COIN KIT. \$.51

Start the profitable hobby of coin collecting! Kit includes 10 genuine coins & bills from 10 different countries, booklet on collecting, reproductions of the world's rarest coins, plus coin packets... 50 pcs. in all! And information on collecting U.S. coin series worth hundreds of dollars. Send \$1 to Hobbies Unlimited, Box 488, Dept. CR, Hempstead, N. Y.



Silver Linings continued

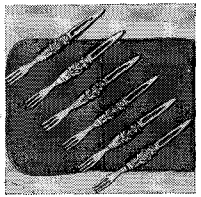
dred jars of preserves spread a giant rainbow of color and promise along the colonial cellar's old "hammock shelves" ceiling beams. Just as the woman came upstairs after stowing the final tumblers, a deafening succession of crashes sounded below.

A panicky trip to the cellar doorway confirmed her heartbreaking suspicions: the overhead shelving had collapsed, and a year's labor now lay in a sickening sea of broken glass and intermingled foodstuffs.

The farm wife sank to the top stair and wept. A neighbor found her there and quickly took in the sad situation.

All day long, the telephone wires hummed. By nightfall, every nook and cranny of Emma's kitchen was laden with the fruits of compassion

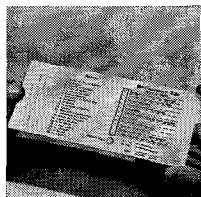
THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST



Your guests will compliment you when they see delicately designed 6 piece Hors D'oeuvres Fork set, with carrying case. Will never tarnish or stain. Available in Gold or Silver finish. Gift packed in clear view box. Direct from manufacturer \$2.50 each ppd. (2 for \$4.75 ppd.) Money back guarantee. Personal Monogram Co., 2 East 23 St., N. Y. C.

ROBERTS' RULES ON A SLIDE RULE

Plastic slide rule is just the thing for Clubs, Unions, Schools & Conventions. Calculate 350 Points of Order in seconds. Basic Rules & how to express 7 Important Motions. This perfect gift is convenient, efficient & economical. In better Bookstores or \$1.00 ppd. to Truth Order Culture, P.O. Box 183, La Porte, Indiana.



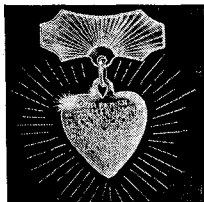
and friendship from preserve cupboards all over the county. Her loss had not only been replaced; there were twenty extra jars.

But, best of all, Emma had the promise of the neighbor's help in cleaning up the cellar mess. And they were going to help her to build new shelves—not hammock shelves this time but wall shelves—which would be “braced to hold up until Judgment Day!”

—EDITH C. BOWIE

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, “Silver Linings,” we will pay \$50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: “Silver Linings,” Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

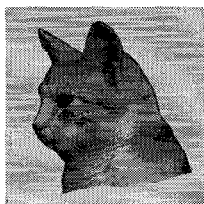
FREE—MAKE MONEY & SERVE THE LORD



Entire Lord's Prayer artfully engraved on 14K Gold-Plated Pin. Wear it with pride and devotion. We ship you a dozen. They sell fast at \$1 each—many buy 3 or more. When sold, remit only \$6 to us. Keep profit for yourself or church. And, you get extra Pin free! Send name, address and \$1 deposit now. We trust You. LaVive Co. 4 N. 3rd Ave. Dept. P-161, Mount Vernon, New York.

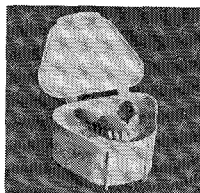
SOLVES CAT OWNERS PROBLEM

Sanitary Kitty Litter, perfect cat box filler, absorbs moisture, odor. Keeps kitty safe, clean indoors. If you are unable to buy at local pet shop, write for big trial bag of litter and durable catnip mouse. Both sent to you postpaid for only \$1.00. Folder on cat products—mailed free upon request. Address Lowe's, Dept. C, Cassopolis, Michigan.

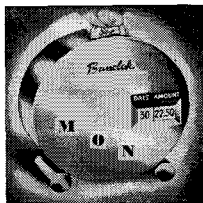


NEW! HYGIENIC DENTURE BATH

Den-Shur-Cup meets all denture care needs. Grand gift idea! Safe, smart container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists—over 160,000 in use for dentures, plates, bridge-work. Specify white, pink, blue, green. \$1 ppd. Cash, c.k., or m.o. from Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092H Steinway St., Long Island City, N.Y.



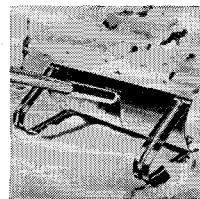
FORCES YOU TO SAVE \$100.00



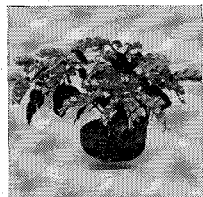
a year automatically! Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Makes you save daily, or calendar won't change date. Use year after year. Pays for itself in 8 days. Reg. \$3.50. Now only \$1.99 ea., 3 for \$5.75; 6 for \$11. Add postage 10¢ per bank. Leaflet, 300 Albany Ave., Bklyn. 13, N. Y.

STOP SHOVELING SNOW

Saves time, saves your heart, your back! Patented Sno-Dozer pushes like a vacuum cleaner. No lifting, no stooping. Clears snow in minutes instead of hours. Slides on sleigh runners over any surface. 16" steel blade, 54" handle. Weighs less than 5 lbs. \$4.95 ppd. Royal-T Products, Dept. CX-118, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.



RARE MEXICAN SHRIMP PLANT



Blooms indoors and outdoors almost all year! Exotic flower-like sheaths change color, from yellow to pink to rose to red-bronze and gold. Graceful spikes are tipped with white and purple flowers. Needs little care. Grows up to a cascade 18" tall. \$1 each; 3-\$2, 6-\$3.75; 10-\$6. Prepaid. Stern's, Department 140, Geneva, New York.

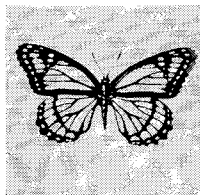
INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a \$1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard giving year of birth to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L1125M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.



12 JUNGLE BUTTERFLIES—\$1

Vivid! Exotic! Ready to mount! Tropical splendor to make stunning table and dresser tops, serving trays or framed. Gorgeous specimens up to 3" across are genuine imported beauties. Each already processed to lay flat. Fantastic, never-before price for 12 all different—\$1 ppd. Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-2, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.



NEW PEN WRITES IN GLAMOROUS INK—\$1



This new ballpoint pen writes with gold ink. Your signature will have a rich metallic look. Wonderful for greeting cards, thank you notes, gift checks, Christmas cards. Guaranteed or money back! Gold Pen with quick change Red and Green cartridges, \$1 postage paid, 3 extra Gold refills, \$1 a set. Carol Beatty, 2664 Beatty Bldg., Culver City, Calif.

FRONTIER CABIN

Big enough for 2 children from 4 to 14. Made of flame-resistant, waterproof plastic. Terrific Val. 200,000 satisfied customers. Approx. 23 cu. ft. Int. Kingsize replica with sloping roof, imprinted windows, shingle walls. Pre-assembled. Send \$1, plus 25¢ handling, 5 for \$4. No COD's. Frontier Cabin, 33 2nd Ave., Dept. F-2785, N. Y. 3.



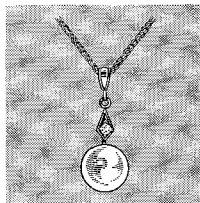
CLEAN COMFORT FOR YOUR PET



Sling Bed, wash. vat-dyed, heavy canvas. Bl'k, Green, Red, White on Black wrought iron frame. Packs flat. 18"x18"—\$6.95*, 27"x21"—\$8.95* both ppd., 36"x27"—\$12.95*, 48"x32"—\$16.95*, exp. coll. *Incl. Sling. Extra Slings \$1.95, \$2.95, \$6.95, \$7.95 ppd. Money-bk guar. No COD's. Free catalog. Hitching Post, Dept. CN, 263 Glen Cove Ave., Sea Cliff, L. I., N. Y.

GEM OF A GIFT IDEA

Striking elegance. Pendant with finest quality cultured pearl enhanced by genuine sparkling diamond on 14 Karat Gold chain. Plush gift box. Truly, a sparkling fashion note. \$25 pp. Send check or money order. Sorry, no COD. Specify White or Yellow Gold Chain. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Ideal. Cultured Pearl Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York, Dept. C1.



MIRTH MAZE

WHEN A FAMED CONDUCTOR studied a musical score, nothing could distract him.

One afternoon, when he was poring over his music, one of his violinists burst into his office and cried:

"Maestro, I refuse to play any longer with the man seated next to me. He's insulting!"

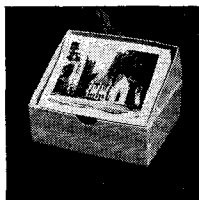
"What did he do?" asked the maestro absently.

"He told me to go to the devil!"

"Well, go if you must," said the conductor, without looking up, "but don't be late for rehearsal."—E. E. EDGAR

A MINISTER WAS accustomed to placing his sermons on the pulpit about half an hour before the church service. One young member noted this habit and one day, before the congregation arrived, removed the last page from the manuscript.

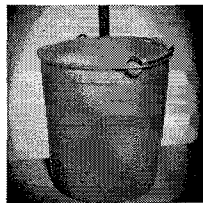
RAISE MONEY EASILY



and with dignity. Correspondence Notes & Envelopes—Each Sheet With A Photo of Your Church, Hospital, School or Club. A year-around seller! Quickly, easily sold for \$1 per box of 24 sheets & 24 envelopes. Generous profits for your Church, club, or school. For samples & information write: Spalding Publishers, Dept. TC, 754 E. 76 St., Chicago 19, Ill.

SCANTY WASH

New portable wash-hand-operated, unbreakable plastic. Action of perforated disk creates suction, removes soil quickly: to change water tilt Scanty holding contents in place with disk. Holds 11 qts., slips easily under kitchen or tub faucets. Ideal for sweaters, socks, drip-drys, bleaching, tinting. Pink or blue, \$4.95 pp. Daily Sales, 3365 Ozark, Houston 21, Tex.



The minister read the sermon, as usual. The last line on what was now the final page had these words, "So, Adam said to Eve . . ."

Lifting the page, the clergyman, seeing no following sheet, riffled through the other pages a moment, gained a little time by repeating, "So, Adam said to Eve . . ." and then, in a low voice, but one which the amplifying system carried to every part of the church, added, "... there seems to be a leaf missing."

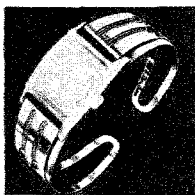
—NANCY GORDON

LEGEND HAS IT that years ago, when a ruined gambler killed himself at Monte Carlo, the Casino employees, to avoid scandal, filled his pockets with bank notes. Thus the real cause of the suicide would not appear in the papers.

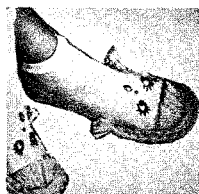
One season an American lost about \$100 in 5 franc pieces at the Casino. Late that night, in a dark

WATCH BAND OF MODERN SIMPLICITY

Sensationally new contour Don Juan watch band, a patented clasp-on type band made of resilient surgical stainless steel. Can be taken apart and cleaned—no other band has this feature. Tarnish and perspiration-proof, non-corrosive. Only \$4.95 at your jeweler or write direct. Free brochure on request. Don Juan, 29 E. Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.



PATTI-PIGTAIL SLIPPER SOCKS—\$1.98



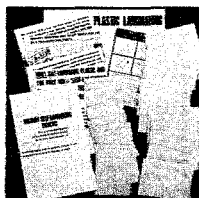
To toast the tootsies and warm the heart of every snuggler on your Christmas list. Cuddly uppers of stretch nylon hug ankle and foot—genuine leather sole for long wear. Patti has nylon braids and hair, and a charming hand-embroidered face. Specify Color: Red or Yellow. Only \$1.98 ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-K Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

WIN IN A THROW—\$1

Throw-A-Word dice game is a sure party stopper! Each player rolls 12 dice from shaker to form words from letters that turn up. More fun than a spelling bee. Grand gift idea for kids and adults. Guaranteed or money back! Only \$1., postage paid. Order Throw-A-Word from Sunset House, 2812 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



JR. BUSINESS KIT



A complete money-making home plastic laminating business or exciting hobby. 40 pcs. wallet size self-laminating plastic (will sell for \$7). Full instructions, business oper. manual, materials & display sign. Kit self-contained—no machines or heat needed. Only \$2.98 pp. Money back guar. Roy's Gifts, 3555 Monterrey St., Dept. B, Corpus Christi, Tex.

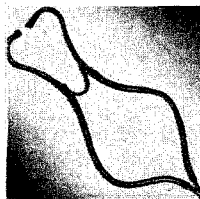
"GIGI" SCORE—REG. \$4.98—NOW \$3.98



The original LP hit—sound track of MGM's hit movie "Gigi," with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan & other stars singing Lerner & Loewe's charming, nostalgic songs. Thrilling orchestral accomp. led by Andre Previn. Send ck. or MO for only \$3.98 for "Gigi" album; get Free Cut-Price Catal. House of Records, P.O. Box 2891, Sarasota, Fla.

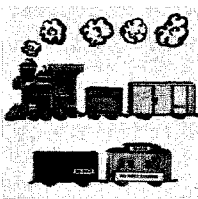
U.S. MED CORPS STETHOSCOPE

Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this is a Medical Corps stethoscope. Brand new, it's ideal for doctors, engineers & mechanics (to check trouble spots in motors, etc.), educational for kids and adults. (Handy in the country.) \$2.95 ppd. (half-regular price). Chabon Scientific, 411-A Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. 17.



GIANT TOY TRAIN

Complete 5 pc. train 3½' long, real smoke device & whistle... ready to operate. Loaded with play-cars to take apart, engine smokes, cars connect, disconnect, can carry loads. Gaily decorated. Can use as Xmas card holder or "candy express." Made of durable Bristol Board. Only \$1.98. Money-back guar. Armstrong, Dept. B, P.O. Box 174, Phila., Pa.



\$100 A WEEK FREE SAMPLE POLICY!

Unusual new policy pays up to \$5000 while in the hospital. Only exceptions—pre-existing conditions, mental illness or normal childbirth. Renewable at option of company. No limitations. For free sample policy, send name and address on postcard to Bankers Life & Casualty Co., 4444 Lawrence Ave., Department 9000, Chicago 30, Illinois.



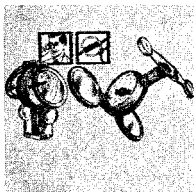
MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS



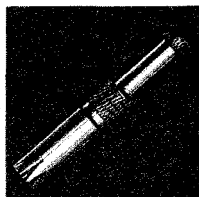
Diamonds cost at least \$1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only \$27, tax incl. 1/38 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beautiful hand-cut & polished, amazing Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for booklet of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-116, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.

10 SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS IN ONE—79¢

Foldaway instrument is magnifying lens, microscope, telescope, binoculars, compass, solar clock, mirror, pharyngoscope, code transmitter & fire lighter—All in 1! See 10 mi. away! For bird watching, scouts, hobbyists, boys, girls. L.A. wire—3 1/4" folded. Money back guar.! Ten-In-One Scope, 79¢, 3 for \$2, post pd. Sunset House, 2812 Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.



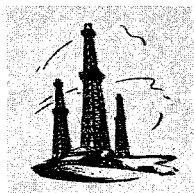
DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE



You can cause infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are dangerous. No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with Hollis Klipette. So simple! Just turn end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently. Made from fine surgical steel. Money back guarantee. \$1.50 post paid. Hollis Co., 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y., Dept. N-89.

U. S. GOV'T OIL AND GAS LEASES

Congress now gives citizens equal rights to obtain Government leases. Large profits plus oil income possible for you. You do no drilling. \$6 acres—\$200 (terms available). For free information and maps of booming area, write today. Licensed & bonded oil broker, Western Lease & Land Co., 8681 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, California.



corner of the grounds, he fired a pistol and fell to the grass. Instantly three men rushed out, filled his pockets with money and left to summon the police.

But long before they arrived, the American had disappeared.

—JOSEPH MURPHY

A BUSINESSMAN who ran a newspaper ad for an office boy found a long line of applicants waiting at his door.

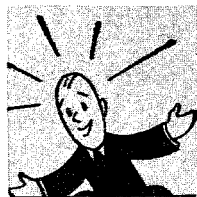
"Well, my lad," he said to one prospect, "you've seen the long line

REAL DOLLS—1 PENNY EACH

100 Dolls made of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber—only \$1. Baby Dolls, Nurse Dolls, Dancing Dolls, Costume Dolls, Cowboy Dolls, Bride Dolls, & many more, in exquisite detail up to 4", not made of paper or rag but of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber. Money Back Guarantee \$1. & 25¢ for postg. & hdlg. for each set to: 100 Doll Co., Dept. H-38, 11 E. 47 St., NY 17.



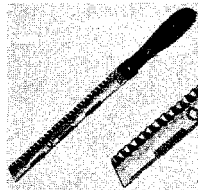
GET QUICK RELIEF—NOW!



Do agonizing aches & pains drive you frantic? Get fast relief. Apply Ar-Thry-Go Ointment at point of pain. Powerful analgesic works fast. Relieves discomfort of minor pains of Arthritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sciatica. If local dealer can't supply you, order direct. Only \$1.25 for 3 oz. jar, ppd. Hussey Dist. Co., 115 Broad St., SW Atlanta 3, Ga.

QUALITY FROZEN FOOD KNIVES

German import all-purpose knives, unrivaled for class quality. Made of finest stainless steel, blade mirror polished with 2 special serrations. 1 serrated edge cuts frozen food with ease. Finest polished brown or black genuine bakka-wood handles, nickel-silver rivets. Length 12 1/2"—blade 8". \$3.50 ppd. Import Sales Co., Dimsmore, Sask., Can.



of boys outside waiting for this job. Is there any particular reason why you should get it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "I'm the only boy who brought his lunch."

He got the job.

—FRANCES BENSON

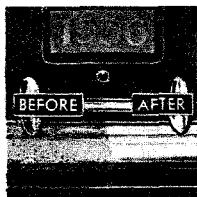
BEFORE GIVING a command performance in Glasgow, Scotland, for Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, comedian Alan King was told that he was to be the only American presented to the royal couple that evening. As is customary, he was carefully briefed on how to conduct himself before the Queen. For ten

FACIAL MUSCLES—TIRED? SAGGING?

New beauty sensation of Paris. Gives your face the glow of youth again with Miracle Spray Muscle Firm-er. Unique do-it-yourself method fades wrinkles, double chin, jowls. Deep cleans pores, soothes tired eyes. Easily attaches to any faucet. \$12.50 ppd. Check or M.O. Ellene, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York. Write for free booklet.



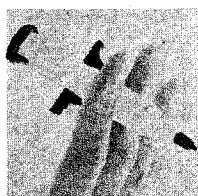
REPLATE CHROME—DO IT YOURSELF



Not a polish! Not a paint! True metallic replating! New discovery, "Instant Krome Plate" restores luster to rusted, nicked bumpers, grills, etc. Apply with cloth (do bumper 10 minutes). Chrome-like finish to any metal. Complete Kit does average car. \$2.00 ppd. Check, cash or M.O. No COD. Money back guar. Krome Plate Co., Box 127-T, Morton Grove, Ill.

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS

A Boon to troubled adolescent complexions and many others as well is this small device. Designed to remove even the most persistent blackhead in just a few seconds. Easily operated. Another point in its favor is a rubber tip which makes the operation painless. \$1 ppd. Money-back guarantee. Ballico Products, Dept. 24, 1011 Kane Course, Surferside 41, Fla.



REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY \$2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999, -999,999. Adds, subtracts, multi., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. \$2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. (\$3.94 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. N-85, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.



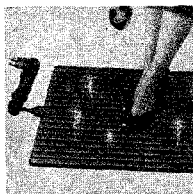
7 GIANT DINOSAURS FOR \$1



Up to 4 Ft. Tall—all 7 of these Giant inflatable toys for \$1 plus 25¢ post. Prehistoric monsters who once ruled the Earth. Toss-up test action. 1-piece quality latex. Count them: Cera-tosaurus, Trachodon Pro-toceratops, Sea Serpent, Sphe-nacon-don, Plateo-saur-us, Trita-snapatus. No CODs. Money back guar. Giant Dinosaurs, Dept. H54, 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

ELECTRIC FOOT WARMER

No more cold feet...Keeps your feet and ankles comfortably warm. Portable, lightweight (5 lbs.) all-rubber mat. Operates on any 110-volt AC or DC outlet, consumes less than 100 watts...14"x21". Can be used by anyone in of fice, store, factory or home. 12 mo. guarantee. Only \$7.95 ppd. Peterson Rubber Mat Co., 5508 N. Hall-fax, Arcadia, Calif.



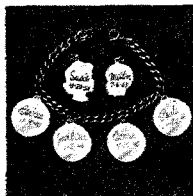
WALK SAFELY ON SLIPPERY ICE—\$1



Prevent painful, costly accidents. Slip these sharp-toothed, rust-proof steel grippers over shoes, boots, galoshes, etc. Sharp teeth give a firm footing on the slickest ice. Compact enough for handbag or glove compartment. Adjust to any size boot. Specify: Men's or Women's. Only \$1.00 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-K Damar Bldg. Elizabeth, N. J.

BRACELET FOR MOM & GRANDMA

This bracelet in beautiful St/Silver bears record on each disc or silhouette. Script engraved with name, day, month & year of birth of child or grandchild. St. Silver Bracelet \$1.50 Ea. Disc & Silhouette \$1.12K G/Fill Bracelet \$2.75 Ea. 12K G/Fill Disc \$1.75 Plus 10% P&T. No COD's. Edward H. Ziff, Importer, Box 3072, Mdse Mart Plaza Dpt. CO-118, Chicago 54, Ill.

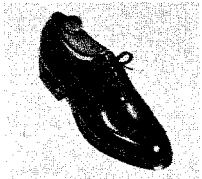


FREE 100 WORLD-WIDE STAMPS

Rush reply. 100 choice stamps free. Just released—some not even cataloged. Antarctica, Siam, Israel, world-wide. All genuine, different, mint, used. Act now—may not be repeated. 1 packet to collector & Free "Collector's Guide," other offers for free inspection. Rush name, 10¢ for post., handling, to Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. 11C RW, Calais, Maine.



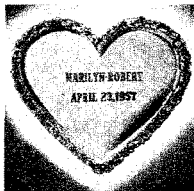
DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE



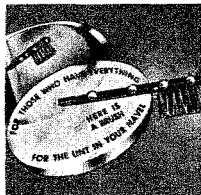
It's true! You put on these amazing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you "grow" almost 2 inches taller! No one will know how it's done because "Elevators" look like any other smart shoes. They add not only to your height but to your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. 2-118, Brockton 68, Mass.

A VICTORIAN HEART TRAY

A bit of old-fashioned sentiment sure to become a family heirloom. Beautifully crafted, delicate florals and scrolls grace raised border. Engraved as wedding, anniversary or birthday gift. 5"x5 1/2". 2 styles: for table or wall (specify). Silvery Rhodium Plate \$2.95. Sterling Silver \$7.95. Incl. engraving, tax, ppd. Zenith Gifts, 956 P. O. Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.



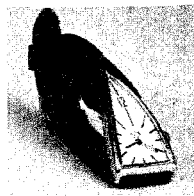
BELLY BUTTON BRUSH—79¢



Just what he needs! Give favorite gal or guy the gag present of the year—a Belly Button Brush. Deluxe rhinestone studded handle & elegant plastic gift box. Guar. to create gift excitement. You'll be complimented for something so unusual. Belly Button Brush, only 79¢ each, 4 for \$2.98, pgt. paid. Sunset House, 2812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW "SPACE AGE" MISSILE WATCH

Fine 17 Jewel Imported Incobloc precision Swiss movement. Triangular non-tarnishable case. Gold numerals on white face to match case. Black Suède Band. Fully Guaranteed. Attractive leather box. Only \$38. ppd. Regular Retail \$89.00. Same Shape but smaller for women. Mail Check or M.O. today. Write Dept. C, Morris Products, 505 5th Ave., N. Y. 17.



minutes, he was given a long series of do's and don'ts. Finally, one of his advisers inquired: "Do you think now, you can remember all that?" King answered glumly: "I can remember all you told me—but I think I've forgotten my act."

—LOUIS SOBOL (New York Journal American)

A VERY FAT WOMAN took up horse-back riding for reducing purposes.

The first time she dismounted, the Cockney stableman asked, "Would you mind walkin' out quickly and not passin' the 'orse?"

"Why?" demanded the fat lady.

NEW, SMART FOWL SPOON—\$3.95

This deftly crafted fowl spoon has bowl and handle especially designed to scoop out dressing easily. Has scratch-resistant Argental finish . . . will not tarnish . . . measures 14" long. The male "expert" will appreciate its utility and good looks. Only \$3.95 postpaid, check or M.O. Send for free 1958 gift catalog. Hultberg's, Dept. C-2, Rockford, Ill.



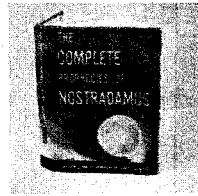
BLOW UP YOUR FRIENDS!



Get a real bang out of this exact replica of U. S. Army Grenade. Startle Ex-GI's. Pep up the party. Goes off with a real explosive bang automatically 4 seconds after you pull pin. Uses standard caps. Can't break. Use it over and over. Only \$1.99 plus 25¢ shipping charge. Standard American Suppliers, Grenade Dept. C-11, One Park Ave., N. Y. C.

NOSTRADAMUS SAW THE FUTURE

He predicted Atomic War, Time of Peace on Earth and amazing events to year 3797 A.D. Only existing vol. to give you every Nostradamus prophecy. You'll see how past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. See how the 1000 predictions in "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" will affect you! Vol. \$5 ppd. Nostradamus, Inc. Dept. C-118, 380 Canal St., N.Y.C.



"Because," explained the stableman, "If 'e sees wot 'e's been carryin' for \$5 an hour, 'e'll 'ave a fit."

—BENNETT CROW (Try and Stop Me)

SHORTLY AFTER the cooking-utensil salesman arrived at our house to give us a demonstration at dinner one night, it became obvious that he was quite new at the game. Just before the food was ready to be served, our dozen guests were asked to come into the kitchen and observe the actual cooking process. A lot of questions were answered and then someone

FREE BONUS WITH EACH SET OF 12

Personalized Pencils @ 50¢ ppd. (\$1.25 value) 60% savings. Finest soft black lead pencils with erasers, each with full name engraved in gold. Print plainly. Ideal for young & old. 12 for 50¢—24 for \$1 ppd. (\$2.25 value) & free colored lead pencil with every 12 black leads. Cash, chk. or M.O. Satis. guar. Fast service. Rich Personals, Dept. C-1, 500 W. 207 St., NY 34.



WONDERFUL PERSONALIZED GIFT



Personalize your doorway with this famous door mat, large (18"x28"), self-draining all rubber. Your name (up to 13 letters) molded into red, black, green or blue mat. 7,000 rubber scraping fingers. \$5.45. C.O.D.'s accepted. Pay mailman small postage fee. Mitchell Rubber Products, 2120-C San Fernando Road, Los Angeles 65, California.

PERSONALIZED CLOWN PURSE

Clowny, the winsome clown holds ice cream money & bus fare. Fashioned of genuine leather. Makes child feel like a millionaire & brings smiles to faces. Compl. with zipper to protect valuables & wrist loop. Wear as bracelet or hang from belt. Apple Red or Cowboy Tan. Name in 23K gold. \$1. ea., 3 for \$2.75. Mercury Products, 1265 Bdway, Dept. O-10, NY

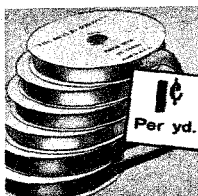


\$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just \$1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-RV, Lynn, Massachusetts.



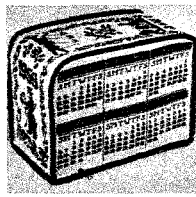
QUALITY SATIN RIBBON—1¢ PER YD.



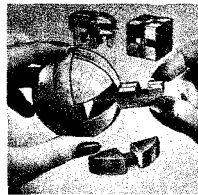
100 yards of fine satin ribbon to tie big bows on all your gifts for all occasions. 1/2" wide with fused edges—ideal for gift wrappings, corsages, party favors, hair ribbons, etc. Specify Colors: Red, Gold, Green, Pink, Blue, White. Usually 5¢ per yd. Now two 50-yd. rolls, only \$1.00 ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-K Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

A TOAST TO 1959

Start the new year right and keep your kitchen bright all year with a fine Belgian linen calendar toaster cover. Gay sampler design in pink, aqua, red or sandalwood on delicate oyster white. Washable, colorfast. Buy 'em by the dozen and say Happy New Year to every housewife you know! \$1.25 ppd. Welcome House, Dept. C-1, 1133 Broadway, NY 10, NY.



ORIENTAL MYSTERY PUZZLES!



Tantalizing Wood Puzzles from the Far East. Each ball, square and animal has dozens of wood pieces. Try to take them apart and fit them back together. Hours of fun. Money back guarantee! Set of 3 different Puzzles for only \$1.25 postage paid. Order Wood Puzzles Set from Sunset House, 2812 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

THE ONE GIFT THEY DON'T HAVE!

New Mopper after-bath robe. Towels you dry instantly, cozily, after tub, shower, swim. Thick, thirsty, white. Cannon terry. One full-cut size fits men, women. Huge collar, rayon sleeves. 2 carry-all pockets, 3" press-on initial, \$6.95. King size for 6-footers, \$7.95. Add 35¢ pstg. each Mopper. No COD's. Woodmere Mills, Dept. C2, Bennington, Vt.



PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER—\$29.95

Precision, portable, battery operated, transistor tape recorder. Hi-quality reproduction. Weighs 2 lbs. From W. Germany. Records voice & music, plays back, erases—variable speed controls. Home, students, business. Records radio & TV shows. Recorder, combination microphone & private listening device, tape, only \$29.95 + \$1.25 pp. Filnor, Dept. M-53, 101 W. 31st St., NY 1.

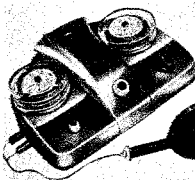


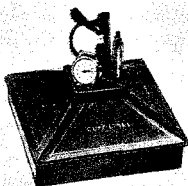
PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS 25 FOR \$1



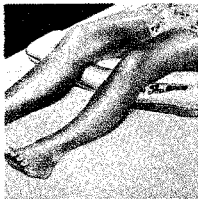
Your favorite photo and name printed free on 25 Christmas Cards only \$1. Send snapshot or negative. We send you 25 rich looking Christmas Cards with any name printed free. Envelopes free too. No limit; introductory low price. Just \$1.00 plus 25¢ postage and handling for each set of 25. American Studios, Dept. H-24, 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N.Y.

MAN'S DRESSER-ORGANIZER

Holds watch, cuff links, tie pins, change, rings, glasses & wallet—each in separate compartment. He knows where everything is! Spins around to make him feel extra efficient. Handsome gold tooled leatherette, moire-lined. Practical gift! Money back guar. Dresser Valet, only \$3.98, postage pd. Sunset House, 2812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, California.



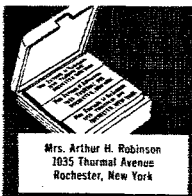
RELAXING COMFORT—A PERFECT GIFT



Knee Lift Cushion gently flexes knees for contour chair comfort in your own bed. Back, hips, legs relax. Aches disappear, sleep comes naturally. Ideal for convalescents, bed readers, expectant mothers, etc. Guaranteed. \$2.98 postpaid. White washable zippered covers, 85¢ each; pair for \$1.60. Better Sleep, Inc., Dept. 386, New Providence, N. J.

1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS \$1

Any 3 different orders \$3 ppd. Your name & address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with Free, Plastic Gift Box. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. Special—Save Money. Any 3 different orders \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy Labels, 1187 Jasperon Bldg., Culver City, California.



Mrs. Arthur H. Robinson
1035 Thormal Avenue
Rochester, New York

asked if the glass tops to the cooking utensils were breakable. The demonstrator looked puzzled. Then he smiled confidently, picked up a top, and flung it to the floor. Glass flew everywhere. His look of surprise faded into this beautiful comeback:

"Now, Madam, wasn't that a silly question to ask? Of course they're breakable."

He made quite a few sales.

—HENRY E. GREENE

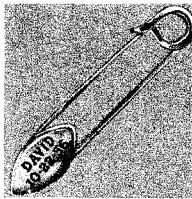
A WEALTHY TEXAN moved to Park Avenue and leased a penthouse. At a housewarming party he fell in love with one of his beautiful guests.

WITH THIS RING

Sentimental treasure for lifetime of pleasure. Exquisite beaded edge astiray with orange blossom design. Name of couple & wedding date engraved inside in full view. Any message at same price. 5" Diam. Fashioned in sparkling 18K Gold plate or Rhodium Silver. Wedding, anniv. gift! \$2.95 ea., 2 for \$5.50. Mercury Prod., Dept. C-10, 1265 Bdway, NY



PERSONALIZED DIAPER PIN



A little pin-up's first important jewelry! 24K Gold-Plated Pin, expertly engraved with first name & birthdate, is 2" long. Safety lock insures Baby against nasty pin-pricks. An elegant, thoughtful gift every new mother will always cherish. \$1.00 ppd., two for \$1.95, ppd. Welcome House, Dept. C-11, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

HOLE IN THE HEAD

Here's a game to provide you and everybody with laughs and entertainment. Test your skill, adeptness and patience. Try moving steel ball to top of plastic dome with magnet and drop into eyes, mouth or ears. Comes complete, ready to play. Available in most stores or send \$1.00 for ea. ppd. The Electric Game Co., 17 Tyman St., Holyoke, Mass.



The Texan immediately asked the girl to marry him.

"If you do," he purred, "Ah promise to keep a roof under your feet forever."

—RUSSELL NEWBOLD

BEING ONE OF THOSE MEN with just a ring of hair left around his bald pate, I've always wondered why I have to pay the same price for a haircut as fellows with full heads of hair. One day I put the question to my barber. "Well," he drawled, "to cut your hair, I have to find it first. That means I need more than my barber's certificate. I need a hunting license."

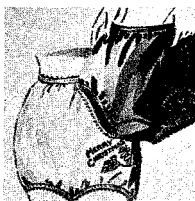
—C. W. SMITH

ORIENTAL KUTANI, TILE PICTURES

Japanese artistry creates a dramatic, new wall decoration. Importer-to-you. Adds glamour note to any home. 4 lustrous white tiles mounted in ebony black frame. Colorful scenes are hand-painted. Scenes are of Birds, Flowers, or Landscapes. Sizes: 8"x26", Ea. \$2.99. Set of two, \$4.99. Cash or M.O. 14 W/OOD. Palley's, Dept. C-11, 2263 E. Vernon, Los Angeles, Cal.



HOLIDAY GREETINGS ON PANTY SET



New way to make one love festive! 2 pair of sheer non-run tricot acetate ladies' panties... "Merry Christmas" embroidered in red on white pr.—"Happy New Year" in white on black pr. Size 5, 6, 7. Set, Gift Boxed, \$1.50 ppd. Free w. order, 1 yr. (6 issues) of our famous Gift Magazine. Spencer Gifts, 922 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.

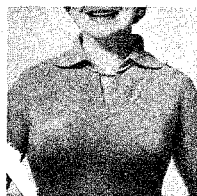
DRAMATIC FIGURE BEAUTY

Famous Swedish method of "gentle" exercise that doctors recommend can give new feminine beauty & allure. 10 min. a day of scientific devel. allows you to put wt. on, take wt. off. Develops your chest. Firms flesh, tones muscles, slims waist, aids legs "Figure Control" fully adjustable. Full Instr. incl. \$1.98 & 25¢ ship. chg. Home House Products, BD-21, Lynbrook, N. Y.



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after breast surgery... even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical® Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized silhouette, complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit. where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical® Form, Inc., W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.



BIG REMINDER CALENDAR!—79¢



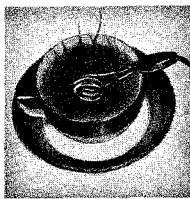
Extra large Calendar won't let you forget! Shows 6 weeks at a glance! Each day has a large square to jot in appointments, birthdays and anniversaries. Complete through December, 1959 with extra sheet for important dates used yearly. Giant 22"x16" Calendar, \$1. Big 17"x11" Jr. Calendar, 79¢, pstg. paid. Sunset House, 2812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.

IF YOU ARE UNDER 80...

...and over 50 years, a \$500.00 life insurance policy can help pay last expenses without burdening family or friends. Low rates... money-back guarantee... non-assessable... handled entirely by mail. Men or women in good health send name, address and age to Security Life Insurance Co. of America, 137-K East Grant St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.



POCKET-SIZED ELECTRIC HEATER—\$1.00



Boils water instantly. Simply plug into any outlet, immerse in liquid, and in no time it prepares soups, coffee, baby's bottle... any instant food for regular or emergency use. 6 1/2"x2 1/2" chrome plated heater comes complete with cord & carrying case. 110 Volts, AC-DC. Reg. \$2.98. Now Only \$1.00 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-55 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

2 NEW GEM HEARING MARVELS

Hear better—live better with Gem's Binaural Eye-glasses or Behind-the-Ear Models. No button in ear, dangling cord, easily concealed. Choice of colors, 2 Yr. Guarantee. End embarrassment, enjoy sports, church, theatre, a fuller business, social life. See dealer or write Gem Earphone Co., 89 E. Jericho Tpke., Mineola, N.Y., Dept. N for free brochure.

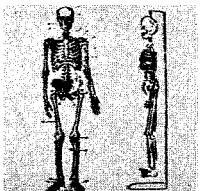


TWO COLOR CHRISTMAS CARDS

Free . . . envelopes to match our beautiful two color Christmas cards. New! Photo cards on silk-tone stock from your own black and white negative. Our exclusive designs printed in color. 25 cards $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ size, yours for only \$1.50. 50 cards for only \$2.75. Send your negative and money to Wisconsin Film Service, West Salem, Wisconsin.



HUMAN SKELETON 1' HIGH—\$2.95



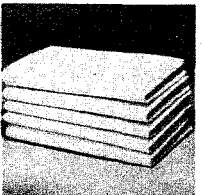
For students, medical men, hobbyists & those who enjoy a unique conversation piece—a wonderful gift! Educational—every bone in perfect scale to 6" man, with identification chart. Unbreakable bone-like material. Interlocking parts snap easily together. (With stand \$3.95) ppd. Money back guarantee. Standard American, Dept. C-11, One Park Ave., N. Y. C.

'MY OWN NAME' SWEAT SHIRTS—\$1.79

Personalized Sweat Shirts with names in big red letters. Quality white shirt, nylon reinforced at points of wear. Shrink resistant, keeps shape permanently. Full circular knit cuffs. Long wearing for boys and girls. Specify first names. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12. \$1.79 each, postage paid. Personalized Sweat Shirt from Sunset House, 2812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.



50 LARGE NEW TOWELS 2¢ EA.



50 large, brand new unwoven cotton & rayon Towels in beautiful colors & white as shown in unretouched photo. .only \$1.00 plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg. We sell at world's lowest prices because we buy by millions . . . over 26,500,000 since 1953! Unqualified money back guarantee. 50-Towel Co., Dept. A-183, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo. Order Now!

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ARTURO TOSCANINI was touring South America with an NBC Symphony Orchestra and, arriving in one little village, the musicians looked forward to a short rest after their long journey. They were dismayed, however, when the maestro ordered them to assemble the next morning. In a deserted little theater, thousands of miles from the United States, he led them through "The Star Spangled Banner." When they had finished, Toscanini said, "Today is the Fourth of July. That will be all."

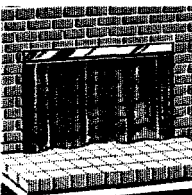
—KERMIT RAYBORN

"45" CALIBRE AUTOMATIC

Automatic-Full size model -15 moving parts. 8 round magazine clip snaps into butt, like Army "45". Fires 8 bullet-like pellets. Assembles in a jiffy. Instructions, full supply of pellets, & man-size target. Money back guarantee. \$1.98 plus 25¢ shipping. (Add \$1.50 for leather holster, optional). Bargain Gun, Dept. C-11, One Park Ave., N.Y.C. 16.



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Custom Made Recessed Fire-screen by Logan. Brass pull chain and facing bar, black mesh. Height and width adjustments to fit any fireplace. Easy to install; no drilling. Claw Grip clamp never slips. Low Cost! Sizes to 46" wide—\$27.85; over 46" wide—\$29.85. Order now; state height and width. Absco, 1109 Jefferson Davis Hwy., Arlington, Va.

START OWN MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS

Clean rugs on customers' floors with highly efficient electric machine which is making Big Money for others and giving them financial independence—free from lay-offs, bosses, etc. No special skill or experience required. No shop necessary. Full or part time. Write for complete information, no obligation. Von Schrader Mfg. Co., E61 "R" PL, Racine, Wisc.



I WAS A PASSENGER in a car driven by an elderly friend who was the ultimate in gentleness and courtesy.

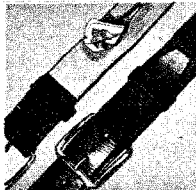
As she was making a left-hand turn and was more than halfway through the intersection, a male driver barged his way through, forcing her to stop so abruptly that the car shuddered.

Leaning out of the open window, she shouted, "Pig!" I looked at her in astonishment. She smiled sweetly and said in explanation, "They expect you to scream at them."

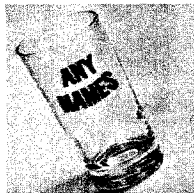
MONICA MC DONALD

FINE GIFT! BELT GUARDS MONEY

Handsome money belt... for any man away on business or vacation, at school or in army. 2 concealed zippered pockets hide \$5. Gift box. Men's, sizes 30 to 46, in brown or black top-grain cowhide... for only \$3.95. Boys', sizes 26 to 38, in brown top-grain horsehide with 1 pocket, only \$1.98. Clarion Products, Dept. O, Highland Park, Illinois. Write for free catalog.



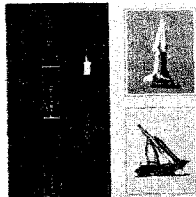
PERSONALIZED GIFT TUMBLERS



Set of 8 heavy bottom 1 1/2 oz. tumblers permanently inscribed with your name or any name in vivid red, white, blue, green, or black. Shipped postpaid anywhere you desire. Gift card with your name enclosed if you wish. Simply send the names to be inscribed, shipping address, and chk. or MO for \$7.95 to Orchid Glass Co., 2315 Hubbard St., Jacksonville, Fla.

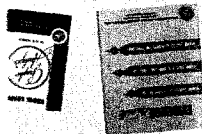
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of U. S. Army missiles. Ideal wall decorations. Amaze friends with real scale drawings of Jupiter C, Talos, Honest John & Nike Ajax. On quality stock from Army prints. 2 each 11"x17" & 17"x22". Set of 4 with 2 duo-color, 6x18 photo-prints of missiles in action, only \$1.99 pp. & guar. Dixie Mail Order, Dept. C-2, P. O. Box 1305, Burlington, N.C.

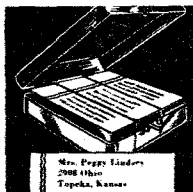


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Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports \$224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, \$30.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book Trial lesson I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk 23, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri.



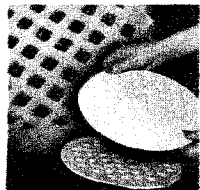
500 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢



World's greatest Label offer! 500 Gummed Labels printed with Any name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different) \$1.00! Two-tone Jewel-type plastic gift boxes 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Order as many sets and boxes as you want. Money-back Guarantee! Order Now! Western Stationery Company, Dept. 948, Topeka, Kansas.

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Perfect results instantly! Simply press criss-cross plastic cutter into rolled-out dough, and presto—a beautifully formed lattice top for your fruit pies. Eliminates messy, sticky work and cutting individual strips. You get picture perfect pies every time. Only \$1.00 ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-K Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



RESTORE NATURAL HAIR COLOR!

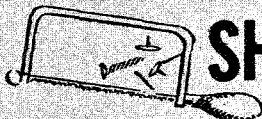


Amazing Q-T hair cream changes gray, streaked lifeless hair to original color! Not a dye, rinse or tint! Young color returns—gray disappears gradually in 1 to 3 wks. Doesn't stain scalp or hair—streak or wash out. Squeeze bottle. Money back guar. \$2.98 for 4 oz., \$4.98 for 8 oz., post. paid. Order Q-T, Sunset House, 2812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.

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Classified



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They called it justice

by Will Bernard

SOMETIMES THE PATH of justice leads right out of this world. A St. Louis man, for example, won a divorce after charging that his wife was carrying on a torrid romance with the ghost of a dead actor.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF in Massachusetts, under instructions to collect a \$130 judgment, showed up at the debtor's funeral and arrested the corpse.

AN ENGLISHMAN, fond of ghosts, bought a gloomy old mansion near Oxford on the assurance that it was haunted by an Elizabethan lady. When the lady's ghost failed to make an appearance, he complained to the local court. The court ruled he was entitled to damages because he hadn't gotten his money's worth.

WHEN A FRENCH GAMBLER died at a roulette table in Nice, the game kept on without interruption. No one noticed that the dead man's bet still stood on Number 17. Later, his widow sued the casino for the half-million francs won by the lucky stiff.

A FRENCH GIRL, after marrying a certain "Jean Joseph," found out that

his real name was "Jean Louis" and that he was a notorious confidence man. He had borrowed the "Jean Joseph" identity from a man who had died four years earlier. But when the girl sued for divorce, the court ruefully turned her down on the ground that there is no legal way to divorce a dead man.

IN BERLIN, a jittery landlord filed suit to evict a tenant on the ground that the tenant's brother, long-since dead, was haunting the house. The court refused to evict, explaining that as long as the tenant kept on paying the rent, his brother's ghost had the legal right to hang around.

IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE, some years ago, a farmer was murdered. An excited neighbor reported that the farmer's ghost had appeared to him in a dream and accused one "Jones" as the slayer. The local police were so impressed by the ghost's accusation that they haled Jones into court on a charge of murder. The jurors were so impressed that they agreed to find him guilty. The judge was so impressed that he was ready to accept the verdict . . . almost.

At the last minute, he began to wonder about the legal validity of an accusation made by a ghost. "Any accuser," he mused, "is supposed to face cross-examination. Why shouldn't a ghost?"

Upon the judge's instructions, the court clerk solemnly cried out three times for the ghost to mount the witness stand. When nothing happened, the judge summoned the neighbor for further details about his dream. With a sigh, the neighbor buried the ghost and confessed the murder.

Our Fights Have Turned to Kisses!



A dramatization posed by professional models.

IT'S hard to believe that my wife and I used to fight. She would start nagging at me the minute I got home from work—dead tired—and I would snap right back at her! We argued and bickered so often that we suddenly realized our marriage was breaking up! There wasn't any real reason for it except that both of us always felt so tired that we got on each other's nerves!

Our family doctor gave us some advice that probably saved our marriage. People, he told us, may become run-down and over-tired because their diets do not contain enough vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors. This easily corrected nutritional deficiency, he explained, could cause us to feel worn-out, tense and short tempered.

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If you or your wife—or some other member of your family—have lost the pep and energy you used to have... if over-tiredness makes you nervous and bad-tempered with the persons you love most, your condition, too, may be due to this nutritional deficiency in your diet. If so, you owe it to yourself to try proven Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules for 30 days. Read below how you can get a trial 30-day supply of these capsules and judge the results for yourself!

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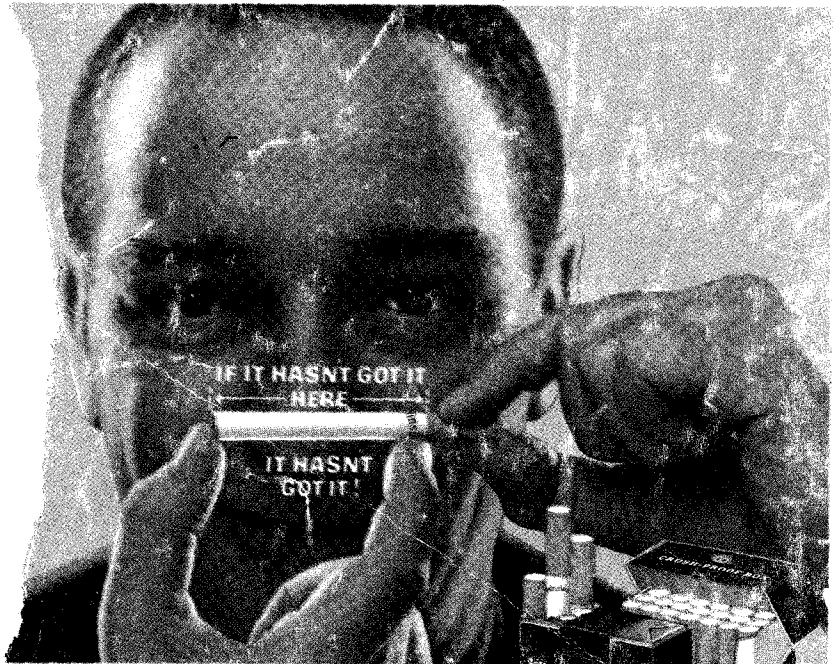
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